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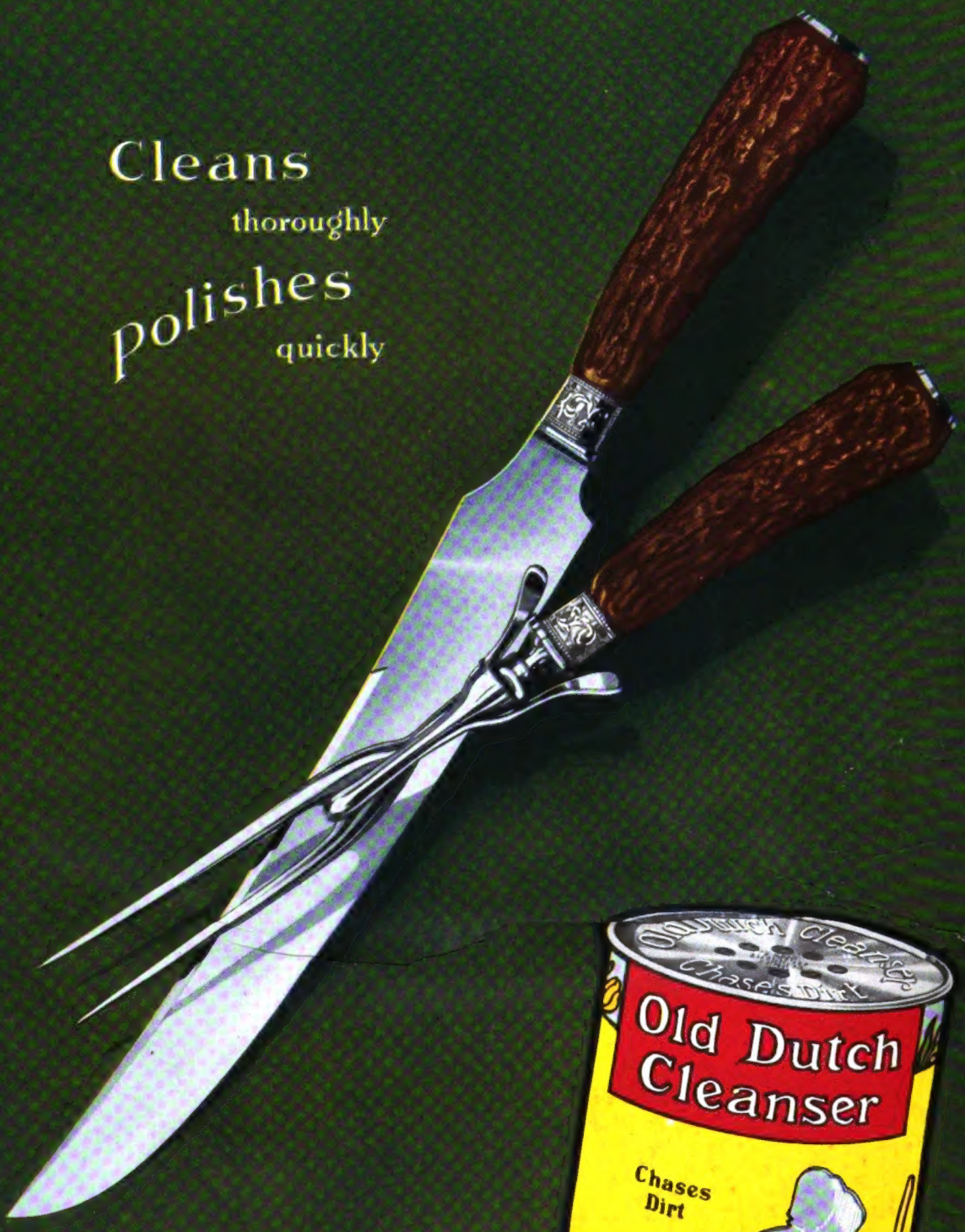

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Everybody's Magazine
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The Great Hop

The Story of the American Navy's Transatlantic Flight

By Commander John H. Towers, U. S. N.
Commanding NC Seaplane Division

MANY accounts of the transatlantic flight have been written. I am going to endeavor to give an account of the whole project from the point of view of a man both behind the scenes and on the stage, in order that the reading public may know the intimate history from the beginning, and picture the whole undertaking as it appeared to the one who was most intimately associated with the operations from the very date of their inception.

In February, 1914, while I was at Pensacola, in charge of the Naval Flying School, I received a telegram from Glenn H. Curtiss in New York, asking me if I could come to that city to take part in a most important conference. I had known Curtiss for a number of years, and we had often discussed the possibilities of flying the Atlantic, both agreeing that it would be done in the near future, and both desirous to have a part in it, he as a designer and I as a pilot. I had an idea that Curtiss had some concrete ideas in regard to this flight, so asked him to get the Navy Department to approve my coming North. This he did, and in a few days we met in New York.

Commander John H. Towers, head of the trio of ocean-jumpers.

A new enthusiast appeared in the field—Lieutenant John Cyril Porte, R. N. (retired), and it was his visit to America that had precipitated the conference. A certain wealthy man, whose name is well known to all Americans, had generously agreed to finance the undertaking of crossing the Atlantic by air! This sounded too good to be true, but a short talk with the man convinced us all of his sincerity and we started right ahead on the plan, the general scheme of which was that Curtiss would design and build the seaplane, Porte would be one of the pilots, and I would be the other—if the Navy Department would let me.

The next day we went over the project with Mr. Curtiss's engineers at his factory at Hammondsport, New York, and worked out a rough design of the seaplane. The chief difficulty was engines. No airplane engines of over one hundred horse-power were in general use, and these were none too reliable. However, it was finally decided to work out plans for a seaplane equipped with two one-hundred-horse-power Curtiss engines, with sufficient wing surface to carry enough fuel to fly from Newfoundland to the Azores, provided the seaplane would get off the water with such a load, which seemed doubtful.

The Mexican trouble came along, and I, along with several other naval aviators, was sent down there. We returned to Pensacola in June, and in response to a telegram from Washington, I proceeded there. Rear-Admiral Fiske, who was then Aid for Operations, had become interested in the proposed transatlantic flight. We had a long discussion on the subject, and he agreed to have me sent to Hammondsport to follow the tests, and further agreed that if I would state that I believed it practicable to fly the Atlantic in the seaplane being built, he would not only permit me to take part, but would do all in his power to arrange for adequate cooperation of surface vessels.

The trials of the *America*, as the big seaplane had been called, were a distinct disappointment. With a light load she took the air very prettily, but when the full load was put aboard, she wallowed along through the water, and showed no inclination to even plane on the surface. Many changes were made, and many new experiments were tried, but the result was usually the same—no improvement. It was finally decided as a last resort to rebuild the hull along different lines. This would require about two weeks.

During this time affairs in Europe got more and more serious, and suddenly they broke. The exodus from Hammondsport was astonishing. Porte slipped off to New York and just caught the *Lusitania*. I had dashed home for a few days' leave, and in reply to my telegraphic request got orders to proceed to Europe on the *Tennessee*,

The frail, battered *NC-4* limping indefatigably into the little port of the Azores, unaided, under her own power after the pluckiest and most desperate fight for life in the history of aviation, will remain forever a stirring symbol of the daring and courage of the American spirit.

Commander Towers, who was in charge of the whole of the great adventure of the naval fliers from the beginning, tells here for the first time the complete story of the air conquest of the Atlantic. Only his ill-luck prevented him from sharing in the final victory, and only the bravery and resourcefulness of himself and his crew enable him to tell about it at all.

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which was sailing from New York with a cargo of gold to help out stranded Americans in Europe. Porte was put on active duty and placed in command of the Air Station at Hendon. I was finally attached to our embassy at London, and we both gave up all ideas of any immediate flight across the Atlantic. Porte and I saw a good deal of each other, however, and spent a lot of time speculating on what might be done after the war.

I returned to the United States in October, 1916, and was assigned to aviation duty in the Navy Department at Washington. Believing that America would be in the war before long, I bent my energies toward building up naval aviation, and had little time to think about the transatlantic flight.

While seaplanes had increased in size and efficiency, there was still a long way to go before sufficient size and reliability were reached to offer a chance of a transatlantic flight with any degree of safety or certainty. The Navy was in need of very long-range seaplanes, however, to bomb the German surface vessels at their bases, and the Bureau of Construction and Repair, cooperating with the Bureau of Steam Engineering, produced the original design of the NCs. The design was along new lines, and appeared rather queer, and there were many officers, including myself, who did not like it. The Secretary authorized the construction of four of these seaplanes, and the completion of the plans and construction was placed in the hands of the Curtiss Company, under the supervision of the Bureau representatives. Many changes were made and the work progressed very slowly, and it was not until the autumn of 1918 that the first tests were held. We were working like beavers training pilots and getting aircraft to combat the submarines during all of this time, and had more or less lost interest in the NCs, as it did not seem as though they could be built fast enough or in sufficient quantities to be of any considerable service, no matter how good they might be.

Commander Richardson, one of the pilots of the NC-3, *sketched by Henry Reuterdahl.*

I was convinced that the effect on the morale of the Germans of a successful flight across the Atlantic would more than justify the cost and diversion of energy from other war efforts, and during all this time was figuring on some way to accomplish it. Certain work was undertaken which if carried through would have given the Navy seaplanes capable of accomplishing the flight, and I wrote a memorandum to the Chief of Naval Operations on October thirty-first, proposing that it be definitely undertaken the following Spring, war or no war, and asking that I be assigned to duty in charge. No action was taken until after the signing of the armistice, when a committee, consisting of Captain Tompkins, Lieutenant-Commander Chevalier and myself, was appointed to make a thorough study and submit recommendations. This committee's recommendations were as follows:

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

Lieutenant-Commander Bellinger of the unlucky NC-1.

1. That the flight be undertaken.
2. That the Azores route be given first consideration.
3. That those of the Allies in a position to undertake it be invited to participate and utilize our facilities.
4. That a separate organization be created in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations to make the preparations.

The recommendations were approved by the Secretary of the Navy on February 6, 1918, and on the same date I was detailed to take charge of the work.

My organization was approved, and the assistants which I requested were promptly assigned. Much of the preliminary work had already been started through the routine channels, all under the utmost secrecy, and it was desired to keep the whole plan secret until it was almost time to undertake the flight. Unfortunately, however, through an error my orders were given out for publication when issued, in accordance with the usual peace-time custom of the Navy, and the cat was fairly out of the bag. Instructions were given that no information of any positive nature was to be given out, and to me was passed the job of keeping the correspondents satisfied and happy, but not telling them anything. It was a most interesting work, and very educating.

The so-called TA section got busy at once and things began to hum. I will not go into detail as to the work which the preparation involved, but will point out some of the features, just to show the ramifications. The invitations to the Allied countries had to be handled separately through the State Department, also permits obtained through the same channels for air and surface craft to use the ports of the various countries which they were expected to touch. Detailed inspections had to be made of the various ports to determine the relative merits. Personnel had to be selected not only for the crew of the seaplanes, but for the handling crews on the base ships. Complete lists of material for the seaplanes and for all the base ships had to be drawn up and assembled. Much of this material was not even in existence, and had to be designed, developed and tested. Special charts had to be engraved. Many special tables had to be worked out. The *NC-1* as completed was only a starting-point from which to work out the seaplanes for the transatlantic flight, and a most careful schedule of experiments and tests had to be laid down. Last, and biggest of all, the whole problem of base and patrol ships had to be worked out. Base ships had to be selected which could meet requirements, and fitted with gasoline tanks, special equipment, etc., required. The destroyers had to have a special radio installation, and a lot of equipment, such as star shells, meteorological apparatus, etc. The number of destroyers was astonishing. Our final plan called for a destroyer every fifty miles, and there was approximately four thousand miles to be covered. As there could be no chances taken of delaying the flight by not having destroyers in position, in very few cases could it be figured on to use the same destroyer twice.

The approved plan recommended a start from Newfoundland during the week of the full moon of May fourteenth, which meant that the seaplanes must get away from Rockaway at least a week sooner, in order to have time to get things tuned up at Newfoundland, and to have a few days to wait for favorable weather.

Commander Towers, sketched by Henry Reuterdahl.

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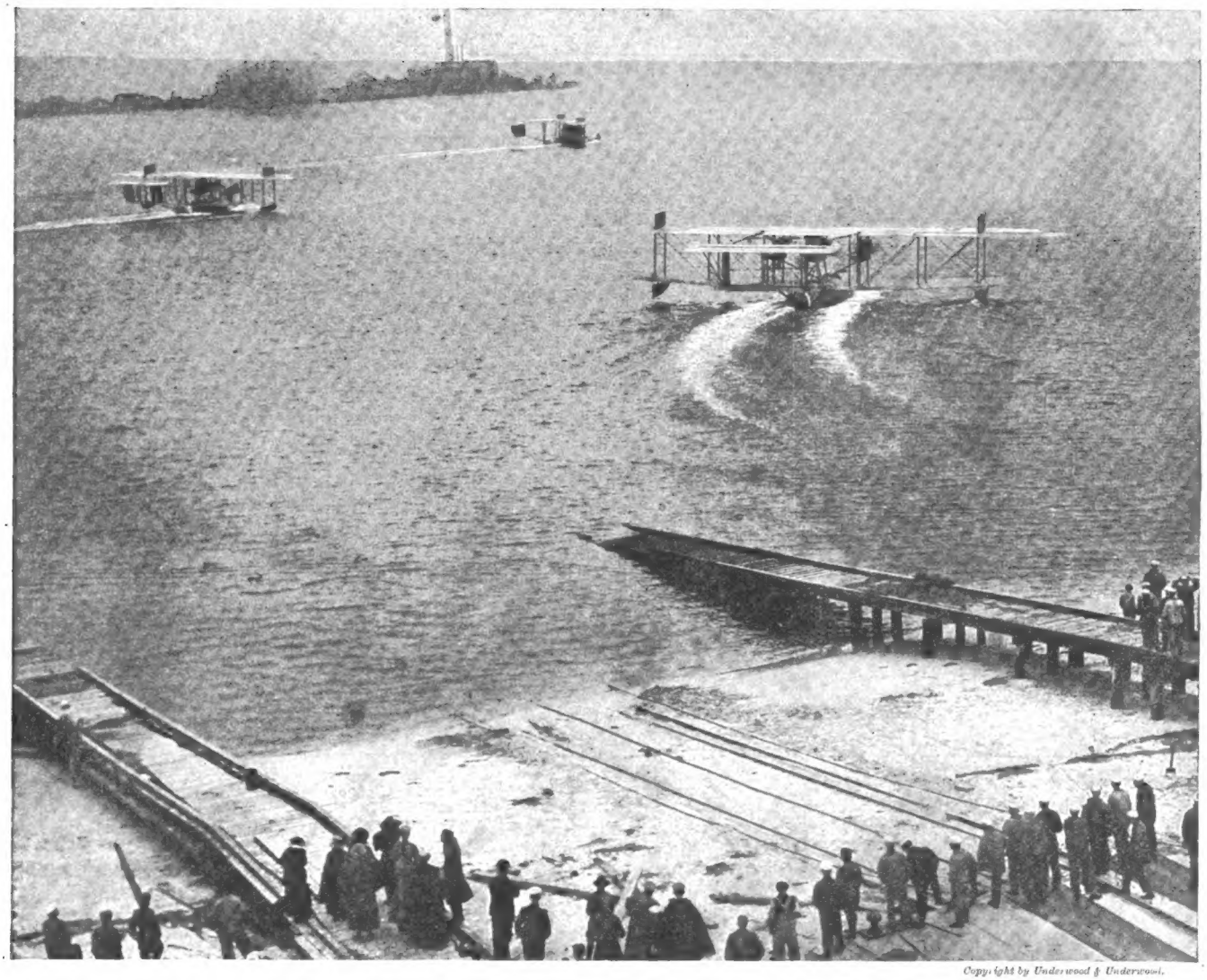

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Leaving Rockaway on the great adventure.

While neither I nor any of the officers under me had definite orders for the flight itself, it was generally understood that most of the officers of the TA section would be included, and I knew that I should be permitted to remain in charge if the preliminary plans progressed satisfactorily.

The lists of the crews were prepared by me and submitted to the Director of Naval Aviation for approval. Certain changes were made for various reasons, and it was not until the middle of April that the final selections were made.

In the meantime the work at Rockaway had been going ahead in spite of many difficulties. Two fires within a week had seriously crippled the station. A big storm caught the *NC-1* at her mooring, and in spite of all efforts to save her she dragged her moorings and went ashore, one wing being wrecked and the hull damaged. This limited our project to three seaplanes, and as experiments were necessary up to the latest possible moment, it was decided to use the *NC-2* for that purpose, and then shift one wing of the *NC-2* to the *NC-1*. A change in the current along the shore kept sweeping the sand over the marine railway used for getting the NC boats out of the water, and the constant services of a small dredge were required to keep this track clear.

On April twenty-first the bulk of the work [illegible] hangar. This was a constant in Washington had been completed, and I moved, with the transatlantic section, to Rockaway, where most of the activity was concentrated. A definite date of starting, or rather, a definite date before which we would not start had to be given to the destroyers, and on April twenty-fourth, at a conference of all the commanding officers of the vessels which would participate, I gave this date as May fifth. During the last days of April the vessels began to slip out of New York to take up their stations. It just happened that when the division of superdreadnoughts which were to act as meteorological ships passed through Ambrose Channel we were out in two of the big seaplanes, making some tests, so we swooped down close to the ships. They gave us a wonderful cheer, wished us good luck by wireless, then headed out for the mid-Atlantic to take up their posts.

Work was going ahead day and night. Newspaper men were permitted to see the preparations, and realized that the date of departure was not far off, but none of them seemed to grasp the obvious date, viz.: at the period of the coming full moon. The *NC-3* was finished and ready, the *NC-4* was having the final touches put on, and the *NC-1* was being rapidly modified. The new hangar was not quite complete, and so it was necessary to keep all three seaplanes source of worry, as it meant that if a fire got started in that hangar we were ruined.

On Saturday, May third, in accordance with orders from Washington, the *NC-1*, *NC-3* and *NC-4* were placed in commission. This was the first time aircraft had been commissioned in the Navy, and given a real individuality, like a ship. On this same date I made the assignment of crews, taking the *NC-3* as flagship, assigning the *NC-4* to Lieutenant-Commander Read and the *NC-1* to Lieutenant-Commander Bellinger.

Weather conditions indicated a possible start on Tuesday, May sixth, so on Sunday evening, in accordance with a promise I had made to the correspondents, I announced May sixth as the possible date of starting for Halifax. At two-fifteen Monday morning I was awakened by excited calls to me from the hall outside my door in the barracks, and my first thought was —"Fire!" I looked out toward the big NC hangar, about a quarter of a mile away, and there I saw a dull-red glow, obviously caused by a big fire inside. The crew had been filling the *NC-1* with gasoline, and a spark from the electric pump jumped, and in a second that whole section was aflame. The twenty men on duty dashed for fire-extinguishers, and with hundreds of gallons of chemicals succeeded in protecting the vital parts of the *NC-1*, but

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THE FIRST TIME—427 YEARS AGO

"Whereas, Most Christian, High, Excellent and Powerful Princes, King and Queen of Spain and of the Islands of the Sea, this present year, 1492, after Your Highnesses had terminated the war reigning in Europe . . . you determined to send me, Christopher Columbus, to see the princes, peoples and territories of the East and to learn their disposition and the proper method of converting them to our faith; and furthermore directed that I should not proceed by land as is customary, but by a westerly route, in which direction we have no certain evidence that any one has gone.

"Hereupon I left the city of Granada on Saturday, the twelfth day of May, 1492, and proceeded to Palos, a seaport, where I armed three vessels, very fit for such an enterprise, and having provided myself with abundance of stores and seamen, I set sail from the port on Friday, the third of August, half an hour before sunrise, and steered for the Canary Islands, thence to take my departure and proceed till I arrived at the Indies and discharged the orders given me.

Sunday, August 5th. Sailed day and night more than forty leagues.

Monday, August 6th. The rudder of the caravel Pinta *became loose, being broken or unshipped. This happened by the contrivance of Gomez Rascon and Christopher Quintero who were on board the caravel, because they disliked the voyage.*

Thursday, August 9th. Returned to Grand Canary and with much labor repaired the Pinta.

Monday, September 17th. Sailed day and night, fifty leagues. The pilots took the sun's amplitude and found the needles varied a whole point of the compass. The seamen were terrified and dismayed. . . . At dawn they saw many weeds and among them a live crab. These are sure signs of land. All very cheerful, and strove which vessel should outsail the others and be the first to discover land.

Monday, October 8th. Sailed day and night twelve leagues. The air soft as that of Seville in April and so fragrant that it was delicious to breathe it. Many landbirds, ducks, and a pelican were seen.

Wednesday, October 10th. Sailed day and night fifty-nine leagues. Here the men lost all patience and complained of the length of the voyage, but I encouraged them in the best manner I could, adding that it was to no purpose to complain, having come so far they had nothing to do but continue on to the Indies, till, with the help of our Lord, they should arrive there.

Thursday, October 11th. Saw pardelas and a green rush near the Santa Maria. *The crew of the* Pinta *saw a cane and a log. The crew of the* Niña, *a stalk loaded with roseberries. These signs encouraged them and they all grew cheerful.*

Ten o'clock that evening saw a light appearing like a light of a wax-candle moving up and down, which some thought an indication of land. Directed them to keep a strict watch and look out diligently for land, and to him who should first discover it, promised a silken jacket beside the reward which the King and Queen had offered, which was an annuity of 10,000 maravedis. At two o'clock in the morning the land was discovered at two leagues distance. Took in sail and remained lying to till day when we found ourselves near a small island, called in the Indian language Guanahani. Afterward multitudes of people came swimming to the boats, bringing parrots, balls of cotton thread and other things. But they seemed on the whole to me to be a very poor people. I resolved at my return to carry home six of them to your Highnesses that they may learn our language.

Wednesday, March 6th, 1493. The news of my arrival from the Indies being known at Lisbon there came a vast multitude from the city to visit me and see the Indians. It was a matter of admiration to behold the crowds and the wonder they manifested, giving thanks to our Lord, and declaring that for their great faith and desire to serve God, the Almighty had granted them all this."

—From the Journal of Christopher Columbus.

before it could be got under control the fire had destroyed one whole wing of the *NC-1* and a big part of the tail of the *NC-4*.

Things looked hopeless, as first examination indicated that at least a week would be required to repair those two seaplanes. Then we happened to think of the set of good wings taken off the *NC-1* after the storm, and realized that they were for the same side as the burned wings, and everything brightened up. Telephone calls were sent in to the naval inspectors and to the Curtiss Engineering Company at Garden City, and before daylight truckloads of mechanics began to roll in. Our men had stripped off most of the burned parts. By midnight Monday night both the *NC-1* and the *NC-4* were repaired and ready to fly!

At daylight Tuesday morning, May sixth, all three seaplanes were on the beach and all hands were standing by, ready for the start. Mr. Weather had changed his mind, however, and it not only did not look favorable at Rockaway, but was reported as bad all up the line of destroyers. At ten o'clock I finally announced that there would be no start that day, and went in to call up Mr. Bowie of the Weather Bureau, to find out what he thought of the prospects in the immediate future. He did not consider that there would be any change until the end of the week, as conditions were most unsettled, and he fully realized that we wanted good conditions for the first hop, so we might have good rehearsals for the more difficult legs ahead.

Wednesday was bad, and Thursday did not hold much hope, according to the weather charts on Wednesday evening, but late Wednesday night conditions began to improve and word was passed to stand by for a start on Thursday.

Everything was ready shortly after daylight, but I wanted to get the final report from Mr. Bowie before shoving off. It came at 9:45 A.M. and said: "Conditions favorable." There were a few quick "good-bys," the inevitable photographs caught as we were slipping into helmets, goggles, etc., and, at 10 A.M. we were off. As we cleared the end of Rockaway Point, we swung around and headed for Montauk, the *NC-1* and the *NC-4* taking up position on each side of *NC-3*. In the *NC-3* were Commander H. C. Richardson and Lieutenant D. H. McCulloch, pilots; Lieutenant-Commander R. A. Lavender, radio officer; Lieutenant Braxton Rhodes and Machinist L. R. Moore, engineers; and forward, with me, Lieutenant-Commander R. E. Byrd, who was to go as far as Newfoundland as assistant navigator. Byrd had been in charge of all the navigational preparations, and I desired to have him along so that we could thoroughly test out the instruments on the first two hops and make any modifications which we might deem desirable.

As we passed by the air station at Montauk we could see the entire personnel out on the dirigible field, and we exchanged radio greetings. Lavender also telephoned forward several messages which he had received, including one from Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Acting Secretary of the Navy, wishing us the best of luck. We passed over Block Island, up over Vineyard Haven Sound and across Monomoy Point just south of Chatham. The visibility was excellent and the whole southeastern part of Massachusetts was in plain view. The air was smooth and warm and everybody aboard was wearing a big smile.

As we passed Chatham we changed course to the northward, heading up the line of destroyers for Seal Island, off the southwest point of Nova Scotia. At this time we were flying at thirty-five hundred feet altitude. This was a little high for determining our drift, but the air was so smooth I did not want to come down until we sighted the first destroyer, and found out how far out we were in our calculations. I found out we were several miles to the eastward, so telephoned to the pilots to come down to about two thousand feet, and we had no further trouble. Just about this time Lavender telephoned that a message had been received from the *NC-4*, saying that they were having engine trouble, were running on three engines, and might have to land. She began to drop astern and descend, and we thought she was landing close to destroyer number one, as that vessel was still in sight, so we proceeded on course and *NC-1* followed.

Byrd spent the afternoon vibrating between the forward and after cockpits, trying smoke bombs, sextants, etc. My cockpit was not very large, and with all the charts, chart desk, sextants, drift indicator, binoculars, chronometers, etc., stacked in there, very little room was left. As I wore a telephone all the time, wires were trailing all about me, and Byrd and I were continually getting all mixed up like a couple of puppies on leashes. Occasionally one of the pilots would come forward for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, or to take a look at the chart to find out how we were progressing. All these little festivities were rudely broken up about the middle of the afternoon, when a squall hit us.

We headed down through it and telephoned to Lavender to roll in his trailing antenna, before the weight on the end hit the water and the whole thing was jerked off. From time to time on until we landed at Halifax the air was very rough. We sighted Seal Island, and a little later made out the coast of Nova Scotia, and off that coast we struck very rough air. We lost sight of the *NC-1* in the haze, but finally made out the entrance to Halifax Harbor ahead and landed near our buoys at 7 P.M.

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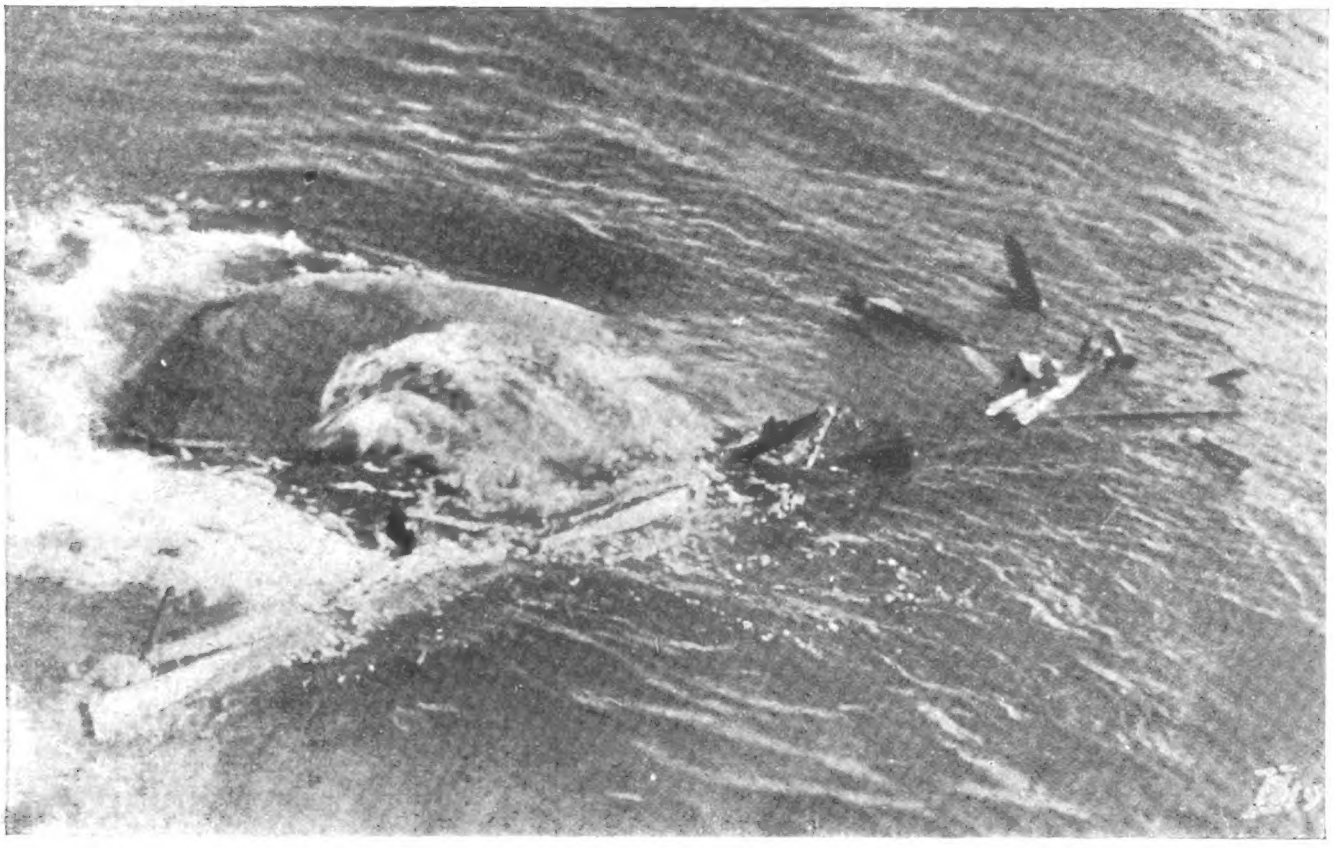

The tail of the NC-1 *breaking up off Fayal after the rescue of the crew.*

Rockaway time, which was eight-thirty, Halifax time, the flight of five hundred and forty-two miles having taken just nine hours.

Ten minutes later the *NC-1* came roaring in. We secured to our moorings, gave orders to overhaul crews as to refueling, and went on board the *Baltimore*, where Captain Cluverius received us, and after we got off our flying clothes and cleaned up, we sat down to a nice hot dinner. There were many correspondents on board as well as interested visitors, including the American consul, and while we were dining, we gave them a running summary of the flight. No news had been received of the *NC-4*, other than that she was down and destroyers were searching, so I filed a telegraphic report to the Navy Department, announced that, weather permitting, *NC-1* and *NC-3* would leave at 8 A.M. next day for Trepassey, Newfoundland; read a multitude of telegrams which had been received for me, and then turned in. Lieutenant-Commander McAddie, probably better known as Professor McAddie, of Blue Hill Observatory, was on the *Baltimore* to give us advice as to weather, and he assured me that we would have good weather the following day.

I was called several times during the night to receive important telegrams, the most pleasing of which was one which came shortly before daylight saying that the *NC-4* was on the water off Chatham, Massachusetts, and was heading for the air station near that place.

We were all up before daylight, and everything was apparently ready for the start, the engineers having worked with the repair crews during most of the night, but a daylight inspection disclosed (so we

Lieutenant-Commander Read, of the NC-4, *whose hard luck turned to splendid victory.*

thing which had been overlooked, viz.: that there were several cracked propellers. The *Baltimore* had spare ones on board, but they did not have enough hub plates. We were in a dilemma, when Byrd, who had been in command of our air station at Halifax during hostilities, remembered that he had turned some of these hubs over to the Canadians. He dashed over to the dockyard in a speed boat, and came back with the hubs. By the time both seaplanes were finally ready it was too late to start. McAddie promised us good weather for the next day, so we made the best of it, and planned to get off the following morning.

The *NC-3* had trouble with one engine-starting motor, so, as the *NC-1* was cruising around on the water, all ready to go, I gave Bellinger the signal and he got off and headed out. Shortly afterward we followed, but noticed trouble when thirty-eight miles out, and landed on the water. Examination disclosed another cracked propeller. It might have held for many hours, but if it didn't there was a good chance of the piece as it flew off going into the forward part of the hull and decapitating somebody, so I decided to return to Halifax. Lavender sent a radio message asking that a new propeller be prepared for us, and we flew back, got it, put it on, caught a quick lunch while the work was being done, and got away at 12:40 P.M. McAddie said the good weather would hold out for at least eight hours, but that the wind would be strong as we got farther north. It was! We proceeded up the coast of Nova Scotia, which is most forbidding looking, with very few signs of habitation, and, upon passing Cape Canso, headed out for the island of St. Pierre.

Just about this time we ran into the

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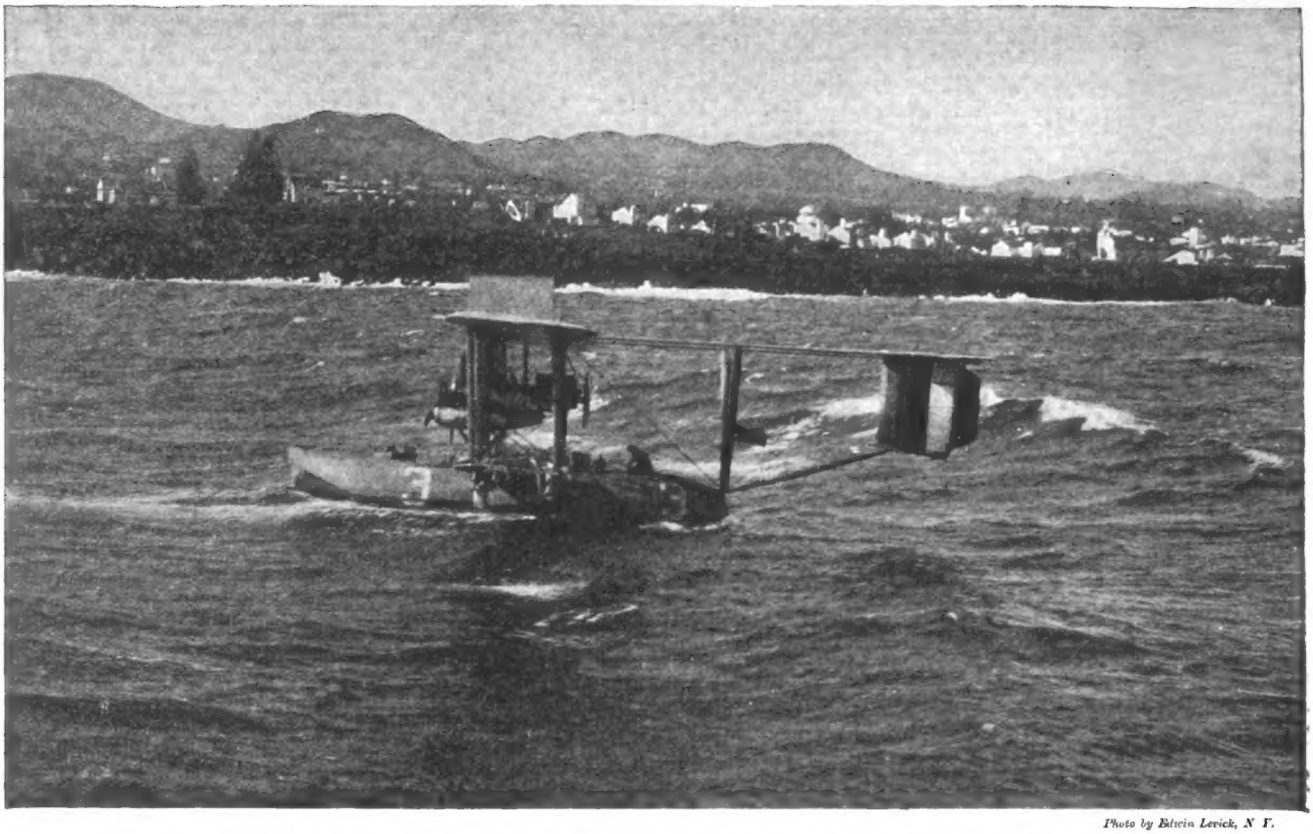

Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

The **NC-3** *courageously limping into Ponta Delgada under her own power, battered and bruised.*

strong winds and rough air. We went up to get out of the disturbed air, but found the wind blowing about forty-five miles an hour and almost dead against us, so we came down to about one thousand feet and pushed through it. No difficulties were experienced in the navigation, and St. Pierre was sighted when we were about fifty miles from it. Upon reaching this island we made a sharp change of course and ran down-wind for the southwest point of the Avalon peninsula. I signaled to go up, so that we would get the stronger winds of the high altitudes, and we climbed to five thousand feet. It was bitterly cold, about zero, I should say, but with the help of the wind, we were making one hundred and twelve miles an hour, so we stuck it out. Down below were hundreds of icebergs, which from our height reminded me of sheep in pasture. I happened to look back at one time and saw Moore climbing around up among the engines, exposed to the full force of our rush through the air. It nearly froze me to look at him.

Cape Pine was sighted, and with our speed we reached it quickly, but we were at five thousand feet, and had to land in a very small harbor, which none of us had ever seen before. Furthermore it was surrounded by high hills and the wind was working itself up into a gale. After coming down through about the roughest air I have ever experienced, we finally landed, and taxied full speed to our moorings. There we found the *NC-1* which had arrived about an hour and a half before. Everything was secured for riding out the heavy wind, and arrangements were made for bringing both planes up to the *Aroostook* for refueling as soon as the weather moderated, which it did early next morning.

Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

Commander Towers ready to board the good airship **NC-3** *at Rockaway.*

Getting on the *Aroostook* seemed almost like getting home. She was our so-called mother ship, scheduled to follow us to Plymouth, and on her were our clothes, extra toilet articles, and all the things one travels with. Each person had been limited to five pounds of personal baggage on the seaplanes, and five pounds is not much. Richardson and I, being the two seniors, had been assigned the pilot-house for sleeping quarters, and this had been fitted up with two real brass beds. Since the pilot-house was built largely of glass, we had the privacy of the proverbial goldfish, but we didn't mind that in the least. The rest of the officers and men were given quarters about the ship. Richardson, Bellinger and I messed with the commanding officer, Captain Harvey Tomb, and altogether had a very comfortable time of it.

Newspaper men and photographers were on hand in quantities. The representatives of the press associations had been given passage on the *Prairie* from New York, and others were living on shore in a railroad-car. They had been in St. Johns waiting for Hawker to jump off, and when they saw that we really meant business, and might get away before Hawker, they chartered an old car, dug up a cook, fitted out the car with a cookstove, table and cots, and got hauled down to Trepassey. This car was known as the NC-5. I dined on board with them and can vouch for the fact that they didn't lead such a hard life. My old friend, Jimmy Hare, promised to send me some photographs of the outfit, but I haven't seen him since, and the photographs haven't yet reached me. I know they will come, for he never fails, any more than he fails to turn up at any odd corner of the earth whenever anything interesting is going on.

Trepassey is one of the most forlorn places on earth. The weather is abominable, and the only industry is fishing.

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Since the fishing season lasts only six weeks, the inhabitants have nothing to do during the remaining forty-six weeks but sit and wait for the next year's fishing. There is a great deal of fog, and the temperature is low. The harbor froze over twice while we were there; this in the middle of May!

Word was received from Read on May thirteenth that he was all ready to leave Chatham, and expected to get away the following morning. I suggested his making one hop of it from Chatham to Trepassey, but he got such a late start he did not find this practicable, so he put into Halifax, and came up to Trepassey on May fifteenth. We had been waiting for weather, and May fifteenth looked very promising, from the reports received from the route and from the four battle-ships, stationed two on each side four hundred miles apart and dividing the distance from Newfoundland to the Azores into equidistant parts.

I hated the thought of starting without

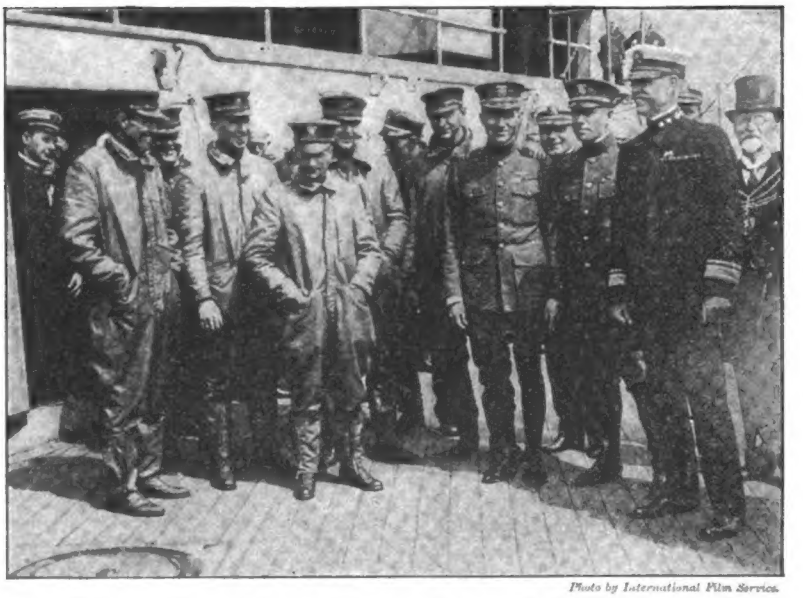

Photo by International Film Service.

The crew of the NC-4 *at Plymouth—the returning Mayflower of the air*

Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

The shipwrecked air-mariners of the NC-3 *at Ponta Delgada after their rescue.*

gineers, if we couldn't get off successfully.

Daylight on the sixteenth found us studying the weather. Mr. Greeg of the Weather Bureau and Lieutenant Barratt, Navy Aerographer, received and plotted reports, sent up sounding balloons and gazed off into space, but remained noncommittal. About noon they began to cheer up and I quietly gave orders to be ready to leave at three o'clock. Barratt and Greeg finally said they believed conditions would be satisfactory, wind southwest to west, and partly cloudy during the early part of the run. A rush dispatch was received from the Weather Bureau just about the same time, predicting favorable conditions.

Sandwiches and coffee were put aboard, engines warmed up, and all three planes

(*Continued on page 74*)

Read, but, on the other hand, the weather people advised a start, and couldn't promise that good weather would hold along the course, so I determined to make a try on the afternoon of May fifteenth. The seaplanes were loaded to nearly twenty-nine thousand pounds total, which would give a good margin of safety on gasoline to reach Ponta Delgada, but, on the other hand, made it very doubtful if we could get off the water in cross-wind. We could not. After spending two hours in *NC-3* and everybody on board getting soaked through with spray, I decided it would be almost suicidal to go into the air in that condition, and called it off. Just at this time, nearly dusk, we saw *NC-4* standing in, and I think everybody was glad we hadn't succeeded.

All three seaplanes went to their moorings and work was started at once to get a new engine into the *NC-4* in place of the old one put in at Chatham and to reduce the load in all three to twenty-eight thousand three hundred pounds. The crew of the *NC-3* was much heavier than either of the other crews, and we could not safely cut down this weight by taking out gasoline, so I decided to try it with a little over twenty-eight thousand three hundred, and put off Lieutenant Rhodes, one of the en-

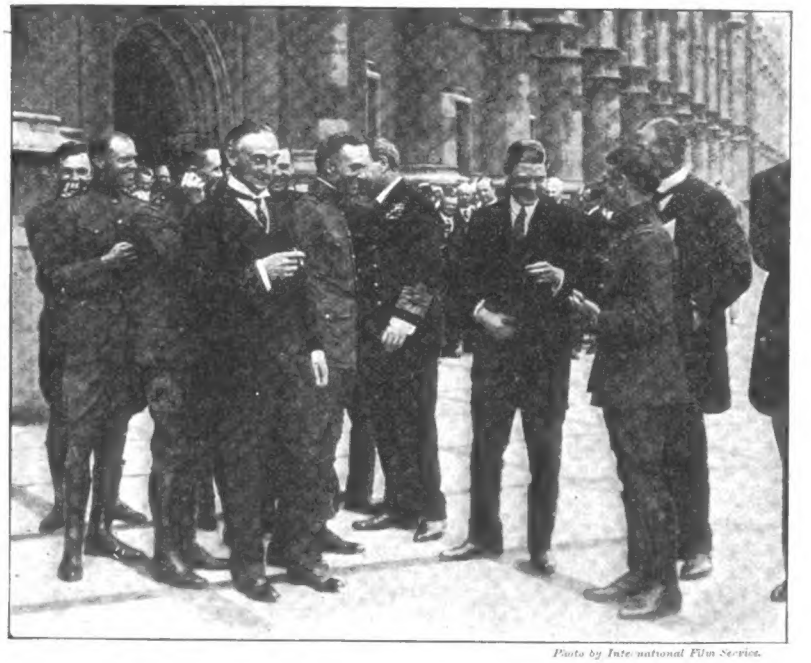

Photo by International Film Service.

The NC fliers welcomed at Westminster by the Prince of Wales.

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He returned, feeling a bit of a hero, to learn that his wife was earning, in her old position, four thousand dollars a year.

His Wife's Place

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Author of "Silent Jim," "The Little Moment of Happiness," etc.

CARTER PAYAN sat in the living-room of his comfortable little apartment waiting for his wife to come home from work.

His eyes roamed about the room, taking note for the hundredth time of the new pieces of furniture, of the new rug, of one or two good prints on the wall, that his wife had purchased during his absence in France—purchased with money earned by herself. He remembered how they had planned to buy those very things before he had gone away, and had agreed to save and to pinch in order to get together the small sums necessary for the purchase. That was when he was the head of the family, its bread-winner—it was when they could not afford new furniture or rugs or prints.

These new articles seemed to accuse him, to sneer at him. They made him ashamed. They flaunted their newness before his eyes, seeming to proclaim that what he had been unable to buy for his wife she had been able to buy for him. They humiliated him, filled him with a helpless rage.

Until the day before yesterday he had not seen his home for upward of two years. For eighteen months he had been in France, where he had seen service, and the transport had brought him home wearing on his shoulders two silver bars instead of the single golden bar with which he had gone away. He had come home elated, rather cocky about his achievements—not disagreeably so, but nevertheless very well satisfied with himself and his accomplishments. He had arrived with a feeling that his wife would be proud of him as she had never been proud before—and this feeling had justified itself, although he refused to believe it.

He had known, of course, that Mary had gone to work, and had not disapproved, for she had told him it helped to hold at arm's length her loneliness for him. The money she earned had not entered into his calculations except in an incidental manner, for his allotment to her had been sufficient to support her, especially after his promotion to a captaincy had come to him. As a matter of fact, he had never known what she was earning, for she had not mentioned the amount, and he had fancied in an off-hand way that it might be twelve or fifteen dollars a week. He knew, naturally, that she had been an efficient business woman when they were married four years previously, and that she was then earning twenty dollars a week as office manager for an automobile concern.

She had given that up willingly to marry him and to start life with him on his fifteen hundred a year. This fifteen hundred had become two thousand just before he resigned to enter an officers' training-camp, but two thousand dollars was the greatest sum he had ever earned in civilian life. His pay as a captain represented the high point of his earning capacity.

Now he returned feeling a bit of a hero and quite a bit of a successful man, to learn that his wife was earning, in her old position, four thousand dollars a year—more than he had ever earned, and more than he could expect to earn for some time. Not only that, but she had saved the total of his allotment to her and more than two thousand dollars in addition, besides buying for herself—and for him—the little luxuries that they had planned to save for together and to acquire when they could.

He had been told that his old position would be waiting for him when he returned, and it was waiting for him—at twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars a year! An advance over what he had been paid when he went away, but far less than his earnings as a captain, and seventeen hundred dollars less than Mary's salary had been for a year!

The thing had not settled its meaning on him at first. There had been the pleasure of returning to Mary; there had been the inevitable strangeness between them, resulting from a two years' absence to struggle with and overcome—and it was not altogether dissipated yet. The necessary readjustment to the intimate relationship of husband and wife, and the effort to take up life where they had left it off, necessarily came first. It was not until he saw Mary go to work for the day and he himself remained at home with the new furniture *she* had been able to purchase that the true significance of the situation penetrated thoroughly to his consciousness.

The long and the short of the matter was that at the minute he was being supported by his wife; that his wife held a better position than he could hope to obtain, and that she, instead of himself, was the rightful head of the family. He got up and paced through the rooms of the apartment in a state of mind which mingled humiliation with rage and rage with a sense of wrong and injustice done to him. He blamed Mary. Deep within him he knew that Mary was not to blame, but was rather to be praised—but he blamed her. He was angry with her, felt that she had conducted herself in a manner to hold him up as a laughing-stock and as that deplorable breed of human being who permits itself to be supported by its wife. It was unendurable.

He heard Mary's latch-key in the door. She was coming home to dress so they could go out to dinner together. Carter was suddenly conscious of a feeling that he did not want to see her; that he wished she would stay away—not forever, but until he could get this thing settled in his mind. He had a subconscious feeling that his resentment toward her was unjust, but he knew that his resentment would manifest itself. It was a natural desire to be alone with his misery and to truckle to it and roll it under his tongue and to pity himself. But she was here!

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Mary had gone to work, for it helped to hold at arm's length her loneliness for him.

The transport had brought him home wearing on his shoulders two silver bars.

"Carter!" she called. "Oh, Carter!"

He did not answer, but went into his bedroom, pretending not to hear, while he busied himself with his shaving things.

"Carter!" Mary called again. "Aren't you here?"

"Yes," he answered shortly.

She came into the room and stood close to him before he turned. She was holding up her face to be kissed, and he forced himself to touch her lips with his. She felt that something was wrong.

"Aren't you well, dear?" she asked. Then, without waiting for a reply she removed her hat and coat and dropped them on the bed. "What have you been doing with yourself all day?" she asked.

"Thinking," he said shortly.

"Did you see Mr. Whitney this morning?" Mr. Whitney was his old employer.

"Yes."

She waited, but when he failed to continue she asked what Mr. Whitney had said.

"Offered me my old place—at twenty-two hundred and fifty." His voice was bitter.

"Oh, splendid!" she said enthusiastically. "That's a raise, isn't it? So many men are having to take less, or are even finding it hard to find places at all."

Splendid! She had the effrontery to praise him, to say that it was splendid for him to be able to get a position that paid seventeen hundred dollars less a year than hers. She was patronizing him! She thought it was splendid for *him* to be able to earn a little more than half of what she could earn! His resentment flamed.

"Splendid! Anybody would think I was your half-witted brother that you were praising for being able to earn a quarter mowing a lawn."

"Why, Carter! It *is* splendid. I mean it." Then she said the one thing she should have left unsaid. "Just think how wonderfully we will get along now! Why, between us we'll be earning more than six thousand dollars! We're rich!"

He turned, his face white with anger. "Do you mean to say that you are going on working? Do you think I shall let you go on working?"

She had feared something of this sort, knowing Carter as she did. "I don't see why not," she said. "There's no reason why I shouldn't. There are just the two of us——"

"Just the two of us can live on what I can earn," he said.

"Of course we can, and save all I can earn. At that rate it would only be a few years before we were independent."

"It would be only a few months before every man I know would be laughing at me," he answered. "How would I look? Nice, wouldn't I?" He changed his voice to imitate his conception of the mincing voice of gossip, " 'There's Carter Payan—pretty soft for him, what? Wife earns twice what he does. Wrong half of that family wears the pants. Wonder how much she allows him for spending-money?' That's the kind of thing everybody'd be saying about me."

"That's perfectly silly, Carter, and you know it is."

"I know it isn't. That's what I'd think about another man in my place, and that's what they'll think about me. I won't stand for it."

"Let's not talk about it any more now. I'm tired after a day in the office, and I'm hungry. Let's hurry and go out to dinner, and maybe to the theatre or some place."

"Oh, you're inviting your husband to the theatre?" he asked with bitter irony.

"Please don't be disagreeable. Do clear out of the way and let me dress. I won't be but a minute."

He went out of the room sullenly. Mary went about her dressing with a little frown. Her husband was being even more difficult than she had feared, but Mary was a determined little person, determined to stubbornness, and her bump of practicality was extraordinarily developed. To her way of thinking, four thousand dollars a year was four thousand dollars a year. It had a concrete meaning to her of investments which should return them an income so long as they lived. It meant the saving of twenty thousand dollars in five years—that or more—and at six per cent. this represented an income of twelve hundred dollars which would continue forever. She wanted that. This was not because she was essentially mercenary, but she was eminently sensible. Investments and an income meant safety; it meant a family solidity which nothing else could give.

She was fond of her husband. Notwithstanding the shock of strangeness at his return, she knew she loved him and desired him, and that the strangeness would pass with time and custom. Their personal relations would adjust themselves, and everything would go along splendidly—much better than it ever had, because of their multiplied earning power. She would willingly have exchanged her four-thousand-dollar position with Carter's for his smaller salary, but that was impossible. She took no especial pride in her achievement, nor did she blame her husband in the least for lacking her own earning power at the moment. It was abnormal, she realized, and, being abnormal, should be taken advantage of while it continued.

"He is perfectly silly about it," she said

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to herself. "He must see it my way. I know I can make him see it my way. We would be idiotic to throw away all that money just for his vanity, and we *sha'n't* throw it away." She was determined, and once she reached a determination she was one to cling to it with stubbornness. This was true to such an extent that a moment arrived when she would cling to a determination simply because she had made it and for the sake of maintaining it, which is the essence of stubbornness. "I sha'n't give up my position—I don't care what he says," she resolved. "It's for his benefit as much as for mine."

Mary's idea of the family was more the French conception—that the family is a unit and that all its component parts should labor for the common good. Carter's idea of the family was that the man was the provider, and the wife and children, if any, were the provided-for. It was, he considered, a man's exclusive duty to earn the money his family used—a sort of egoistic unselfishness. Mary's selfishness was, after a manner, a vicarious selfishness.

"Where shall we eat?" Mary asked with a pretense of casualness as she came into the living-room. "There's a little restaurant just around the corner."

"Huh! I guess I can afford to take my wife to a decent place to eat—yet," he replied sullenly. "We'll go to the Pontchartrain."

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "Very well," she said, but she said it coldly.

They boarded a car and rode downtown in silence, each fondling a grievance against the other and magnifying it, and each fortifying himself in his position and becoming more stubbornly determined not to yield.

IN THE lobby of the hotel, Carter was greeted by more than one friend who congratulated him on his return and upon his promotion. Men who had been rather above him socially and far above him financially seemed eager to shake his hand and to have a word with him. It was flattering; so pleasing that he was almost in a good humor by the time they reached the dining-room. He was showing his wife where he stood. He was somebody. Surely she must see that a man who had become something of a figure in his town could not permit his wife to work!

No sooner had they seated themselves than an old gentleman got up from a neighboring table and came over to them. He smiled down at Mary and laid his hand on Carter's shoulder.

"My boy, I'm glad to see you back safely—and such a credit to us all," he said cordially.

"Thank you, Mr. Smedley. It's mighty good to be home again."

"I should think it would be—with such a little girl to welcome you. You see, I know quite a bit about her—being her banker. There aren't many who could do what she has done. You must be mighty proud of each other. But look out, Carter! You'll have to keep your eyes open or Mary will beat you out. She's a business woman." He laughed pleasantly. "If you aren't careful, she'll be the best man in the family."

Carter made some stumbling rejoinder. Mary saw that his lips were compressed and white with anger and mortification. After another word or two Mr. Smedley moved back to his own table, leaving behind him a tense, portentous silence. Mary looked industriously at the *carte du jour;* Carter stared vindictively at Mary.

"You see," he said hoarsely. "There you have it. It's what they're saying and thinking about me now."

"Nonsense," Mary said evenly. "He was only teasing you."

"Teasing nothing. He was saying what he believed."

His tone angered Mary, and she raised her eyes to his defiantly. "Well, what of it?" she said shortly.

"Just this," he said. "You quit your job to-morrow."

"Now, Carter, try to be reasonable. It isn't sensible to throw away all that money just for your silly pride. It's all a sort of an accident, but we would be foolish not to profit by it. You know very well that in ordinary times I couldn't earn half what you do. But the war—and everything. If nearly every man in our office hadn't been drafted or hadn't enlisted, I should be getting a quarter of what I am. But they had to have somebody, and I—I was lucky enough to make good. It's no reflection on you."

Carter stared at the president. He had seen his wife, a handsome, wonderfully gowned woman, apparently a grande dame.

"It *is* a reflection on me Would you like to be told that your wife was the best man in the family?"

"I could stand it to be told a lot for four thousand dollars a year—when I knew it wasn't so."

"Well, I can't and I sha'n't. You quit to-morrow."

"I'll quit when I'm good and ready," she said, anger flaming at last. "I've a right to work if I wish. I'm your wife, but you don't own me. I've some rights." She was working into the sort of rage where one becomes acrimonious and says things that were better left unsaid. "There's no reason why I shouldn't help out when I can, and I'm going to. When there's a chance to save a lot of money and get into a position where we're safe, I have a right to insist that we profit by it, and I'm going to insist. If you're so anxious for me to quit work, then go and get a six-thousand-dollar position. I'll quit in the morning if you do."

It was said. She realized it with a sickening shock. Those words had gone out and could never be brought back. She had twitted him, flicked him on his rawest sore.

"Carter!" she said pleadingly.

He did not speak. The dinner passed in

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"She made me," said the president. "It wasn't her savings alone, but the force she put behind me. She compelled me to succeed."

dull silence, and, instead of going to the theatre afterward, they rode home in silence. Mary went to their bedroom; Carter sat down in the living-room and pretended to read. Ten o'clock came.

"Aren't you coming to bed?" Mary called—a tentative proffer of peace.

He got up abruptly and strode to her door, where he glared in at her.

"Are you going to quit that job?" he demanded.

"No," she said shortly.

He turned away furiously, and she, equally furious, slammed the door.

Carter slept in the guest-room, feeling somehow that to do so was an act so portentous that it must open his wife's eyes to the seriousness of the situation. There was something very juvenile in his attitude toward leaving Mary alone in her room, as there is something very juvenile in most of the acts husbands perform as a result of quarrels with their wives. Men can quarrel with men and retain their maturity, but few men can sustain a domestic squabble without returning to their teens.

In the morning he got up, feeling a trifle sheepish in the cold, practical dawn. He was rather inclined to be ashamed of himself, and was undoubtedly hesitant about encountering Mary. It was exactly as if he were a boy who had done something foolish and he were apprehensive of the consequences. There was the fact, too, that in the morning he had forgotten how his anger had felt the night before. He was not angry now. He dressed slowly, loitering about the room, and putting off the meeting with Mary as long as he could. Then he emerged.

Mary was in the dining-room.

"Morning," he said casually, and kissed her.

"Morning," she answered as casually. It was apparent that her intention was to treat the night as if it had not existed.

"I've got to hustle," he said. "Must be at the office at eight-thirty."

"We'll ride down together," she said.

He opened his mouth to say something, and closed it again. While he had carefully arranged his cravat he had resolved not to refer to Mary's position until he had taken the day to think and to reach a statesmanlike frame of mind. Then, he told himself, he would present the matter to her calmly and logically; they would discuss it coolly, and his arguments would inevitably prevail. On the whole, he was quite pleased with himself and what he termed his moderation and consideration.

The breakfast was a trifle strained. If each had not been conscious that there was a situation which must be faced and a question which could not go unanswered, the meal would have been almost pleasant. Mary looked alluring and desirable. Carter had always been proud of her and boyishly vain of showing her to the world as his wife. As for Carter, he looked very manly with his face tanned by oversea winds and by a something in his bearing which had come from commanding men in time of peril. Mary's heart stirred with satisfaction as she glanced at him covertly. If only he weren't so pig-headed!

As they got up from the table, Carter went around to her chair and took her in his arms.

"Honey," he said a bit awkwardly, "we mustn't have a row. I—you know I haven't been thinking about much of anything but you while I was gone." He could not go on because he was an inarticulate sort of person when it was required to express emotions.

"No, boy," she said, "we mustn't let anything happen."

It was a delightful moment, a moment of unclouded affection, and each of them emerged from it more hopeful, closer together than they had been since the moment of his return. They went down the stairs of their apartment building hand in hand like youthful lovers.

AT THE office he was received with gratifying adulation by the men and women with whom he had used to work; and then he began to work, finding the task of picking up the old threads and the old habits of mind not so easy as he had anticipated. He had not thought business for two years; now he found business not so interesting as it had been once; more humdrum. It would need no little readjusting to make him the valuable worker he had been before he went to war. He had lost something which would return with custom, but he had gained something that would enhance his value when put to use. This was a self-confidence, an ability to direct and to command respect and obedience.

Toward noon an old chum, a salesman of the house, came into the office and slapped Carter on the back. "Great to see you back. Gosh, how I envy you your experience!" he said. "When do we get together so you can tell me how you won the war?"

"How about lunching together?"

"Bully." Then, feeling the privilege of an old friend to tease, he said: "Just saw your wife. Dropped in over there to see the big boss, and saw her running the whole shop. Pretty soft, old scout, pretty soft! It isn't the first cost of a wife with most of us that bothers; it's the upkeep; but you've solved it, Carter. Great stuff! Get married and two can earn more than one. I'm for you way across the board."

"Huh!" grunted Carter.

"Mentioned you were back to her boss. Seemed to disturb him. He cussed. Said he didn't see why the devil you had to come back, or words to that effect, and hoped piously that it wouldn't mean Mrs. Payan would quit her job. I told him I knew you well, and I could assure him it wouldn't. He mentioned his idea that she was worth two of you, and that if either of you had to stay home and wash the egg off the breakfast plates, it ought to be you."

Carter was white with rage. "You can

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trot back and tell him she's going to quit," he said furiously. "When I can't support my family, I'll quit having one, and you can lay a safe bet on that. And if any of you fellows think I'm the sort to put his wife to work supporting him, you want to take another think—and keep out of my way. Meantime you can go to the devil." He turned around to his desk and left his friend staring down at him in flushed amazement.

"Oh, say, Carter! You're all-fired touchy. I didn't—" Then anger stopped him. "I thought I was joking, but it seems I was twitting on facts," he said with meaning. "And so far as I'm concerned you can take your dolls and dishes and go to blazes!"

That was the worst incident of the day, but it was not the only time his wife was mentioned to him. A minor incident, happening as he was leaving the office for the night, sent him home to Mary in a frame of mind which nullified the morning's reconciliation and its tenderness.

A spinster stenographer of feminist tendencies walked out beside him.

"Your wife shows what women are capable of. She proves we can hold down any position a man can and command as much money. They tell me she draws four thousand over there."

"Huh!" grunted Carter.

"And that's a lot more than *you're* getting here," declared the woman, triumphantly capping her argument.

Carter turned his back and strode away, white with fury and chagrin. He did not board a car to go home—he walked. He *had* to walk. It seemed to him that if he ceased motion, if he should be compelled to sit still for a period of minutes, he would choke. There was a curious feeling at the pit of his stomach, a sort of breathless emptiness, and he had to grip himself tightly to hold in check the desire to run amok. It was one of those moments which come in every man's life, when the only antidote for the poison that is working in his veins is wantonly to smash something—to smash it savagely, insanely.

AS HE approached the house, he walked faster; he could hardly wait until he arrived. Furious words boiled within him, words which he wanted to speak without weighing them. The reconciliation of the morning was forgotten, was as if it had never taken place. He jerked open the door and ran up the stairs. Mary was there before him, and, as she heard his step on the landing, came to the door of the apartment to meet him. Their reconciliation was fresh in her mind; it had been with her all the day, very sweet and very precious, and she was eager for his coming.

The sight of her, dainty, cool, happy, increased Carter's rage.

"There you are," he said savagely. "By heavens, we'll settle this thing now—now. Do you understand that?"

She drew back, hurt, amazed. She had opened the door expecting to be taken into his arms, to be kissed and fondled, to have loved and to have been loved. Her eyes did not fill, but slowly, very slowly, her cheeks reddened and grew pale. She stepped aside and closed the door after him.

"It isn't necessary for all the neighbors to hear you," she said coldly.

"You're mighty careful of the neighbors. What the devil do I care about a few neighbors when the whole town is talking about me? I've heard nothing else from morning till night. I've had enough. I'm through, *through!* I've pleaded and begged you to act the way a wife ought to, and you've refused; now I'm going to *tell* you. I'm your husband, and what I say goes."

She realized that something unpleasant had occurred to stir him like this, and it made her relent. She held her own anger in check.

"Carter," she said, "go and get ready for dinner. You're unreasonable. When you cool off, we'll talk."

"We'll talk *now*. This thing is going to be settled before I move away from this spot. You're my wife—anyhow I thought you were. I've tried to be a decent sort of husband. I won't be treated like this. I won't stand it. The man you work for said you were the best man in the family. I'm twitted by an old hen that you can earn more than I can. My friends grin and tell me I've a soft snap. How would *you* like that? Would you stand it?"

"Nobody thinks anything disagreeable, Carter. You're unnaturally sensitive. Try to look at this sensibly. There isn't a man who has spoken to you who doesn't wish his wife was doing what I'm doing. Nobody's twitted you."

"What I want to know," he interrupted roughly, "is what you're going to do?"

"I'm not going to talk about it while you're in this state of mind."

"You're mighty independent. Four thousand dollars a year makes for a lot of independence, doesn't it? You don't need me any more with my piker's salary. You'd just as soon I cleared out, I suppose."

"I don't know but I'd rather, if you're going to act this way." She said it definitely and distinctly and with intention, for her limit of repression had been reached.

"Are you going to quit that job?"

"No."

Suddenly he felt lonely, apprehensive. What if she persisted in her course? What if she really did want to get rid of him? It rather appalled him, but he could not draw back. It was too late to alter his stand, or to approach the matter more diplomatically. He couldn't apologize for his manner; pride would not permit that. Rather than humble himself to her, he would lose her—but the thought made him coldly miserable.

"Mary——"

"If you're going to dinner, please dress," she said with a chill in her voice.

"You're not going to obey—" He stopped, but the word was out, and he knew that the word obey, addressed by husband to wife, has become the unpardonable sin in this generation.

"I'm going to do exactly as I want to," she said. "Obey! Do you think you can order me about like a servant? I've had all I can stand of this. Either be quiet and dress for dinner, or I'm going out alone."

"Are you going to quit that job?"

"I'm going to keep my position just as long as I can hold it," she said furiously. "Now you know. And that's final."

He brushed past her and went into the bedroom, slamming the door after him. Mary waited apprehensively, hoping he was merely getting ready for dinner, dreading lest he was doing something else; she knew not what. She had her moment of cold dread. Married folks did come to a parting of the ways. It had always seemed impossible that she and Carter could reach such a point; it seemed impossible now, and the very thought of it left her with a horrible, helpless feeling. Once she took a step toward the door, but pride held her back. And then the door opened.

Carter had his bag in his hand. He walked past her to the door without a word but there he stopped and turned.

"For the last time," he said, "are you going to do as I ask you?

"If you change your mind within a week, let me know at the club. If you don't change your mind before that, you needn't let me know. I sha'n't be there Monday. Saturday night, if I haven't heard from you, I quit my job and leave town."

"If you leave this house now—this way—you need never come back to it," she said hopelessly. It was really true, then. Such things could happen, and this was the way they happened. It was unreal to her; it was only make-believe—it was incredible that she and Carter had come to this pass!

"For the last time——"

"Oh, go on!" she said in her most disagreeable tone. "I guess I can manage without you."

The door closed—and he was gone.

PRESENTLY Mary went into the living-room and sat down. She did not cry, but she felt very lonely and lifeless. She was aghast. The impossible had happened. Her husband had left her. She had seen women whose husbands had left them, or who had left their husbands, and she had always looked at them curiously and uncomprehendingly. It had been her private belief that such women were different; that something was wrong with them. It had not seemed possible that they could be normal; that they could be like herself. But now she realized that they were like herself. She was sorry for them, and she was sorry for herself.

But Carter was to blame. If he had gone about it reasonably, she might have given up her position, though it would have been a silly thing to do. But he had gone about it altogether wrongly, and now, finally, he had made it utterly impossible for her to give in. She couldn't give in now and retain a vestige of self-respect. The thing was done. It was ended. The curtain was down.

She compelled herself to put on her hat and to go out to dine. It was an ordeal, but, she told herself, it was but the beginning of a new manner of life and she would have to become accustomed to it.

Carter, too, experienced a sense of finality. He knew he would not alter his stand, and, knowing Mary as he did, he was confident that now she would not change. He knew he had bungled, had proceeded clumsily; but it was done. He worked by day and hid himself away from his friends by night, planning meantime for his departure, for he was sure he would be going. As the days passed, he became more certain. Wednesday was gone, then Thursday followed it and Friday dawned. Just before the close of business hours on Saturday he would resign, and so burn his bridges behind him.

(*Continued on page 114*)

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Temperament at the Zoo

By Betty Shannon

Photos by Underwood & Underwood

Zebras, it seems, are just like people. Some of them have very kind dispositions, and others of them are horrid. Take, for instance, the very meanest animal they have at the New York Zoo (call it Zoological Gardens if you want to stand right with the superintendent). It is an old grandpa Zebra who won't be decent to anybody, or let anybody be decent to him. They tested his sweetness one day by putting a dummy figure in his pen, and he stamped it all to pieces! On the other hand, behold Mrs. Zebra and her little son on this page. The worst thing they can say against her is that she is a little wild. And who wouldn't be with such beautiful, Greenwich-Village-Ball-like clothes?

The giraffe is notoriously a tender creature which has to be watched over with great care—not only because he does not thrive in our North American climate, but because if you do not keep an eye on him he may kick you through the side of the barn. He and the ostrich, being equipped with yards and yards of perfectly available legs, run each other a close race for long-distance and unexpected kicking. They say that you can not trust brown eyes.

The laughing hyena always looks hungry, even when it isn't. Perhaps that's the little joke it keeps laughing at. However, the laugh isn't a joke. It sounds like a siren whistle—and think of meeting up with it some dark night! The hyena man at the Zoological Gardens says that it gets to be very comical after you've heard it a while. This carnivore has a playful nature, but no one wants to play with it. It is a creature of the night, and that, according to human standards, is an indictment, isn't it? It lives on carrion, slinks about, and is afraid of its own shadow.

Fortunately for the hippopotamus, he might be said to be almost completely lacking in temperament. Amiable and comfortable-looking individuals have such a hard time getting sympathy when they feel nervous and on edge! On the contrary, the hippopotamus would be a nice, friendly soul to have about. With a couple of bales of hay and a bin or two of grain and a few odds and ends of potato peelings and carrots and turnips left over from the Mulligatawny soup, he wouldn't give you any trouble all day. He is inclined to tend to his own business, but if you egg him on, he can run as fast as a man. But his sensory nerves are housed under near-armor plates, so he doesn't have to try out his legs very often.

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The Spoiled Boy

By Lawrence Perry

SHARP and clear the whistle of the head coach sounded over the thick, faded turf of the gridiron. The players of the 'varsity and scrub elevens who had lined up after a scrimmage rose in their positions, turning dirt-streaked, perspiring faces inquiringly toward their mentor, whose manner as he approached them was portentous.

"Cullom," he said sharply, "go to the side lines."

He turned and glanced along the line of substitutes who sat huddled in their blankets, leaning forward with eyes intent upon the gridiron scene, their faces expressionless as Indians'. The back-field coach sauntered up and for a minute or so the two conversed, while the players, apparently indifferent and yet in reality tense, flapped their arms or stamped in their positions, for the November air was nipping, the skies hard, inexorable as steel.

"All right, Bunny." The head coach swung away from his back-field specialist and gestured toward a shrouded figure on the side-line bench. "Wheeler, come on."

The sharp bark of the 'varsity quarterback came suddenly; the players crouched into their positions. Yet their faces revealed the conflicting emotions which always attend that drama of the football field whose poignant significance is appreciated only by those who have lived through it or are close to those who have—the winning and the losing of a position on a 'varsity football team in the final practise for a big game.

Rex Cullom walked slowly from the field, his finely shaped head erect. He paused as the trainer with inscrutable face approached and threw a blanket about his shoulders. "Thank you, Mac." It was the voice and manner of a man giving largess to a servant.

Walking to the bench he sat down, aloof from the line of substitutes—with his back to the field. Among the thousand-odd undergraduates who had paraded down to the gridiron to show by their presence, by cheer and song, that they were back of the eleven, among the little group of alumni, veterans of a hard-fought gridiron who had come down to see the team and form their opinions concerning it, the incident on the field had brought silence. So now upon this player, offering the insult of his back to the Haledon eleven, all eyes were centered, and the player knew it, and took therein a fierce satisfaction.

He was the regular fullback upon the Haledon eleven—or had been up to this juncture; a line-plunging back of the first class and a man on secondary defense who plugged a gaping hole, as it seemed, intuitively. To the back-field, composed of two open-field runners, one good, the other fair, and a light quarterback, Cullom supplied a vastly needed tone. With him Haledon had what she had not possessed for two years—a workable combination behind the line.

Now he sat on the side-line bench, his back to the field of play, and Wheeler, an inadequate substitute, good enough on defense, but below big-game standard as a line-cracker, was scrimmaging in his place.

It was indeed a tragedy in a sense greater than that of mere personality. For the rivalry between Haledon and Shelburne, the forthcoming opponent, was something that had its roots in the soil of time, something lying beneath the accumulated tradition of more than two-score years, something that can not be explained, that can be felt only by men of universities such as Haledon and Shelburne, by their wives and sons—and, yes, daughters.

Certainly one daughter of Haledon felt it and was now living the implication of Cullom's retirement from the gridiron in all the bitterness of one whose ancestors in their beautiful prime had drunk of the Haledon font.

"Father!" She turned to a big man with square jaws and grave eyes, a famous gridiron hero of the eighties who had been summoned to his *alma mater* to administer to the eleven that morale which would sustain it in the impending contest. This for years had been Jerry Dane's function—when a Haledon team for one reason or another needed, or seemed to need, spiritual seasoning. Haledon required it now badly; so badly, in fact, that Dane had been called two days before the game, instead of the day thereof.

He smiled grimly at his daughter's exclamation.

"I wouldn't care so much, Mary, if he weren't acting as he is; that has a bad look. Let's go down and I'll ask Billy Brainerd about it."

The two accordingly rose from their seats in the towering stand on the side of the field opposite the Haledon bench and made their way down through the mass of undergraduates who were leaning forward intent upon the play which had been resumed.

As they reached the side line, a runner of the scrub was forced out of bounds where they stood. Brainerd, the coach, who had been following behind the 'varsity line whipping up the play, saw Dane and, leaving the field, came to his side.

"My daughter, Miss Dane, Billy." The veteran player nodded toward the girl. "We were all alone when I got your wire and she insisted upon coming down with me. She's the worst Haledon fan of us all."

The coach, ill at ease in the presence of attractive young women, smiled diffidently and then frowned.

"You saw Cullom go off the field? Rotten, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much; that is to say, merely a question which is bigger and more important, Haledon or Reginald Cullom, and the Cullom millions."

"You mean—?" Mary Dane was regarding the man wide-eyed.

"I mean there had to be a show-down. I've stood more from that boy than I've stood all the time I've been coaching. He's spoiled, spoiled from the cradle, undisciplined. Haledon! He never got Haledon, never caught the spirit, never knew—never cared, if he did know—what Haledon stands for, and what Haledon means. It's Cullom with him, Rex Cullom, first, last and always. He broke training in October. I bluffed and bluffed, but in the end I stood for it. Why? Because I had to—and he knew I had to. Last night he was in New York late, with his father's Stock Exchange man—two days before the Shelburne game. Oh, I know it, he was seen. He got into Haledon this morning. Well, I said nothing; I let him

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into the scrimmage. You saw him. He didn't have it, that's all; he was mellow. He——"

"Mary"—her father turned to her with serious face—"I wouldn't listen, if I were you. Walk down toward the entrance and I'll join you."

But the girl, whose face had gone pale, shook her head. "No, father, please. I wish to hear everything."

"It's all right, Billy," Dane grimaced at the coach who was watching the two curiously, "it's all right; go ahead."

"There's nothing more to tell," growled the coach, "except this, Jerry: I decided out there on the field that there was something bigger to Haledon than the winning or losing of a football game. There is Haledon's self-respect, for one thing, and the self-respect of Haledon can't be bought by the Cullom dollars, or by anybody's else money—not from me, anyway. So win or lose, Rex Cullom is off this team and he stays off. If he comes to this field again, I'll have him kicked out. I merely want you to get my position, Jerry, because you're influential with the alumni in football matters and I want you to know exactly the reasons for anything that happens on Saturday. As for me, I'll tell you right now, I've kissed the Shelburne game good-by."

The coach, with a nod at the Danes, scurried out into the field.

There was sympathy in Dane's eyes as he turned to his daughter, but his face was stern.

"Mary, I'm sorry you heard all this. Yet I think you should have heard it."

The girl fought back a sob and nodded: "Yes—I should have. I—I—" Her voice failed her. "It's all right. I've been denying it for two months—more than that. But one can not—oh—there's no use denying it, is there, Dad? No, there isn't— Well—" She smiled bravely. "I'm glad we arrived too late to see him before practise."

"You'll see him this afternoon, though?" Her father studied her, lines of pain drawing down his mouth.

"Oh, yes, yes; I'll see him."

OUT on the field the coach's whistle blew.

"Every one to the side lines," he cried. The players, who had expected to be sent to the shower-baths, glanced at Brainerd wonderingly and then trooped after him toward the bench. "Cullom," he said sharply.

"Yes?" Rex Cullom rose and faced the coach and the members of his team.

"Cullom," Brainerd's voice was solemn, but clearly pitched, "you needn't wait on the field. You won't be called to play football on this team to-day—or ever again. You've betrayed Haledon, and Haledon is through with you. Now get out and stay out."

It was a bitter scene. And of those who participated in it Cullom alone seemed not to feel the humiliation of it. He straightened in the full glory of his magnificent physique and stared straight at the coach with eyes that betrayed not the slightest recognition either of the man or the words that had been spoken.

Suddenly he stepped forward, passing Brainerd and the players without a glance or a sign of expression. In midfield he paused as a football fell across his vision. He picked it up, fondled it a minute, then throwing aside his blanket he kicked it toward a goal. He stood upon the fifty-yard line, and the ball, describing a beautiful parabola, sailed with a swift spiral motion to a spot five yards back of the line. Whether the action was designed as a last object-lesson to the coach and team of what they had lost, or whether some flux of sentiment had impelled the boy thus to mark the last moment he would ever wear a Haledon uniform on a gridiron, even he could not have told. He had made the punt, in fact, without conscious volition.

Turning from his observation of the course of the ball he gazed toward the west where, against the steely sunset, the towers of the university were sharply limned. The smell of turf was all about and the tangy wind came across the field with a low moan. Something stirred within Rex Cullom; there was a peculiar sensation in his throat. He fought it back. He moved hurriedly toward the dressing-rooms, leaving the blanket on the field.

THERE was none of the usual exhilaration in the tingling rain from the shower-bath. There was none of the old half-contemptuous amusement in the babble of the negro who had rubbed down Haledon athletes for more than a decade. He was depressed, sulky. What devil was keeping these words of the coach before his mind as though written in fire?

He had betrayed Haledon, eh? What was Haledon? A place, wasn't it, where one paid—paid rather well—to be educated? It was a business proposition, wasn't it? As for football, was not the game merely his pleasure and the pleasure of the rest of the players? So far as he had been able to see, the university took the fiercest sort of satisfaction in retiring from sports those who did not keep up in their classes or offended in other ways. Where, then, did all this talk about betraying come in? As for Brainerd—well, he got a pitiful four thousand dollars a season for coaching the team; *his* interest was easy to define. The coach was sore because he, Reginald Cullom, had not been willing to turn himself into a machine, a galley slave. All right, that was natural, that was to be expected—Cullom, in a way, was the coach's meal-ticket. But why all this bunk about Haledon and Haledon spirit and betrayal and all that sort of stuff? And why that haunted look in the eyes of his teammates as though he had thrown mud at a saint, or done something so sacrilegious as to frighten even strong men? Bunk! With hardly an exception they were a small-town, middle-class crowd anyway.

They came piling into the club-house as Cullom made his way out the door. He glanced at none of them, and there were no words for him. The dusk was coming on and the pungent smell of burning leaves was in the air. The smell of Haledon! Well—?

HE PAUSED at the sidewalk, then turned toward the campus, marking as he did so the approach of a familiar figure.

"Mary!"

"Rex—" The girl raised her hand as he made to kiss her. "I've been waiting to see you. Mother is in Boston and so father brought me down with him. I thought it would be rather exciting, all the bustle and preparation, two days before the game. I—" She gestured away her air of forced lightness. "I wish to talk seriously, Rex. Let's go up to the campus where we can sit down."

"All right." She seemed strangely overwrought; he glanced at her curiously and then in silence swung along at her side.

Mary Dane was one of those girls who project a certain impression of nobility, gained chiefly, one may suppose, from the poise of her head, but in some degree, too, from her carriage. She had her father's grave, level eyes; her face was sensitive, yet not temperamentally so—it was that rugged sensibility to things that are lofty and true and decent and worth while.

All of which, to Rex Cullom's credit be it said, he had recognized instinctively from the time of their first meeting, which was at a Haledon "prom" the previous winter. To him she had been a new sort, but his craving for her friendship, and later for her love, was not because of this novelty, but rather the consequence of things lying deep in his nature—so deep, possibly, that he was not aware of them, yet elements very potent, in this matter at least, in shaping his desires and giving point to his emotions.

It was because Mary Dane recognized the precise nature of her appeal that she was flattered, that she gave unstintedly of her friendship, and that later, when with all impetuosity he had confessed his love and asked for hers, she had found it

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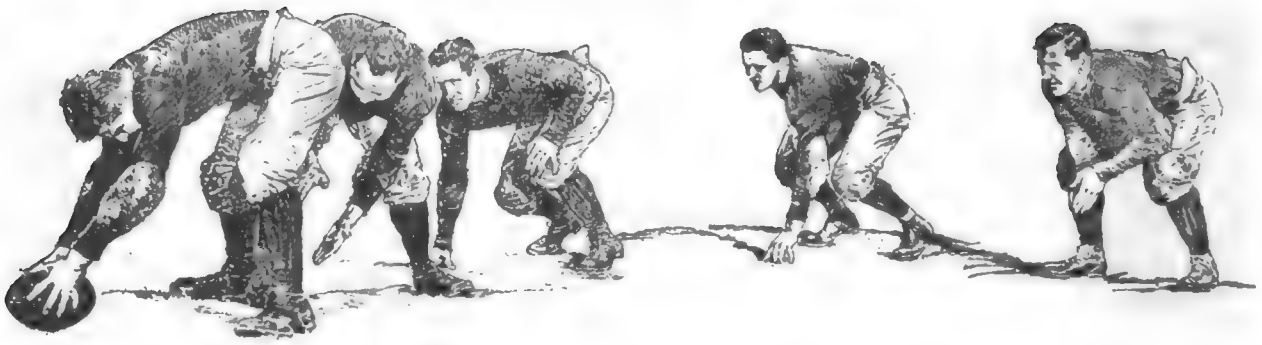

in herself both to accept and to give.

They came to a grassy square formed by a quadrangle of college buildings with a group of elms in the center and under them a rustic bench.

"Better come up to the Inn," suggested Rex as she paused.

"No, it will be better here."

"All right." He seated himself at her side, reaching for her hand which she had not the heart to withdraw. "For the love of Mike, cut out the gloom, Molly! Can't you see I have troubles of my own? I—I—" He hesitated. "I was bumped off the team to-day."

"Yes, I know—I was at the field with father. I— That's what I wish to speak to you about, Rex."

He turned upon her fiercely. "Well, *I* don't want to talk about it, and I don't want to hear you talk about it either. I'm sorry, Molly; but you ought to know how this thing has messed me up."

"I think I do know, Rex."

"Well. Well! I tell you this: Haledon won't see me around this place any longer than it takes to have my things packed. And if you care anything about me you won't stay here either."

SHE waited a moment. "Rex," she said, "let me see if you grasp this failure of yours as you——"

"Failure of mine!" He was angry now. "You say——"

"If you'll listen, Rex, while I tell you what is on my mind, it will make it easier for both of us—so much—" her voice caught—"so much easier. I want to present the picture of you I have got here today."

"All right, shoot." He slouched resignedly on the bench.

"You're a senior at Haledon; you're in your fourth year here. You came with a reputation as a preparatory-school star—a school where you were king and could do about as you pleased. You came here with the physique and the ability to be as great a back, father says, as Haledon has had in the past ten years."

"Humph!"

"It's true, Rex; father knew what he was talking about. Every one knows the game you played on your freshman team here. Then in sophomore year you were ineligible to play because of poor standing in your classes. Last year you made the team and were dropped before the Shelburne game because you wouldn't follow the coach's directions on the field. And now, now you are dropped again for general insubordination and for breaking training."

"You've been listening to a lot of gossip the short time you've been here."

"The whole thing means just this, Rex," she bore on. "You will be graduated next June without the 'varsity letter that you could have won more easily than any athlete who has been in college in your time. For two of your three years Shelburne had beaten us because we were weak in the back field. With you out, we'll be weak again on Saturday, and Shelburne will do something she has never done before—beat Haledon three times in succession. And the responsibility is yours."

"You can't make me mad," growled Rex. "Shelburne can't win by too big a score to suit me. I'm through with this place and everything in it."

She studied him a moment. When she spoke her voice was low.

"I hardly thought you could have brought yourself to say what you have just said."

"Well, you heard me. I meant it. You talk about my not obeying orders and breaking training and all that stuff. But you don't know anything about the incompetent muckers who have been coaching the team. They haven't the breeding of—of a ribbon clerk, and what they don't know about football would fill a book. I can stand a lot from gentlemen, but not from bounders.

"Rex," she lifted her head with a jerk, her cheeks flushed, "you can't stand anything from anybody, no matter whom, that doesn't meet with your own point of view or your personal desires."

"You'll be saying too much in a minute, Mary."

"Rex, I'm going to say all I have in mind to say—not because it won't hurt me far more than it will hurt you. It—it—" She paused, struggling to control her emotion. "I wish I could make you realize that I'm doing this for you, with no thought of self at all."

He stared at her. "Doing what? What do you mean?"

"I mean that we're not engaged any more, Rex; I'm not going to marry you."

HE SPRANG to his feet, his head thrust forward; he was not angry; he seemed bewildered. "Mary!"

"I'm not going to marry you, Rex, because it is so clear to me that you are not the man to whom I should dare commit my future. I care so terribly much for you, my——"

"It would seem so." His voice was bitter.

"—my ideal of you is so high—oh, Rex, can't you understand how you break my heart when you do nothing to justify the ambition I have for you?"

She waited a moment, and then as he did not speak she went on: "You have so many lovable qualities, you have so much that would make you a man among men. Yet you are doing nothing to develop them. You are not——"

"I——"

"Please let me finish, Rex. You are generous in little things, yes; but in big things, in things that count, you are selfish; you are intolerant of any opinion or notion that crosses yours, awfully intolerant. You may shake your head, Rex, but you are. You told me that I was the greatest influence in your life, that you needed me. I believed that, but it was only my pride that made me do so, only my pride that has made me overlook so many things which should have told me long ago that I had no influence with you at all. If you'll think back, you'll realize I am right. Rex, I can't go on, I simply can not."

"ALL of which means," he muttered, "that you're sore because I don't take football seriously."

"Football! No, it isn't football, it's Haledon; it's life. You don't take either seriously. What does your college mean to you after nearly four years? Nothing. Rex, do you suppose if you haven't it in you to love this beautiful place with all that it means, or should mean, that you have it in you to love a girl, to love me, as I love you? You may think so. I don't. Has it ever occurred to you, Rex, that Haledon is something more than a place where you buy an education?"

He was digging into the turf with his heel and did not reply.

"To me there is something about this old university where my grandfather and father were molded to their manhood—where *your* father was a student—that, that—I wish I could put the feeling into words, Rex; but I can't." She gestured. "You, a Haledon man, should understand. But you don't. Why don't you? That is what I have been asking myself—why? You've been here all these years, and you haven't been touched. How, then, could I presume really to touch or hold you, when you have not responded to what should have been one of the greatest influences in your life? Football? That is merely surface after all. The football season—that will end within two days. But your attitude toward the life here, your attitude toward the life before you, what are you going to do with it?"

Her eyes were suffused with tears. He stood before her, expressionless. She rose from the bench.

"Rex, here is your ring back. I don't know how much you think of me; I am sure you don't love me."

"Don't you dare say that, Mary!"

"You're fond of me, yes. But, Rex, have you any idea what love really is? Love is unselfish, love is duty and

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loyalty and bigness and self-sacrifice!"

"Self-sacrifice!"

"You mean by that," she returned swiftly, "that I am not practising it. But I am, Rex. I love you. If you only knew how—" Her voice caught. "I don't know what I do mean to you, really, but—but if I mean enough to make you stop and think, Rex, to make you consider what you are and what you ought to be, why then this sacrifice of my love for you—" She couldn't go on.

He waited, watching her silently.

"Oh, my dear boy," she resumed at length, "there are so many things that money can not buy, so many beautiful things that a haughty spirit never sees——"

"You say you still love me—" His voice came as from afar.

moon rays were shifting down through silent elms and by the rustic seat in the little quadrangle he saw clearly defined the figure of the girl, standing just as he had left her. Something kept Rex from going to her, some inhibition that he knew was absolute. It was there last June under those same trees that he had first told her of his love and she— He closed his eyes and shook his head as though fighting against memory. From some point on the campus came a chorus:

> Oh, the bells of old Haledon
> Sound sweet on the air.

That was the song they were singing that night in June. Haledon! Haledon and Mary Dane! How inextricably the two were intertwined in all the sweetest and bitterest memories he would ever have!

proud of yourself! Now you want money so you can go off and forget it. Well—how much? Speak quickly, Rex; the market's doing all sorts of things and this is my busy day."

The son stepped back, a grave smile spreading over his face. "I want nothing, father—except what a fellow ought to get from his dad in a time like this. I knew I wouldn't get it; don't know what I came bothering you for, except—except—it's a fearful thing when a little spoiled boy can't have everything he wants, sort of a shock. They don't want me on the team and the girl I love does'nt want me. Eh? Rather rough on a kid who's had an unlimited drawing-account since he was fifteen; purple, fine linen and all that sort of junk—everything but a father and a mother he could go to now and get what is

"I am doing this because I love you. It is the only way. I haven't gained in influence with you. I have been losing month after month. Oh, I have seen. I—" She came to him and placed her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him softly on the forehead. "Now go, Rex." As he hesitated, her voice became stern. "Rex, please go."

"All right." He lifted the ring which she had handed to him to his lips. Then with all his strength he threw it from him.

More than this he could not subsequently recall. His roommate entering the dormitory apartment a bit later found him seated upon his bed gazing vacantly at the open grip, clothing littered about the room. The surname of the newcomer was hyphenated; he and Cullom belonged to an exclusive club of twenty upper classmen whose ritual was a view-point which extended beyond the petty concerns of their *alma mater*.

"Hello, Rex, old chap. Well, I landed that 'Follies' girl I've been wanting to meet. Had her out for a motor-ride all afternoon. She's a——"

"Then you weren't out to see the eleven?"

"To see the eleven! I say! What's the idea?"

"Oh, go to the devil!"

Cullom sprang from his bed, seized his hat and went out into the night.

He walked to the arched entrance to the quadrangle. Entering he looked back into the moonlight. Mary Dane was still standing, rigid, immobile. He never forgot that picture of her.

Next morning shortly after eleven o'clock Rex Cullom walked into his father's private office on Wall Street and threw his bag heavily to the floor. His eyes were dull from lack of sleep; his hair tousled.

"Eh!" His father, a sleek, well-groomed man, gazed at him surprisedly. "What are you doing here? Thought you were getting ready to play football or something."

"I was. Things have broken pretty badly for me, Father. I've been dropped from the eleven because I came up to New York the other night and spent the evening with your floor man, Atterbury." He raised his hand as his father sprang to his feet. "That isn't all: Mary Dane has broken our engagement."

"Broken—" A smile drifted over the man's face. "Well, that's just as well. Now you can marry some one in your cl——"

"Father! Chuck that!" The boy's sharp voice brought a flush of irritation to the banker's face.

"Dropped from the eleven, eh! Out carousing with Atterbury when you ought to have been training? You ought to be coming to him; sympathy, understanding and a good licking—things I never got."

"Are you crazy, or what?"

"Crazy, I guess. Something seems to have broken in my head. Don't mind me: they think in college I haven't any brains. But I had brains enough to get the truth of what they're talking and thinking down there—democracy, the fellowship of men. I laughed at it. It was the fad to laugh in our little club, the club you organized down there. America—our country—Haledon—what were they to us, or we to them? To hell with everything that didn't cater to us and fawn upon us. Well, tell Mother, if she's around, that I dropped in. I don't know where I'm going. Makes no difference anyway."

An hour later he left a club in which his name had been entered for membership at his birth and walked into Central Park. Some boys were kicking a football. The thud of foot against pigskin sent a shiver through him.

"Here—" He took the ball from the hand of an urchin who had just picked it up. "You don't want to hold the ball that way for a kick. See now; this way. Now the foot, see." His instep met the ball gently.

"Gee, that's great!" The little boy tried it and got immediate results. "Oooh!" "That's the stuff. You'll make the 'varsity some day."

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The varsity! Haledon! Just now the team was being packed off to a quiet roadhouse a few miles outside the university. They were talking football in the undergraduate clubs. Girls and their chaperons were flowing in for the Junior Prom and a joint Haledon-Shelburne glee-club concert. And the elms were waving sleepily and the bell on Haledon Hall was sounding the hour! And Mary Dane!

"Mary!" The name formed upon his lips. What a hallowed sound it had! "Mary!" He repeated the name clearly and about him was evoked a spell, the spell of her beautiful soul and all her sweet, earnest girlishness. A sob escaped him. For the first time since he could remember tears rolled down his cheeks. He let them roll. He yielded himself utterly. He had no sense of environment. Somewhere, some time in chapel he had heard read the story of Saul on the road to Damascus, with a sudden light shining about him and a voice— With a sharp, sudden cry he turned from the park and strode to the avenue. A taxicab was standing near by. He hailed it in a voice which he did not recognize as his own.

FROM wall and tower floated the banners of Haledon. Beneath, constantly augmented thousands converted the historic village street and the campus walks into rivers of humanity; unending streams of motor-cars honked their careful way along the thoroughfare. From the leaded windows of dormitories came the tinkle of mandolins, the twang of banjos, rippling bursts of piano music and feminine laughter. Everywhere was youth, youth and enthusiasm and the joy of living on this crisp November afternoon with the sunlight silver instead of the gold that October knew, and a breeze that brought to all faces the rich red blood and to the eyes that sparkle as of precious gems. Old graduates, young graduates, students, wives, mothers and sweethearts resplendent in the serene color of Haledon or the more ardent color scheme of old Shelburne. From earliest morn automobiles of every make and size had been flowing in from many cities, fluttering the pennants of the rival institutions, and special trains from everywhere were disembarking their brilliant thousands who debouched into the many tributaries that kept the main streams swelling.

And now all streams were beginning to set toward a great amphitheatre from the walls of which floated two broad banners, side by side, the only touch of color which the huge exterior walls revealed. Along the top were silhouetted figures of enthusiasts who had already taken their seats in the topmost tiers, while through ramp and gate poured additional thousands, keen with the zest of conflict.

In the Haledon quarters the team was preparing for the field. Sprawling upon the floor were a group of half a dozen players already dressed, their arms about one another's shoulders. On plain wooden tables lay figures half clad, the trainer and assistant trainer moving among them, bandaging and taping bruises and cuts, applying braces to injured ankles, knees and shoulders. The floor was littered with constantly growing piles of padding which the players were cutting from their jerseys and breeches; for to-day in the supreme test there must be no excess weight; body and limb would have long months to recover from what might happen on the field to-day. The air was close with the smell of iodoform gauze and arnica. In one corner on a stool sat a stalwart, blond-headed youth, his eyes fixed upon the floor, his mouth set grimly. Near him stood a player, his feet apart, his thumbs hooked in his belt, his dark eyes smoldering. And in the middle of the floor stood Jerry Dane.

"You can win if you will, boys." He swung a big arm over the shoulder of the coach who stood at his side. "You know all that Billy Brainerd could teach you. That means you know all the football that any man can know. You'll meet men on the field who know as much as you do—no more, but as much. What does that mean? It means that the team that can fight—*fight*—best through sixty minutes will win. Sixty minutes! You chaps ought to be able to buck a locomotive for sixty minutes. Think what it will mean to you to come out a winner after the discouragements you've had. Think what it will mean to you in the game of life hereafter. If you give up for just one play because you didn't have the nerve to stick it out, and you lose, it'll affect you for the rest of your lives. When I was playing football, I used to get up out of a scrimmage so tired I didn't seem to be able to stand. Then would come the signal for me to open up a hole—and I opened that hole. It's all in your minds, boys. What you will to do you can do. Are you going to let Shelburne beat Haledon three years in succession? It's up to——"

"Mr. Dane, may I say something?"

FROM the men who had been so strangely silent rose a low sound as Rex Cullom stepped in out of the gloom of the deep recesses of the room and made his way swiftly to the speaker's side. He was in ordinary dress, his face highly colored, his hazel eyes burning with an unnatural light.

"You—" As Brainerd moved toward the boy, Dane put out a restraining arm.

"Just a minute, Billy, please," he said. "What is it, Rex?"

"It isn't much, Mr. Dane. I've been walking the country around Haledon all night—thinking. This morning early I sat on a hill and watched the towers of the college come out of the dark. I—I—" He was flushing self-consciously, but the sympathy which seemed to pervade the dimly lighted apartment encouraged him. "I've been a loss. I get that all right. I know I don't go very big here.

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I—I—I'm not here with any cheap play to get into the game; I'm not in condition, for one thing. But—but I want you fellows to know that I understand what it means now—I mean the fact I'm not in condition, that I'm not going out on the field to fight for Haledon. I get it all, every bit. I feel—" He swung around upon the coach.

"Mr. Brainerd," he said, "you told me you'd fire me out if I came here again. You were right. Maybe you'll do it now—but I ask you for this last chance. Let me put on my suit and go out on the field with the team and carry the water-bottles or do anything so that the team can see me and say 'There's the chap that thought he was so good that he didn't have to behave like an ordinary human being; there's the chap that thought we couldn't get along without him.'" He sprang to the coach as the man was about to turn away without replying. "Don't you get me, Mr. Brainerd? Don't you think I mean this? Do you suppose I could come and eat dirt this way if—" His voice broke.

Brainerd, facing about, raised his hand and was about to speak when he caught Jerry Dane's eyes. For a moment the two men faced each other. Then the coach swung away.

"All right," he said. "Put on your uniform."

From outside came a sudden upheaval of sound. The measured chorus of the Shelburne thousands rolled into the Haledon quarters.

"Come on, men!" Zach Armstrong, the captain, big and blond as a viking, picked up a shining ball. "Shelburne is on the field."

THE team in a mass moved to the door and the next instant were threading their way among the belated spectators to the entrance to the field. They paused for a moment as though dazed by the tremendous spectacle of the towering stadium alive with its gyrating thousands. Then as the sonorous Haledon yell rolled down upon them, they swept out on to the field, the eleven breaking from the pack of substitutes and swiftly alining themselves in formation, while the rest, blankets flowing from their shoulders, ran to the side lines.

Cullom, who had picked up the blanket tossed to him by Wheeler, his erstwhile substitute, now a regular—a boy who ran a laundry to pay his way through Haledon—moved to the side-line bench with the rest. As he went he glanced up into the Haledon section. Somewhere, her hands clenched, her face flushed, sat Mary Dane. And he, he could have helped Haledon to win for her to-day! This was the thing that filled him, that made him sick at heart. Not a thought was there of lost opportunity for personal glory. So far as that was concerned he had set his own path. But Mary! Mary and Haledon! Somehow in the past twenty-four hours thoughts of the two had come always together.

Now the teams were lined up for the kick-off. Armstrong was adjusting the ball, the vast arena as silent as though enclosed in a vacuum. And now the sound of a whistle, the dull impact of a foot against the ball. As an inarticulate murmur rose from the multitude, the flying ball settled into the arms of a Shelburne back upon his five-yard line. There was a clash of physical contact. Running, gyrating like a dervish, the Shelburne man, aided by interference which picked off the Haledon tacklers, came back fifteen yards before he was brought to earth by Hanson, the left tackle.

There came two tackle plays for a net gain of five yards.

"Now they'll kick." Cullom set his teeth as the punt flew toward little Sweetland, the Haledon quarter, who caught it on his own forty-yard line, a screaming forty-five yard punt, so well covered by the ends that he was downed in his tracks.

Haledon couldn't gain, failing on an end play and a crisscross off tackle. Wheeler punted on the third down, punted for thirty-five yards, and Bliss of Shelburne brought it back five yards. Thus Shelburne had the ball on her own thirty-five-yard line, gaining valuable yards on the exchange of kicks.

"Can't they see," groaned Cullom, "that Shelburne is going to set us back all day because of kicking advantage!"

"Sure. How can we help it?" growled a substitute at his side. "If you were in shape to punt——"

"Yes." A stab of pain shot through Cullom. Shelburne was playing upon the absence of a star kicker. Instinctively Cullom glanced toward the coach, but the man's face was set rigidly upon the field.

And the game worked out as Rex had feared. With a punting advantage of an average of ten yards on every exchange, Haledon, even though able to handle Shelburne's running attack without great damage, was being steadily forced back into her own territory.

AT LENGTH in the second quarter Morrison, the most dangerous open-field runner in the game, caught a Haledon punt on his forty-five-yard line, and like a madman he was off. He went up the side lines for fifteen yards, and then cut across in the middle of the gridiron, shaking off tackler after tackler until Sweetland brought him down on Haledon's thirty-yard line.

"Now—!" Rex Cullom gripped the arm of the boy next to him and leaned forward. The Shelburne quarterback's strident voice echoed over the field. Swiftly the ball was snapped. The Shelburne backfield darted toward the right-tackle position; the quarter, who had turned his back to the scrimmage line, thrust the ball toward the fullback, who doubled up jack-knife fashion and went into the line between the opposing right guard and tackle. The Haledon backfield dashed in to back up this section of the line; the left tackle, guard and end swung through to the right.

"God!" Rex Cullom was on his feet. He, first of all, had seen that the Shelburne fullback had not really taken the ball, that with the defense all drawn to the right, a Shelburne end was sweeping around to the left, that the ball had been tossed by the quarter into his arms, that he had practically a clear field. Like a flash the situation was brought to the eyes of every one, and the next instant, while the Shelburne sections rocked in transports of enthusiasm, the tall, wiry end flashed over the chalk lines and made

(*Continued on page 126*)

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Dictated But Not Read

By

Grant Severance

Paramount-Artcraft

THIS is a personal urgent letter to Dictators, which is to say to all those business men, doctors, dentists, authors, butchers and bakers who, instead of taking their pens in hand when it comes to letter answering, press a button or otherwise convey to Miss Stenographer that they are ready for her.

If, after these disclosures, said employers have trouble with said employees, if their letters are not gotten out on time, if their desks are not dusted, if their files are not kept in peach-pie order, it is not my fault. I shall have pointed out the way. If they do not heed what I have said—I who have talked with Sappho Jones—let them and their businesses slide backward into the scrap-heap. It will serve them right.

Anent employers, Miss Jones and I went over the ground several times. First of all we went over it breezily, sketchily, as an expert goes over his home links. Then we went over it carefully, searching out corners of bunkers, prowling around fearful hazards. We finished up with a third trip, picking up bits of paper, making sure, verifying. And the result is that employers are now to me an open book.

It is no cinch classifying employers. You have to cross file them, of course: First as to fastness and slowness and second as to amorousness and grouchiness.

Taking them with regard to speed, at one end there is the terribly fast dictator, he of the way-over-the-two-hundred-words-a-minute line. Miss Jones grew feverish as she talked of him.

He starts dictating, it appears, before any of Miss Jones's long-vamped pump is well inside the door and he gets 'way past the "Dear Sir: Yours of the twenty-second" before she can reach a chair.

On he speeds like a Russian wolfhound, stopping not for drinks of water, pausing not for breath.

Only one stenographer in a thousand can keep up to a speed maniac of this type, and she does it by making a certain mark every so often, a sort of as-it-were mark, whose equivalent in speech would be a clearing of he throat. Then she relies on her knowledge of the business in hand and the dictator's style to fill such places afterward. Miss Jones told me that she used this method with a speed monster who had slaughtered thousands of stenographers in his mad career until her advent.

"After he had once had me," said Sappho unemotionally, "he would never dictate to any one else. And as long as I stayed in that place I never once asked him to repeat or was questioned about any letter."

One helpful thing about the peedy dictators: they are almost invariably bromides; their minds slide easily along familiar grooves, and Sappho's filling in was not fraught with much difficulty as long a she kept to the well-worn epistolary highways and didn't bubble into any freshnesses of expression.

At the other end of the line from the speeder there is the tortoise, and he is infinitely more trying than the champion word-hurler. He hems and haws; he searches for elusive words, he crosses out; he gazes out of the window, he weighs every word as a jeweler a diamond.

In plain pothooks, he drives the Sapphos crazy.

The tortoise dictators have numerous devices for capturing the coy Muse. One caught flies with his hand (he was awfully good at it) and slew them as he thought. And when the tortoises do get the right words, they are so apt to mumble them, never to turn toward their Sapphos, and even to keep their pipes in their mouths among their mumblings.

As to amorousness, with all due respect to the movies, Sappho avers that there is mighty little true love lost between employer and employed. There is, of course, the occasional gilded youth, usually related to rather than connected with the firm, who inquires "What's the matter—'fraid of me?" and starts to move his chair closer to Miss Jones's.

The answer to which is, Sappho says, "Oh, I can hear all right over here."

But mostly the fault to be found with dictators is that they are too chilly, too completely unconscious that they are dealing with a live and sensitive young lady.

"My ideal employer," said Sappho, "would absolutely not do these four things: (1) Say on Saturday morning, 'Well, Miss Jones, we'll clean house to-day,' or 'Here's a bunch of letters that have been accumulating. I guess we'd better get rid of them to-day;'" forgetting that Saturday is a half-day and that perhaps Miss Jones has a theatre party planned, and that the letters have been accumulating during his long-drawn-out lunch hours and his two afternoons off for golf. This means that she either breaks the engagement or hurries so to finish the work that she is too tired to enjoy the afternoon, whereas if the work had come to her through the week as it came to the office, it could have been done very comfortably; "(2) Ask me to do his white lying for him." Some stenographers have consciences even if their employers have not; "(3) He would never speak of my mistakes in the presence of others. When I first started out—it was in a lawyer's office—the man bawled me out in front of the whole staff. And all I had done was to put 'disposition' where it should have been 'deposition;' and, (4) "Expect me to remember where he dropped his pencil and that he wore his rubbers home the last rainy day.

"And he would, if he liked my work and I deserved it, raise me without my asking, and once in a long while, when things were quiet and the work was well up, make the following remark: 'Say, Miss Jones, there isn't enough work around here to-day to keep you busy. Why don't you put on your hat and run along to the movies?'"

I asked Miss Jones if she had ever heard of any employer making either of these last two moves.

"Not *many*," she said.

"Why is not, then, a dictaphone preferable to most employers?"

"Because," said Miss Jones quickly, "it is only a machine. It is horrid."

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Little Convent Songs

By Theodosia Garrison

I DO not understand the Saints—
They care no more for my complaints
Or wistful prayers I bring to them
Than our stone Mary at the door
Cares for the birds that drift and soar
And light about her garment's hem.

She does not care—but yesterday
I laid some crumbs there, carefully—
Perhaps some time in some such way,
An answered prayer may come to me.

WHEN Sister Mary-Joseph sings
Some voice behind her voice sings too,
But far away, beyond closed doors
That hush and will not let it through.

She sings of calm and holy things—
I wish I could not hear at all
That other voice that beats its wings
And sobs and cries against the wall!

WHEN Father Martin talks to us
We sit up straight with careful eyes,
Like soldiers taking orders from
A Captain very stern and wise.

But Oh! when Father Clement talks,
It seems as though he led you through
An open door to Someone there
Who takes your hands and smiles at you.

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To-Day in Normandy

By Lucien Besnard

IT WAS as officials that they were to make their voyage through the agricultural districts of France, for they were members of the Hoover mission. But because they were my friends, because they were Americans, and because they asked it of me, I took them first as simple visitors into Normandy.

They wanted, they said, to see something typical of French countryside and French country life. What better than Normandy—whose very name chimes like a bell, whose green fields and pleasant orchards give such promise of fertility, spread their riches so abundantly? More by token, the Norman is the peasant of France at his most typical, showing his qualities at their best, and his defects at their most salient.

So into Normandy we rode. As our car made its way through the little hamlet of Ferrières, the noise of our approach drew men, women and children to the farm gates to peer curiously at us. Women, children—and old men! The young fellows of twenty and their elders up to forty-five were not there, and my friends remarked it. Here was mute evidence, more convincing than speech, that there had been no slackers among the peasants of France. The lads of Normandy were far from home—in that vague otherwhere that we call *là bas*—where war had turned the earth into deeper gashes, infertile furrows.

We drew up before the farmhouse of Les Hayes. Who would not—as did my companions—sense the charm of that old dwelling-place? The central mass of the building, entered by a low-arched doorway pure Roman in style, would seem heavy were it not for the flanking towers and the warm note of color their red roofs give. The air and atmosphere of the place are Middle Age, and Normandy is starred with such remains of feudal times. Much water has flowed under the bridges since the barons rode the land, and the gentry's estates of yesterday are the more or less model farms of to-day.

We were welcomed by the farmer, "Master" Martin, as the country-folk call him—a hale old man of eighty, fit descendant of the Norman conquerors. Unhidden by beard or mustache, his features have the carved firmness of outline of a statue, though not its coldness. His face is burned a brick-red, eyes of a startling blue seem to pierce to the very depths of you, while over the high and thoughtful forehead sparse white hair moves at the lightest breath of air. In our honor he had put on the clothes he reserves for Sunday, that costume of other days that the young peasants of our time have abandoned in favor of city suits and English caps. He wore a blouse of blue stuff which had paled harmoniously in innumerable washings, and which covered him loosely to the knees. About his neck was a delicately broidered collar, on his head the classic black Normandy "two-story" hat, while from such a pipe as the Irish would call a dudheen he drew at long intervals great clouds of smoke.

Master Martin swept off his hat, bowed deeply, and stood aside to usher us into his dwelling with as proud a hospitality as a *seigneur* of other days might have used.

That air of the Middle Ages that we had sensed as we approached the house did not leave us as we crossed the threshold. It was a great living-room—gathering-place, doubtless, of the armed guards in other days—poorly lighted by two low windows which still kept their protection of heavy iron bars wickedly barbed. What light there was came chiefly by the door, which the Norman peasants will never close until forced to do so by the full cold of winter. Heavy beams broke the surface of the ceiling—oak beams that had taken from age and smoke a certain dark brilliance of tone.

One of my companions lifted the lid of a great wooden chest and we caught sight of a row of appetizing loaves of brown bread.

"Ah! that, gentlemen," said Master Martin, "that is the bin, as precious to us as a tabernacle, for there we store our reserve of the bread that we bake every week from our own flour. Bread for us is the great essential. Even the least greedy among us hides away his three pounds a day."

Beside the long bin stood a piece of furniture which at once drew the eyes of my companions. It was a huge Norman wardrobe, whose four panels were carved in pastorals according to the old manner—a shepherd with his flock, peasants at work in the fields, the bringing in of the hay, a *seigneur* hunting the boar. It was work as simple in concept as it was rude in execution, yet showed the artist—one of those artist-carpenters to be found in other days in every French village. One of the Americans asked Master Martin whether he would not consent to sell it.

"Surely not," said the old man. "The dealers in antiquities that move about in our country have offered me big sums often enough. Why, one of them stuck under my nose a *matelas*"—it is as a mattress that he described what Americans would call a wad—"of twenty notes—two thousand francs, gentlemen. And I refused!"

"But what if I should offer you five thousand francs?"

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The peasant blushed with pleasure. Temptation was visibly working on him, but he straightened himself suddenly and said: "No, sir, not if you offered me all the mines of Peru. Impossible! It's a piece of family furniture, it stood where it stands now when I was born, and my grandmother told me it was one of the first things she remembered. Why, it may well be two hundred years old—and, what is best of all, what's inside is well-nigh as old as the piece itself. Look here!"

He opened the two doors, and we saw ranged upon the shelves innumerable piles of sheets from which was wafted a delicate scent of lavender. At each marriage the fiancé brings a dozen pairs to the common stock and his bride-to-be the same number.

"Here's something better still," said he, pointing to the upper shelves, where a collection of Norman headdresses were set out in order. One by one he took them down for our admiring inspection, these dainty lace caps, the oldest of which dated from the eighteenth century. "You must know that you are in the land of the lace-makers, gentlemen," he went on. "Point d'Alençon is considered the most beautiful of French lace, and in my youth every village held two or three lace-makers who had the secret of this point, and who passed on their craft from generation to generation. All that has gone, *hélas!* When the lasses got married in those times, it was a matter of pride to see which should wear the most finely bordered bonnet, and that's the reason I can show you to-day the bonnets of all the dead and gone females of the Martin family."

My American friend was tenacious, and offered to buy one of the fragile things, but the old peasant excused himself with extreme politeness.

Then, as though to change the subject: "I'm eaving you to stand like soldiers on guard," said he. "Won't you please be seated?" We gathered about the great Norman chimney, heavily flanked by two columns of brick, whose wooden pediment was also sculptured ornamentally. Some logs burned there, for the Norman peasant keeps the fire constantly burning even through the summer, that he may not have the trouble of lighting it when the hours of the preparation of meals come round.

As though to mark his pleasure at seeing us, he tossed an armful of apple-twigs into the hearth, and in the roaring blaze that lit the rafters he recited his little speech of welcome.

"I am glad to see you, *Messieurs les Américains*," he said. "My little girl has long since told me of you—and of Lafayette. She knows, bless her! She's a wise one, my *gamine*—as how should she not be, since she went to school till she was thirteen. You shall see."

He had reached the threshold as he spoke, and he called to his granddaughter as she stooped beside the cow she was milking in the yard. Marinette came at his call, a rosy slip of a lass of seventeen, inclined like most Norman women to be short, but firmly built, standing sturdily with her hands at her hips and flinging her pretty blonde head back with an air. She had the clear blue eyes of her grandfather, and she looked at you with the same deep intentness. She took off her apron as she moved, gave that inevitable pat to the hair which women use, and approached the strangers with her eyes wide open in curiosity. She dropped a little curtsy, and said "Good day to all the company," adding roguishly, "And a special good day to you, *Messieurs les Américains*, for it's very good of you indeed to have come to see us in our hole in the country."

"There's a lamb for you," cried Master Martin, in an ecstasy of admiration. "But she has the qualities of her defects. She has run the farm with me these four years past. We were people of leisure before the war—I, because I was too old and she because she was too young to work. But all our lads went off when the call came, her father with the class of '92, her brothers with '11 and '13, and there was nothing to do but take their places. Marinette was trained at first by her mother, for her mother was with us until the news came that her eldest-born had died at Verdun, and her heart broke, and she died——"

The great Norman chimney where logs are kept constantly burning.

The old man was silent a moment, and when he spoke again it was with a sort of rough gaiety, as if to hide his emotion.

"It's not polite to speak only of ourselves," he resumed. "Let us speak of you, *messieurs*. Marinette has told me how, once upon a time, a French general, the General de Lafayette, left our country with his regiments to lend a hand against your bad neighbors of those days—like the Boches of to-day, *hein?*"

"Oh, but it was not the same at all, *grandpère*," said Marinette. "They were not such wicked neighbors then—they were the English, who are Allies."

Père Martin received the information with unconcealed pride. "There's learning for you!" he said smilingly. "However, since you were attacked I think our Lafayette did well to run to your aid. You have the air of good folk, *messieurs*—I like your open looks. And I want you to taste a glass of my best cider. Run to the cellar, little one, and draw us a cool jugful."

Cider plays a leading part in the life of Normandy. It is celebrated in song, and ballad after ballad extols its virtues and its superiority over wine, which is but a vulgar drink "for southern folk." Indeed, the Normans make a sort of cult of their cider, and it was good to see with what respect the old peasant took the pitcher from the hands of Marinette and poured slowly into our glasses a liquid golden as sunshine, cool as the dew.

"The apple," quoth the old man with sententious warmth, "is a divine fruit. Not only does it give us the marvelous beverage you are now tasting, but something still more delicious"—he clicked his tongue appreciatively—"the Calvados, the *eau-de-vie* of cider. You shall judge if we know how to distil it in Normandy."

From the great cupboard he took an old bottle, carefully hidden behind the piles of sheets.

"You distil your Calvados yourself?" asked one of the Americans.

"Yes," was the answer. "We use portable stills that go from house to house. That is the famous privilege of the *bouilleurs de crû* that the government is always talking of bringing to an end, but dares not, for it would cause too much trouble among the people. So the government gets back at us by causing endless bother. We can't distil without paying taxes, except a quantity for personal consumption, and the excise officers are constantly hanging round our doors on the watch for infractions. There's no end to their inquiries and their perquisitions, and there's a good story *à propos* that I must tell you.

"One of my neighbors, Master Mathieu, had three barrels of Calvados in his house that he had secretly distilled. One day he learned that he had been denounced to the

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What better than Normandy—whose very name chimes like a bell!

excise officers, who were going to pay him a visit. Mathieu didn't lose any time. With the aid of one of his men he carried the barrels from the cellar to his bedroom, and as the Norman beds are very large and very high he hacked away the *sommier* with an ax, and stowed the barrels in the space thus made. Then, when he saw the excise men nearing the house, he undressed himself hurriedly, got to bed, put on his cotton nightcap, and—behold there was Master Mathieu a very sick man indeed. The inspectors entered the house and asked for the Master.

"'Ah, he's very sick indeed,' said the servant. 'He's gone to bed, and I doubt if ever he'll get up again.'

"'Sorry,' said the exciseman, 'but we must make our search all the same!'

"The two excisemen searched the farm throughout, grubbing into every corner, and found nothing. They were making off crestfallen, when they heard the voice of Master Mathieu calling his servant. He'd like to wish good day to those gentlemen of the excise. So the inspectors made their way to his bedroom, and there the sick man, speaking with a visible effort, said feebly:

"'What a shame that there should be men wicked enough to denounce innocent folk who have but a few hours to live! Yet it sha'n't be said that you put yourselves out for nothing. You must clink glasses with me!'

"He succeeded, notwithstanding his trembling, in seizing the bottle of Calvados on a table near his bed. 'Take advantage of this,' said he, 'it's twenty years old, *and it's my last bottle!*' The excisemen were Normans also. They yielded to temptation, and regaled themselves so freely that they were a little tipsy when they went away, excusing themselves for the search that their 'cussed job' had forced them to make in the home of a good man. You see, gentlemen," Master Martin ended his story, "there are three things no government on earth can prevent our lads of Normandy from doing—evading the law, making *eau-de-vie*—and drinking it."

"Your government is right, Father Martin," said one of my friends. "Alcohol is a poison."

"Ah! You see, *grandpère*," cried Marinette exultantly. "These gentlemen say just what was written on the pictures the school-teacher showed you."

The old peasant grinned maliciously. "Those Parisians, if you please, have founded anti-alcohol leagues, and they've spent fortunes in posting bills in all the schools of France. They show a brave lad reduced to a skeleton, and another fellow, a poor devil who has never drunk, as red as an April rose. But the truth is that these leagues are working secretly with the government against the *bouilleurs de crû*. They tell nothing but lies, for I know that alcohol preserves. What better proof than my own case? Since I was twelve years old I have drunk at least a quarter-liter every day of my life, and look at me! I'm as solid as a rock."

He rose with the supple ease of a youngster as he spoke, and suggested that we make a tour of his domain.

"How large a farm have you?" he was asked.

"Oh! very large indeed," he answered proudly. "I have nearly eighteen hectares."

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A hectare is about two and a half acres, and the Americans, accustomed to the vaster horizons of a new land, could hardly repress a smile.

"Eighteen hectares," the old man took up the tale, "that I have leased these fifty years from the Baron des Hayes."

"There are still many nobles in Normandy?"

"Why, three-fourths of our proprietors are dukes, or counts, or marquises, or barons," quoth Père Martin. "And if you think they love the Republic, gentlemen, you are wrong. Yet as long as I pay my rent regularly—" he winked maliciously as he spoke—"I have not to give account of my political ideas. Tell me, in your country over yonder, are your nobles as royalist as ours?"

"Our nobles?" replied the American, in a burst of laughter. "We have never had any. We are all republicans."

"At least in the French meaning of the word," said his countryman shrewdly.

"Even your priests are republican?" questioned Père Martin.

"Our priests? They are often the most ardent apostles of liberty and progress."

Père Martin was amazed. "What a land! What a land!" he ejaculated. *"Quel pays de Cocagne!"* An idea struck him. "While you are here," he suggested, "you might give our dean a little instruction. A good man, our dean, but the very devil of a reactionary."

My friend William B——, who knows France well, and who knows also how violent is the anticlericalism of some peasants, felt that a storm was rising. Once on the subject of the *curé*, Père Martin might go on interminably, and it was to avert a tirade that B—— asked whether there had been difficulty in securing farm-hands during the war.

"Farm-hands? We have had nothing but Marinette's little hands and these old fists of mine."

"You mean that you two have worked the place all alone?"

"All alone," was the reply, and then, with the air of a man who would not by a hairbreadth depart from the truth: "From time to time, for the haying or the cider-pressing, we got the neighbors to come in—or rather, the neighbors' wives. They gave us a lift, which meant that later on we must help them in our turn. Whatever comes, one must be neighborly."

"Nevertheless, you'll see that Père Martin's fields and meadows and livestock are not suffering from neglect," I put in. All about us rolled the open green of the meadows, here and there superb cattle were at pasture, while in the wheat-fields tender green shoots were heralds of the harvest to come.

"The last crop was bad," said the old man. "It rained too much during the sowing, and we had no fertilizer. You know, gentlemen, that without chemical fertilizer——"

One of the Americans interrupted. "Many people in the United States," he said, "believe that the French peasants use nothing but manure as fertilizer, and that they utterly refuse to use chemicals."

"It was so at first," Père Martin admitted. "Hereabouts, you know, we are distrustful of anything new, but when a neighbor less timid than the rest risks a trial of some novelty, we are too shrewd not to do the same thing—if he's made a success of it. So it was with machinery. At the outset everybody made fun of it—we had our little jokes that pleased us all very much—but little by little we came to see what a help and what a convenience it was. Then, *vli-vlan!* everybody took it up and to-day you won't find any one handier than a Normandy lad when it's a matter of fixing a gear or bringing a balky motor to reason."

He thought for a while, and then went on. "It's the same all over France," he said. "We've always been suspicious of anything that we haven't seen working, functioning, doing its job. *Tenez*, it was the same with the Republic. When I was a boy we made fun of it, but when we saw that it worked and not only that, but that it worked better than any other kind of government, why—we took to it. And now we'll never give it up—unless, of course, it branches out into too many novelties. Our lads are ready to defend it, and that shows what it means to us. Have there been any better soldiers than our boys in the Argonne, in Flanders, in Champagne—everywhere?" His pride was clouded by a thought. "That didn't prevent us, the old men and the women-folk here last summer, from fearing that the time had come when our boys were to be overrun by the Boches."

"*Dame*, yes, we trembled for France," said Marinette quickly. "But if our men hadn't been able to beat the Boches back, we'd have taken their places up there ourselves, we women. When you can drive a plow, surely you can fire a cannon, *messieurs?*" The little maid put the question proudly.

"Bravo, Mademoiselle Marinette," said one of the Americans, and there was affection as well as approval in the smile he gave her. "You remind us that France is still the land of Joan of Arc and that the Maid of Orleans was once a keeper of flocks, as you are."

"Well, well," said Père Martin, "fortunately or unfortunately as you will, there was no need that my little lass should turn heroine and lead her sisters to battle. The Americans came and made that unnecessary, and she's been able to help her old grandad till the soil until the lads come back—those who do come back. There are many, so many, who are there to stay forever"—his voice broke.

What better proof of sympathy could my friends offer him than to shake his rough hand? They took the little hand of Marinette too, and so we left the old man and the girl.

"You are forgetting your little package," said the old peasant to one of the Americans as he led us to the gates of the farm.

"What packet?"

"This," and Master Martin held out a cardboard box.

"But that's not mine."

"Yes—yes—it is—it's a souvenir."

My friend opened the box and found therein one of the prettiest of the head-dresses of Father Martin's collection.

"I don't know how to thank you!" he exclaimed. "Why, you've chosen one of the oldest."

"It was worn by my great-grandmother, who was a contemporary of Lafayette," said the old man. "You have not the right to refuse it."

"YOU CAN'T MISS IT."

What?

In the first place, the road to Bakers' Junction; afterward, several other things. Beginning in December a two-part serial story, full of amusement and mystery, by George F. Worts.

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The Eternal Knout

By William C. Beale

DAYBREAK.

A tiny bird shot up into the morning—up—up—up—and burst into rejoicing like an elfin rocket of song. At the steering-wheel, Young Master holloed in triumph. It seemed a true symbol of *svoboda*—of freedom—and even I was moved to remember a God after the last four years in Russia, for here was I in the land of the Americanski, the land of my dreams. Already Russia was fading behind us, a sorrowful thing writhing hopelessly under the knout of human progress, visited relentlessly of God on all laggards since earth was whelped from the void. To Russia Young Master and I had both given—much. And what had it availed? Broken and spent for a time, the turmoil had unhesitatingly cast us forth—derelicts. It was then he had told me of his own home country in America. My heart had leaped toward its promise. He had brought me out with him, and even now we were speeding swiftly toward this region, a far haven in the North Coast country—the fishing country fronting the Grand Banks. Ah, who could have foretold the grim life—things I was to behold in that country—could have foretold that a pursuing destiny was to overtake me there, was to hunt my soul forth from contented obscurity into the imperative revelations of a great light? But of that—later.

The motor rushed fiercely along each flinty country road as if ravenous to devour it. For days it had been thus—since we landed—the hot, consuming impatience of flaming youth. There had been hurried preparations for a journey by motor while Young Master awaited his release from the Corps Medical, a few chafing minor journeys and then the plunge northward. Gradually the days had been losing their cities, their peoples, their heat, until now it was an empty, untamed country we coursed, and gently cool as in our own land of the steppes. Always Young Master seemed burning—burning——

The motor, now so swart with its coating of travel, veered from the highway and made eastward. I sniffed the air. I could smell the sea. Vashka, seated in the bottom of the car, stretched forth her long, calculating muzzle, the sensitive nostrils quivering inquiringly. It seemed the first tremor of interest that aught had called from her being since—since the unholy night when she watched Young Master battling fiercely through the long black hours to tie and sew and patch and stay the life in her own noble master—and failed. Even yet, she showed ready lightning wrath did but one of the rabble approach her, but that was instinctive—as though apart from her intelligence. Oh, Vashka! Vashka! Peerless aristocrat!

We rushed on. Young Master's eagerness had burnished his eyes to joyous lights like sunshine on a dancing sea.

"By noon we'll be there, Grigor, old scout!"—it was ever his young man's way of addressing me—I, who would gladly be his serf! "Pretty soon we strike the coast, and say, boy, if you find you like it and want to locate, you ought to fit in great with these people way up here. I suppose

This big man eyed him over curiously.

after Archangel you'll feel more at home to be in a fishing country, and that being so, you'll find this coast will make your White Sea output look like brook stuff. And the people—" he laughed aloud. "No '*Svoboda* societies' to lead, no 'Reds' to kill, but temperamentally you'll find some of these remote sea-folk about as weird propositions as any of your peasant people lying out round in the wilderness places." He groped down and smoothed Vashka's dainty silken head. "And Vashka, old girl, you'll be supreme!" He cried out, mockingly: "A wolfhound—a genuine *borzoi*—a peerless and homeless relic of Russian grandeur—in Cliffhaven! But never mind, Vashka, you'll be *some* gift. And your new mistress, ah——"

At noon we came out upon the coast, plunging far ahead in mighty boldness and strength. Young Master pointed to a town shining in a cove a few miles up the shore beneath rocky headlands. I was yet so newly country-bereft that the scattering white cottages brought poignantly to me the snow-clad roofs covering the flats of my own Archangel. For me to see again as from the bay the glint of sun on the white-walled Solovetski, the pearly domes of the Troitski Cathedral, the tawny lumber piles along the shore, the ——

"There's Cliffhaven, friend Grigor." He did not jest now. "There lies the little town that has been in my mind all those wild months over there—that at times kept me dodging bullets when otherwise I might have been tempted to stop one. I was born in the States, but my father came here to manage the fisheries, and that town —— See how good the sun is to it! See how bright it shines! See how the water shimmers in the cove—and the gleaming color, like nacre about a pearl. And Grigor, son," his voice dropped to a fervent, hushed note, "the pearl is there."

We sped on. Strangeness grew and prevailed along the way. The scattered habitations seemed lifeless, although not abandoned. Finally with an eager rush Young Master swept to the threshold of an ample house by the roadside. In a moment, he climbed back into the car, puzzled. The place had not responded. Soon we overtook scattered throngs of people, merrymakers in *praznik* garb, as on a holiday. The road became stuffed with happy loiterers—many more people than the little town could claim of itself, and we barely crawled. Suddenly Young Master cried out in relief: "I know the answer: It is Fish Fair!"

The little town, sprinkled like a handful of pretty shells among the great rocks, was vitally, teemingly alive. I gazed about me at these crude people, who were, perchance, to become my associates. The women were childishly gay and free, like drab moths escaped for a moment into the bewildering sun. Some of the young men's eyes slanted hungrily after possible excitement, but as I looked into the grim, rock-like faces of the maturer men—stolid and somber in their outlook on life, or else youthfully naïve in unwonted self-revealment from drink—I might have been among the toilers of mine own people. I could sense the same jealous, unsatisfied souls, the ill-curbed spirit, buried under constant toil, that would seize upon any medium of recreation—or revolt. I knew the kind. Although I had been a high clerk in the Archangel trade, I was of the people; I knew them well.

A great loutish fellow, with yet some keen fascination because of his magnificent animal size and strength, reeled drunkenly through the crowd, booming forth a deep-toned mournful lament—which in the crush we could not but heed. It seemed a grim tale of the sea, an old pirate tale, with a refrain incriminating fate.

"My time has come, yet as I go
I do not quail—I do not boast.
Luck deals the cards for weal or woe—
Who holds them wrong—that man is lost."

In the midst of such merrymaking

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On the floor was a tense, crawling, human tangle. The man on top was half naked, with great-muscled shoulders and hairy arms.

there was something brutally humorous about it.

At a cross street Young Master worked the car out from the crowd, and we slipped back from the water-front and made the tiny inn. Against my leg I had felt an occasional nervous thrill from Vashka's body, but her eyes, calm, deep, impressive as from the pent-up lore of ages, showed nothing of excitement. We left the motor. Young Master, with a hand on the door, spoke to Vashka, slim and graceful on the ground beside him: "Vashka! Guard!" and light as a swift white bird she rose in the air and dropped back into the car —passive, unquestioning.

Then began the search. I knew it for a search. Young Master was like a tense, humming engine in his constrained eagerness. There was much to witness, but naught held Young Master, neither the sports, nor the feasting, nor the swarming little *bazaar*, where all wonderful things of the sea were set forth, nor the grand displays of cod and hake, and of herrings to well-nigh rival the cures of our own Murmansk people.

Then, doubtfully I thought, he said: "Somewhere here, Grigor, is a place where they usually do plain and fancy dancing. Let's look in. It'll interest you to see a North Coast *czardas* or a—or a Grand Banks *kazatska*."

We stood in a doorway and viewed the dancers. The dancing was no ingenious presentation of emotional narrative, as with us; it held nothing of art, of temperament, nothing of the seductive. It was much too businesslike for that. It was a sober rite; the pent-up life of a crude emotion-sealed people finding a legitimate outlet in the loosing turmoil of physical abandon, and always, underneath, one felt the somber, straining madness after equally fervid mental excitement. A sort of figure-dance filled the floor with advancing, retreating whirling men and women, intent—rapt; sturdy endurance seemed the standard of proficiency, and the measure of enjoyment was gaged by—sweat.

Suddenly something happened. Like a shattering wave, confusion swept the precisely whirling mass into turmoil. The music dribbled out, strangled into silence. There was an electric hush—a quiet instant, wherein the flesh shudders and the scalp tightens. A soft scuffling caressed the floor well up in a corner, and died into a tenseness. Then a woman's scream slit the silence—a stampede back, as from a revolting thing, and the crowd swayed and struggled in wildest confusion. The day's feast of excitement was spread.

In the distant corner men became massed tight around a space on the floor, surging and swaying about it excitedly. There came a trampling break outward, and a knife flew high in the air and fell afar on the vacant floor. A hoarse voice shouted somewhere in the mass: "Pull 'em apart! Lend a hand here!"

Young Master, his good-natured face entirely calmed, pressed into the crush. He spoke low, close into the sweating, panting faces massed about his own. "I'm a doctor. Loosen up, will you?" We struggled through and gained the open space.

On the floor was a tense, crawling, human tangle. The man on top was half naked, with great-muscled shoulders and hairy arms straining through a tattered shirt. Down one arm coursed a greasy black streak, and the surrounding shirt-sleeve was crimson. His head was crushed close into the face of the man beneath him. A dozen powerful hands finally unleashed them, ripped them apart and stood them up. The under man's face was a horror, and he was sobbing drunkenly. The other struggled powerfully to break away from his guard. This man struck a more chilling note than his mutilated opponent.

"Sarge Laskey!" a man exclaimed. A vague chill faded through me like a door opening from out the dark. It was the name. It whispered disturbingly within me like an ominous echo from another world. The man was the big singer of the crowded street. "Where's his wife?" a voice called out. "Somebody go git his wife."

Young Master put a firm hand on the giant's arm. "Easy, boy," he commanded gently. Then: "Listen here, I'm a doctor. You want to get that arm of yours fixed up."

In a little side room Young Master plied

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There on the filthy earth floor was Young Master. I left the woman hovering over him.

the work of his craft. I was so proud—the crowd was sibilant with magnificent, admiring curses, but in all the tense excitement he was calm as a rock, intent on his task.

And then—it happened. Soft as a little brown mole slips through the leaves, a slim little woman's figure came swiftly through the hushed crowd of men and stood trembling throughout her body, but with her great brown eyes shining steadfast and deep. "What has happened?" she asked.

At the voice Young Master looked up, a slow marveling space. Then he leaped to his feet, his eyes shining rapturously, as one might gaze on Paradise. "Hester!" He threw the name exultantly into the air and grasped the girl's hands in both his own. "I've looked all day for you. How do you come here?"

Some things cleave in one's soul to the end of all—I shall never forget the girl's eyes. The great fighter had struggled to his feet. Young Master stood fine and noble-looking in his uniform, his face shining like the Angel Michael. The big man eyed him over curiously, his own drunken eyes spitting sudden hatred. Then he commanded: "Give way, there!" To the stricken little figure he snarled brutally, "Go on home!" and flung her from him.

Young Master turned on him furiously. "Who are you?"

It was the girl that made answer simply—"He is my husband!"

LATE that night in the darkness we came into St. John, came to stay but for the night, for the next day we went back. I knew we should. I, who had seen my Young Master plunge fearlessly through a hell of bullets; I, who had had to beat his grim face into unconsciousness to drag him away from fire even when one leg was smashed; I knew he would go back.

The car ripped viciously up over the return hills, up, up into wonderful rolling sea-vistas between the headlands. Stealing up the coast a fog shroud threatened, and the car fled passionately toward it like a rebellious, tortured spirit.

Always I sat stilled on the seat beside Young Master, the wind roaring and duffling in my ears, trying to forbid my grieving eyes clinging to his face so constantly. Vashka stared out at the graying sea with deliberate eyes, ever classifying all things visible into their calm primal beginnings. Plunging over the crest of one lofty headland, I looked out to sea and made out the Wolves—long, low-lying rocks crouching far out in the swell, baying the deep with foam-slavering fangs. I could not foresee their grim part in the things that were to befall, but unknown to me, they seemed, even then, a lost fragment of the world flung defiantly out toward the unknown, a last foothold between God's stable earth and—chaos.

We left the car with Vashka at a little fishing-camp a mile out from Cliffhaven and walked in. The hamlet was deserted. Banished from the place was its reveling gala spirit of yesterday. It huddled gray and little and lonely and dead.

On the little main street Young Master said, "I will find you, Grigor, in about an hour," and strode away.

Some men mended a seine. I asked where I might best view the coast. One laughed. "Tell him to go up to the Cloister."

"The Cloister!" It seemed strange.

"Some folks from St. John called it that and the name stuck," and he showed me the way.

It was beauty—it was reverence. It was as if God had struck a temple-place out of the solid rock, high, high up, commanding the great brooding vastness of sea and shore, in which, far from the world, one might deal close with the presence of the infinite. The terrible peace, the vastness, the loneliness, made of it a place for the unswathing of souls.

And now I come in my tale to—the heart of a woman. And I approach on my knees, for the heart of a woman is a sanctuary of much that is divine.

As I stood thralled in my devout bondage, something happened—some ominous tinge, incredibly poignant, crept into the peace of things on the sound of familiar voices. Apprehensively I peered out and down. Young Master and the woman were coming up the cliff—the Cloister, in its sublime peace and remoteness from the world, had drawn them inevitably in their piteous hopelessness. I turned to flee. I felt a sacred time at hand, and, too, I could not look upon Young Master's suffering—I—I loved him so. Ah, man that he was and I another, I loved him like a woman and I am not ashamed!

I fled confusedly—heedlessly. But I was imprisoned. There was no escape above, in front, or at the far end. It seemed destined that I should stay—perchance that I might better understand in the days to come—for as I wheeled desperately among the rocks, I slipped violently down into a cleft, and before I could loose myself and climb forth the two were

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Then it began—a terrible contest. Like a sword of vengeance the dog drove through the air, ripping the man's arm with a slashing thrust as she passed.

already seated—already the girl was speaking—so that I durst not——

Young Master was sitting silent, but what part think you this woman played? She chatted lightly about *his looks*—about the wonderful joys of the new-wrought peace. She painted skilful pictures of his future, far out in the world—brilliant, joyous things. She even tried to piece out a life of contentment as being her own portion—a fine home, freedom from care——

Then slowly the man's hand groped out toward her—stopped. I knew it was hungering for the feel of her flesh, and in a moment he had caught her arm, her neck, her body, and she lay crushed to his breast in a tumbled heap. A moment so, and she put him away. She was such a beautiful little soft creature—all ivory and brown and gold, and her eyes were wide and luminous and steadfast like martyrs in the holy ikons. He gazed deep. "I am looking into your heart," he said, "and—all these things are lies!"

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Still she fought on with tragic lightness. Then her eyes closed and her face grew old and twitched fantastically, like the battling bravery of a hurt child. A moment—her eyes opened and she gazed pityingly into the boy's face—a yearning comrade, a famished lover, a pitying mother, all in one. "O God be good to us!" she prayed fervently.

A gull dropped down from the sky jeering harshly, like a profaner in a sanctuary: "Cree-e-e! Cre-e-e!"

"God is a joke!" Young Master's face was gray and dead in his bitterness. Then: "Tell me—if there *is* any explanation."

"We thought you were dead, father and I. You were so reported."

"Oh, I know," despairingly. "I got caught up in a surprise attack and was wounded, but Grigor dragged me out and hid me away and got me out of the danger-zone. Later he lost his arm and I had to do for him. But oh, I had written you always, up to that time. You must have known from my letters that I had never given up the hope of some day coming back here and taking you away. And after we got away, Grigor and I, I wrote you, and in your reply you said nothing."

"It was too late. Father had died. He had worried so about leaving me—I had to give up the school to tend him—that he said he could not die unless I promised to marry Sarge Laskey. He said Sarge would be the first man in the fleet, the biggest man on the coast, after he himself was gone. I promised, to soothe him, and later"—the little creature mourned pitifully—"Oh, I could not escape it! When your last letters came I was already married. I could not write you and—hurt you so—just then."

Again the gull swooped overhead, chattering a hysterically derisive "Cre-e-e! Cre-e-e! Cr-h'-h'-h'-heee!"

The girl watched the white misery in the boy's face, with her own eyes slowly losing hold on the divine places. Suddenly her love for him seized upon her and crucified her. She flung herself upon him and dragged at his body with straining arms. "Oh, my boy, my own boy—I love you so!" she wept wildly.

In my cleft I covered my eyes. Then——

After a time Young Master spoke. "What are we going to do?"

"Cr-e-e-e! Cr-e-e-e! Cre-e-h'-h'-h'e-eee!"

The girl drew back, her eyes steadfast once more. "We must not see each other again." At his desperate outcry, she stopped him. "Listen! My love for you, my pride in you, is all it seems God has left me. Go back into the world and do what you've begun—all the splendid things we planned for you long before you went away to school, long before a war ever was. I know I shall be proud of you always, and oh, I'm afraid—I never can help—loving you."

"I'll never leave you," desperately. "You belong to me. I'll fight till I die to find a way for you to come to me!"

"That way will never come." The great brown eyes burned on him with infinite compassion—tenderness—but I knew hope was cold in her heart like a dead dove in its nest. "It is too late," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Something has happened. Perhaps it's God, dear—but there is something that will bind me to him, even if I could find it in me to go—a bondage through another life to be."

Young Master and the girl among the rocks of the Cloister—at peace.

"Cre-e-e-e! Cr-e-e-e! Cr-e-e-h'-h'-h'-eeee!"

Oh, that accursed bird! And, oh, if I could have but played a readjusting God for Young Master! How little would I have recked of here or hereafter!

I watched her pityingly—the gentle little body of her, the soft hair reflecting myriad glints like lighted tapers in a many-branched golden *Menorah*. She was gazing steadfastly out to sea, out where, just then, the Wolves came out specter-like from the reaching fog—threatened a moment, and faded. Young Master looked steadily upon her, and the fierceness in his eyes died to a holy reverence, as if incense drifted now from the fires of passion; his shoulders drooped a little. She took his hand and they went away, and I could see life for them showing inexorable as the commandments of a holy scroll.

A little later down in the town, the great fighter of yesterday, his face still evil from drink, stopped them in the road. The two men stood facing each other—the one confident and fearless from contact with the world, the other possessing his soul uneasily in ignorance and superstition.

Apprehensively I drew nigh. The big Islander spoke tensely. "Yesterday, at the fair, old Nabbie Ross read the cards. A year ago she told me of hard luck ahead, and following that, the ice cleaned out every weir I owned. Yesterday she told me that a man would come to this coast who would be a bigger man than me because of his mind, and I remember what she said. It depended on how I took things which one of us lived longest. It strikes me you may be the man. Anyhow, round here we're sick of the men of brains that come from outside—they come to beat us if they can. You don't belong in this country. You're from outside. You see that you stay outside."

Young Master drew back his fist, but the girl caught his arm pleadingly and the move drove the devil to the other man's brain.

"Listen!" he said. "My father was thrown ashore here by the sea, but luck's made his son the first man in all the coast. We all get what's laid out for us—put into our hands when we're born. I'm satisfied. things are runnin' all right here in this country and don't you come interferin'." Suddenly he foamed like a man seized of evil. "I've warned you fair to keep away from here. If you ever come back, I'll know things are put in my hands. By God, if you ever come into Cliffhaven again, I'll cut your heart out, if they take me for it and nail me to the cross."

He turned and made off with his paltry fool's philosophy, leaving us alone. And none could foresee how fate was to play with his threat.

Plodding wearily along the road Young Master stopped. "Grigor," he said, "I fear for—some one. I had forgotten such unenlightened minds still existed. My old home is in Northport. I'm going to stay there awhile. I can trust you, my friend. Will you stay behind and watch for me?"

I WAS lodged with a household just across the way from Sarge Laskey. Through the winter they had told me of him, and telling, I saw they feared him and hated him. His true nationality from his father was uncertain. His father had come to the village from out the storm. In a night years ago when the winter writhed and twisted along the coast in fury long to be remembered, his ship had been smashed on the North Shore cliffs. God must have wished to leave this man with the people—he was the only creature in all its history to scale the cliffs of the North Shore, but the wind huddled and drove his body into the crevices and in the morning he had made the top. The people took him among them and later he wedded one of their women. And, mark you, when he came they tell he spoke a strange tongue, and I wondered if his giant offspring's name in his father's tongue had not been "Serge," and if his surname were not from our Russian "Lachaski." As time went on and I watched him—saw his crude man's cruelty to his women; saw the pitiful beasts of burden he made of his little wife and his mother, noted his rebellious soul which he knew not to control—I felt he might well be of low-caste Slavic strain; there was something in each of us that vaguely questioned the other, perchance below the minds of both.

(*Continued on page 99*)

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Banking On Common Sense

By Constance Austin

MISS VIRGINIA FURMAN, the first woman bank official, went and spoiled this story.

The New York papers had come out with portentous, impressive things about her, and other papers had copied. She had been elected assistant secretary of a big trust company, the first woman to reach such a pinnacle, and as head of the woman's department she was always to be found in the impressive marble room at the left of the impressive marble entrance of one of the marble buildings that makes Fifth Avenue impressive.

In the bus on the way up to Miss Furman's bank I sketched out the interview.

Obviously she would have been practically raised in a bank. Probably as a baby she added all the things she could see in her nursery every morning and subtracted from them all the things she could reach and divided by the things that were good to eat. From Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third the panorama of the early life of a lady bank official flashed past me.

At six she had probably divided the number of her dolls into the total number of dolls on the block and had found that she controlled sixteen per cent. of all the doll power in that neighborhood. Following which she had systematically gone about disposing of all negotiable securities, such as hobby-horses and croquet sets, exchanging them at favorable moments for more dolls, until she eventually (somewhat to the embarrassment of her family) was the undisputed doll queen of those parts.

At about twelve, I decided at Twenty-sixth Street, her parents or guardians had yielded to her carefully calculated entreaties (she having successfully completed all available courses in mathematics, including the Highest Common Factor and the Lowest Common Multiple—or is it the other way round?), and allowed her to take up her duties in the nearest bank, very likely getting her fiscal start as replenisher of the ink-wells and turner-over of the calendars.

From which humble but determined beginning she had undoubtedly worked up through runner and teller and all the other things to her assistant secretaryship.

Photo by Campbell Studio.

"You have adding-machines to add for you and experts to advise you on every problem of finance. Why not, then, if you have ordinary common sense," says Miss Furman, "go into banking?"

In appearance the first lady bank official would be, I determined, a fraction over six feet, very cold and forbidding, with piercing eyes that would penetrate at once to the bottom of your soul and ascertain to a cent how much your account was overdrawn.

All of which supposing was a very great economic waste.

Because Miss Furman, the first woman bank officer dwelt at a rather cozily mussed-up desk in a room flooded with light and air where pink roses nodded affably to each other from occasional vases and shed a rosy glow along the aforementioned marble walls. She was entirely accessible and entirely human.

And she had never been in a bank (except to cash her own checks) until three years ago. She had been consistently in her own home—and she began where she is now (except for the title of assistant secretary).

And she was never especially good at figures!

"There is certainly nothing remarkable about me," said Miss Furman untruthfully.

"I am just a person who didn't go into business at first. And then, later—three years ago—I did. I started right in this bank right at this desk in this room. Yes, it is certainly the nicest room in the bank.

"Of course I didn't know very much at first, so I asked the people around and they told me things.

"Where did everybody get the idea that it takes a super-mathematician to hold down a position in a bank?

"You have adding-machines to do your adding and experts to advise you on every conceivable problem that can arise. If a certain way of handling your affairs, involving loans, mortgages, investments or what not, will yield you so much and another plan will yield you half again as much, does it take financial genius to decide which plan to follow? I call the thing you need common sense.

"A bank should first of all be sound and wise and conservative from the ground up. It must never make a mistake and it must be as safe as the rock of ages. But after that, I have further ideals for a bank.

"The bank of my dreams is a homey sort of place where women can leave their packages or babies while they shop; where they will wait for friends and write their letters and do their telephoning. It will be comfortable and casual and cozy. It will have flowers in it and rugs and hangings and maybe a cat."

While Miss Furman talked she very affably decided not to sign a check that looked perfectly good to me, on some charitable organization of which she is treasurer; she told an inquiring lady over the phone which of her securities had been disposed of and in what manner, and she told some one else exactly what would befall if she delayed longer in doing something or other.

"There just is nothing unusual about me," repeated Miss Furman. "I transact the bank's business with the people, either men or women, who want to transact their business with me. And I do *not* advise about investments. Never, never, never."

You see, it would have been a perfectly impressive interview if it had not been for Miss Furman.

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Sergeant James B. Lepley, Co. M, 168th Infantry, 42d Division.

Near Souain, on the night of July 14, he left his trench and returned to the woods, through a smothering fire of gas, high explosive and shrapnel, to search for two men of his platoon who were missing and bring them to safety. On July 28, near Sergy, he led his platoon forward in the face of a heavy machine-gun fire and captured six machine guns and thirteen prisoners from the Prussian Guards.

Lepley's out of the West, where the round-up is common sport.

Cited for the Distinguished Service Cross.

Private Harold J. Devereaux, Co. M, 125th Infantry, 32d Division.

Near Sergy, July 31, 1918, his company crossed the river Ourcq and captured the Pelger woods. The corporal of his squad was wounded by machine-gun fire. The Germans continued to fire on the wounded man. Private Devereaux, single-handed, with the fire of his rifle, attacked the machine gun and put it out of action.

Cited for the Distinguished Service Cross.

A Gallery of Heroes

Painted at the front by Joseph Cummings Chase

THE eminent American artist who painted these pictures went abroad in the closing days of the war, to make portraits of the American generals which might be preserved as imperishable records of the war for the Historical Branch of the War College. He was furnished an automobile and passes, and covered four thousand miles in France, going from division to division, painting our generals—sixty-five of them—all in about three months.

He also painted four doughboy heroes for the Fifth Liberty Loan campaign, and got so interested that he couldn't stop until he had done more than fifty of them. The boys were selected by their commanders as the super-heroes of their divisions. Some were painted in Germany, some at the front with the artillery ripping the air and the models fresh from battle. In dugouts, shacks, fine châteaux, or castles on the Rhine, these portraits were done, half of them at night, many by the light of a lone candle, each life-sized, painted in oils and finished in two hours.

Of them we have selected the most representative types of the Yankee doughboy. Together, more vividly than anything we have seen, these pictures flash a tableau of the quality of American manhood that won the war.

Corporal Fred C. Stein, Co. F, 125th Infantry, 32d Division.

In action near Romagne, October 9, 1918, he charged and captured a strong German machine-gun nest and turned the gun on the enemy. He was twice wounded, but continued to operate the gun under heavy shell and machine-gun fire. It took a third wound to put him and the gun out of business.

Cited for the Distinguished Service Cross.

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Major F. M. Williams, Machine Gun Battalion, 82d Division.

Williams, ex-cowboy, once a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, was shot through the neck by a sniper, on October 11, 1918, near St. Juvin. He stayed continuously in line, his wounds untreated. Four days later, while reconnoitering in advance of his company, he encountered a party of five Germans with an American prisoner. Williams (then captain) rescued the American and captured one of the Germans after downing the other four single-handed. Then, with a captured German rifle he killed the leader of a big skirmish line of Germans that suddenly appeared. He then ran back to meet his unit and with his men stopped the general counter-attack on the town of St. Juvin, holding the hill for twenty hours, capturing thirty-two prisoners and inflicting heavy losses on the enemy. During the day his company went over the top seven times, coming out of the line with but one officer and twenty-five men of his original company of six officers and one hundred and eighty-three men. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Italian War Cross.

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Captain Maurice N. Howe, 167th Infantry, 42d Division.

He planned and executed the famous early morning raid of the 167th Infantry on Haumont, on September 22, 1918. Under cover of the artillery preparation he pushed his company to the immediate outskirts of Haumont, on which the artillery was firing, and the moment the artillery lifted he led his company at full speed around and through the town from the south, and when he reached the north limit of the town turned and struck back for his lines, killing or gathering in all Germans that were encountered—a total of twenty-nine prisoners. While the town was being mopped up, Captain Howe maintained his command at the church, and after the last man of his company had left, followed the raiding party out so as to make sure that no Americans were left within the enemy lines. He then returned to our lines. The total elapsed time of the raid, including artillery preparation, was fifty-three minutes. Forty per cent. of the outpost company of a well-known Jaeger Battalion was taken prisoner, and due to Captain Howe's daring and masterly leadership the total American casualties were only one wounded. It's easy to see Howe's a New Yorker, he's such a cool, thorough customer.

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Private Charles Cameron, Co. B, 3d Machine Gun Battalion, 1st Division.

Near Soissons, on July 19, 1918, the infantry of which he was a part was held up by a trench full of Germans. He voluntarily and single-handed ran around the trench to its rear, shot and killed one of the enemy and captured the remainder. "Kid" Cameron is at once so Scotch and so American that he had to have his own little Edinburgh, in Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, to hail from.

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Sergeant Patrick Walsh, 18th Infantry, 1st Division.

Walsh is the kind of "Mulvaney" of the American Army that has made the U. S. regulars what they are in training and discipline and picturesqueness. After thirty-one years of service in the U. S. regular army he refused a chance to retire with pension and went overseas to see something of real army life and gather a few more medals. He did both. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre with palm, for the brilliant manner in which he captured a nest of enemy machine guns single-handed. General Pershing sent Pat his personal congratulations, and well he might.

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Private M. B. Ellis, Co. C, 28th Infantry, 1st Division.

In an attack near Soissons, on July 18, 1918, *he worked in behind the enemy lines alone and captured a German company commander and his lieutenant. He compelled these officers to lead him to their dugouts, where he found, captured and drove back to our lines fifty Germans prisoners. For this and for his unusual courage in carrying supplies and attacking strongholds at Breuil, Pleissy and Berzy-le-Sec during the next three days he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Medal of Honor.*

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Corporal Sidney E. Manning, Co. G, 167th Infantry.

Corporal Manning on the morning of July 27, 1918, was in charge of an automatic rifle squad, in action near Château-Thierry. One gunner was killed and one carrier and himself wounded by shell-fire. Although wounded, he took the automatic rifle and ammunition and continued the advance. On reaching the top of the hill he was again wounded by machine-gun fire, but he still advanced with his platoon. On reaching the bottom of the hill the survivors of his platoon—seven men in all—were forced to consolidate themselves with another platoon moving on its right flank. Corporal Manning remained at the bottom of the hill alone and covered this movement, keeping the enemy from closing in on his men. He then rejoined his platoon, having received nine wounds. Hot work, but then Manning's from Alabama, and his slow talk's deceptive. Awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Medal of Honor.

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A Man *for the* Ages

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "Eben Holden," "The Light in the Clearing," etc.

SYNOPSIS

A LETTER from his grandson to Mr. Bacheller tells how this story came to be written; how a young wounded soldier in France urged his grandfather to aid the cause of humanity by writing the life of America's greatest democrat—Abraham Lincoln—in the way that only a man with the kind of information Mr. Bacheller possesses could do it. The story begins with the journey from Vermont to the West of Samson Henry Traylor, his wife Sarah, and their two children in the year 1831. They have numerous interesting adventures. They find Harry Needles, a handsome Yankee lad, wandering sick and alone, and they take him in, nurse him till he is well, and then add him to their company. Finally, they reach New Salem, Illinois, where they are heartily welcomed and urged to remain. They are introduced to the Rutledges, who keep the inn, Jack Kelso, the scholar, Bill Berry of Lincoln and Berry's store, and at last to Honest Abe himself. That evening Samson gets his first glimpse of the latent power in the big, ungainly but very kind-hearted youth. Soon after their arrival the Traylors build a home with the help of their neighbors, work on which is interrupted by a number of intoxicated young men from Clary's Grove. A fight follows, in which Jack Armstrong, the leader and a bully, is downed by Abe; and Samson, even more powerful than the giant Lincoln, lends an iron hand which speedily disposes of the rowdies. The Traylors give a house-warming when their home is finished. Among this company of Lincoln's friends is the charming Bim, daughter of Jack Kelso, who falls in love with Harry Needles.

Life for the Traylors becomes settled—they are now part of New Salem, but they have not lived there long before Samson obtains a glimpse of the underground railroad, about the time of its beginning, when two fugitive slaves come to him seeking shelter and aid to escape from their cruel owner, Eliphalet Biggs, who has followed them. Samson and he meet and a fight follows in which Biggs's arm is broken. He comes to New Salem to have it set and remains long enough to fall in love with Bim. Later he persuades her to elope. While this is happening there is an Indian scare and Abe and Harry join the volunteers. Abe is made a captain. When the war is over, Abe takes seriously to the study of the law, though still a partner in Lincoln and Berry's store. He begins to take an interest in politics, runs for the legislature, and gains a reputation as a speaker. He loves Ann Rutledge, who is engaged to John McNeil. When he proves false, Abe tries his hand, and Ann finally accepts him.

John Wolcott Adams

"The death of his sweetheart has aged and sobered him. When we are together, he often sits with a sad face. For a while, not a word out of him."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

(*Continued*)

THE next night he and Ann went out to Traylor's cabin and heard Samson and Harry tell of their visit to the Brimsteads.

"I want to meet that man," said Abe. "I'm going up on the north line of the county to do some surveying. If I'm there over Sunday, I'll get a horse and go on to Hopedale."

"You'll have a warm welcome," said Samson. "They know all about you."

"I want to see Kelso and I could kill two birds with one stone," Abe remarked.

One evening in the last week of May Abe came out to the Traylors'.

"I've been up to the Brimsteads' and had a wonderful talk with him and Kelso," said Abe. "They have discovered each other. It's a joy to hear them. Brimstead is a whale of a man when you come to know him. He's good company for Kelso."

"Did you see Annabel?" Harry asked.

"I reckon I did, and she's coming down to visit Ann. If you don't see her every day she's here, I shall lose my good opinion of you."

"We shall all see her and probably fall in love with her too," said Sarah.

"She's made on the right pattern, of the best material," Abe went on. "She's full of fun, and I thought it would be a great thing for Ann. She hasn't had any one to play with of her own age and standing since Bim went away. I had Harry in mind also. He needs somebody to play with."

"Much obliged," the young man exclaimed. "I was thinking that I'd have to take a trip to Hopedale myself."

"I knew he'd come around," Sarah laughed.

That was the twenty-sixth of May, 1835, a date of much importance in the calendar of the Traylors. It had been a clear, warm day followed by a cloudless, starry night, with a chilly breeze blowing. Between eleven and twelve o'clock Sarah and Samson were awakened by the hoot of an owl in the dooryard. In a moment they heard three taps on a window-pane. They knew what it meant. Both got out of bed and into their clothes as quickly as possible. Samson lighted a candle and put some wood on the fire. Then he opened the door with the candle in his hand. A stalwart good-looking mulatto man with a smooth-shaven face stood in the doorway.

"Is the coast clear?" he whispered.

"All clear," Samson answered in a low tone.

"I'll be back in a minute," said the negro as he disappeared in the darkness, returning presently with two women, both

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very black. They sat down in the dim light of the cabin.

"Are you hungry?" Sarah asked.

"We have had only a little bread and butter to-day, madam," said the mulatto, whose speech and manners were like those of an educated white man of the South.

"I'll get you something," said Sarah, as she opened the cupboard.

"I think we had better not stop to eat now, madam," said the negro. "We will be followed; they may reach here any minute."

Harry, who had been awakened by the arrival of the strangers, came down the ladder.

"These are fugitive slaves on their way north," said Samson. "Take them out to the stack. I'll bring some food in a few minutes."

HARRY conducted them to their hiding-place and when they had entered it he brought a ladder and opened the top of the stack. A hooped shaft in the middle of it led to a point near its top and provided ventilation. Then he crawled in at the entrance through which Samson passed a pail of food, a jug of water, and some buffalo hides. Harry sat with them for a few moments in the black darkness of the stack-room to learn whence they had come and whither they wished to go.

"We are from St. Louis, suh," the mulatto answered. "We are on our way to Canada. Our next station is the house of John Peasley in Tazewell County."

"Do you know of a man of the name of Eliphalet Biggs who lives in St. Louis?" Harry asked.

"Yes, suh; we were his slaves," the negro answered.

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Good when he's sober, suh, but a brute when he's drunk. You would not believe me if I was to tell you what I have seen him do."

"Is he cruel to his wife?"

"I have seen him beat her with a whip, suh, and when I tried to help her, he knocked me down with a chair and threatened to kill me."

"My God!" Harry exclaimed. "Why don't she leave him?"

"My young mistress has left him, suh. She is staying with a friend. It has been hard for her to get away. She has been a slave, too."

"I am sure that none of her friends know how she was being treated."

"My young mistress did not wish to worry them, suh, and she kept hoping and praying that he would change."

"Isn't she coming home now?"

"Yes, suh. I think she will be home soon."

"I hope you left her quite well."

"Quite well, suh."

"I think that one of us will take you to Peasley's to-morrow night," said Harry. "Meanwhile I hope you get a good rest."

With that he left them, filled the mouth of the cave with hay and went into the house. There he told his good friends of what he had heard.

"I shall go down to St. Louis," he said. "I read in the paper that there was a boat Monday."

"The first thing to do is to go to bed," said Sarah. "There's not much left of the night."

They went to bed, but the young man could not sleep. Bim had possession of his heart again. In a kind of half sleep he got the notion that she was sitting by his bedside and trying to comfort him. Then he thought that he heard her singing in the sweet voice of old:

Come sit yourself down
With me on the ground,
On this bank where the primroses grow.
We will hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valleys below,
As she sings in the valleys below.

He roused himself and thought he saw her form receding in the darkness.

Fortunately, the spring's work was finished and there was not much to be done next day. Samson went to "Colonel" Lukins's and arranged with him and his wife to come and stay with Sarah, in preparation for the journey to the North. Soon after nightfall they put their guests on a small load of hay, so that they could quickly cover themselves if necessary, and set out for Peasley's farm. As they rode along Samson had a frank talk with Harry.

"I think you ought to get over being in love with Bim," he said.

"I've told myself that a dozen times, but it don't do any good," said the boy.

"She's another man's wife and you have no right to love her."

"She's another man's slave and I can't put up with that," Harry answered. "If she was happy, I could mind my business and get over thinking of her, by and by, maybe; but now she needs a friend if she ever did, and I intend to do what I can for her."

"Of course we'll all do what we can for her," said Samson. "But you must get over being in love with a married woman."

"If a man's sister were in such trouble, I think he'd have the right to help her, and she's more than a sister to me."

"I'll stand with you on the sister platform," said Samson.

In the middle of the night they stopped by a stream of water to feed the horses and take a bite of luncheon. The roads were heavy from recent rains and daylight came before they could make their destination. At sunrise they stopped to give their horses a moment to rest. In the distance they could see Brimstead's house and the harrowed fields around it. The women were lying covered by the hay; the man was sitting up and looking back down the road.

"They're coming!" he exclaimed suddenly, as he got under the hay.

Samson and Harry could see horsemen following at a gallop half a mile or so down the road. It looked like trouble; for at that hour men were not likely to be abroad in the saddle and riding fast on any usual errand. Our friends hurried their team and got to Brimstead's door ahead of the horsemen. A grove of trees screened the wagon from the view of the latter for a moment. Henry Brimstead stood in the open door.

"Take those slaves into the house and get them out of sight as quick as you can," said Samson. "There's going to be a quarrel here in a minute."

The slaves slid off the load and ran into the house.

This was accomplished in a few seconds. The team started on toward Peasley's farm as if nothing had happened, with Harry and Samson standing on the load. In a moment they saw to their astonishment Biggs and a black man coming at a slow trot.

"Stop that wagon!" Biggs shouted.

Samson kept on, turning out a little to let them pass.

"Stop or we'll shoot your horses," Biggs demanded.

Between the farms of Brimstead and Peasley the road was a narrow lane, fenced close to the drive.

"They'll have to pass hard against the load," said Harry. "I'll jump on behind Biggs as he goes by. You take the other and we'll make a quick end of it."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Harry jumped, catching Biggs around his shoulders and landing squarely on the rump of his horse. Then for a minute there was the devil to pay, as he was wont to put it in telling the story. The horse leaped and reared, Biggs lost his seat, and he and Harry rolled to the ground and into a fence corner, while the horse went on with the pistols in their holsters on his back. They rose and fought until Harry, being quicker and stronger, overpowered his man. Toward the end of it, having been cut in the face by a riding-whip, he wrenched it from Biggs's hand and gave him a severe beating. Samson had jumped also, caught his man by the shoulder and unhorsed him, and now had him well in hand. The team and both saddle horses had gone on up the road.

BIGGS swore bitterly at the two Yankees.

"I'll have you dirty suckers arrested if there's any law in this state," he declared as he stood leaning against the fence with an eye badly swollen and blood streaming from his nose.

"Suppose you can do it," said Samson. "John Peasley, a little way up the road, is a justice of the peace. We can walk there in less than five minutes and probably get our horses and what else is coming to us."

The four men walked up the road together in silence. Peasley had caught the team and the saddle horses and was standing at the roadside.

Samson pointed at Biggs and said: "Mr. Peasley, this man has a complaint to make against me and my friend."

"He seems to have suffered some," said Peasley.

"And I think justly," said Samson. "He threatened to shoot our horses if we didn't halt."

"He had my slaves in his wagon," said Biggs.

"There was nothing in the wagon but some hay and us two citizens of Illinois, who were minding our business. Harry, get a fork and pitch the hay off the wagon."

When this was done, Peasley said: "It seems to me that you had no reason to threaten these men."

"I suppose he left my niggers at the house below," said Biggs.

He and his companion mounted their horses, Peasley having found their pistols and taken possession of them. The Missourians started at a gallop in the direction of Brimstead's. Harry followed them afoot; Samson remained with Peasley.

"I'll be down there in a few minutes," he called.

Harry found the square house in a condition of panic. Biggs and his helper had discovered the mulatto and his wife hiding

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in the barn. The negroes and the children were crying. Mrs. Brimstead met Harry outside the door.

"What are we to do?" she asked tearfully.

"Just keep cool," said Harry. "Father Traylor and Mr. Peasley will be here soon."

Biggs and his companion came out of the door with Brimstead.

"We will take the niggers to the river and put them on a boat," said Biggs.

His face and shirt bosom were smeared with blood. He asked Mrs. Brimstead for a basin of water and a towel. The good woman took him to the wash-stand and supplied his needs.

In a few moments Samson and Peasley arrived with the latter's team hitched to a Canastoga wagon.

"Well, you've found them have you?" Peasley asked.

"They were here, as I thought," said Biggs.

"What do you want to do?" Peasley asked.

"We want to take them to the river and get the next boat down," Biggs answered.

"Well, sir — they're your property and I suppose you've a right to take them."

"Could I hire you to take them to the nearest landing?" was the query of Biggs.

"No, but I'm going over there and will take them along without charge."

"Thank you. It's better treatment than I expected," Biggs answered.

"You'll find that we have a good deal of respect for the law," said the justice of the peace.

Biggs and his friend went to the barn for their horses. The others conferred a moment with the two slaves and Mrs. Brimstead. Then the latter went out into the garden lot to a woman in a sunbonnet who was working with a hoe, some fifteen rods from the house. Mrs. Brimstead seemed to be conveying a message to the woman by signs. Evidently the latter was deaf and dumb.

"That is the third slave," Brimstead whispered. "I don't believe they'll discover her."

Soon Peasley and Samson got into the wagon with the slaves and drove away, followed by the two horsemen.

In a little village on the river they stopped at the door of a low frame house. A woman came to the door.

"Is Freeman Collar here?" Peasley demanded.

"He is back in the garden," the woman answered.

"Please ask him to come here."

In a moment Collar came around the house with a hoe on his shoulder. He was a slim, sandy-bearded, long-haired man of medium height with keen gray eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Constable," said Peasley. "This is Eliphalet Biggs of St. Louis and here is a warrant for his arrest."

He passed a paper to the constable.

"For my arrest!" Biggs exclaimed. "What is the charge?"

"That you hired a number of men to burn the house of Samson Henry Traylor, near the village of New Salem in Sangamon County, and to compel him by violence to leave said county; and that on the twenty-ninth of August, said men—the same being eight in number—attempted to carry out your design, and being captured and overpowered, all confessed their guilt and your connection with it, their sworn confessions being now in the possession of one Stephen Nuckles—a minister of this county. I do not need to remind you that it is a grave offense and likely to lead to your confinement for a term of years."

"Well, by G—!" shouted Biggs in anger. "You suckers will have some traveling to do before you arrest me."

He struck the spurs in his horse and galloped away followed by his companion. Samson roared with laughter.

"Now Collar, get on your horse and hurry 'em along, but don't ketch up with 'em, if you can help it," said Peasley. "We've got them on the run now. They'll take to the woods an' be damn careful to keep out of sight. Traylor, you can walk to Brimstead's and I'll throw some hay into the back of this wagon and go on up the north road with the slaves. Them fellers won't bother us any more."

They went in to dinner presently, and when they sat down at the table Harry asked: "What have you done with the third slave?"

"She's been up-stairs getting washed and dressed," said Mrs. Brimstead.

As she spoke the stairway door opened and Bim entered the room—in a silk gown and slippers. Sorrow had put its mark upon her face, but it had not extinguished her beauty. All rose from the table. Harry walked toward her. She advanced to meet him. Face to face they stopped and looked into each other's eyes. The moment long desired, the moment endeared and sublimated by the dreams of both, the moment toward which their thoughts had been wont to hasten after the cares of the day, like brooks coming down from the mountains, had arrived suddenly. She was in a way prepared for it. She had taken thought of what she would do and say. He had not. Still, it made no difference. This little point of time had been so filled with the power which had flowed into it out of their souls, there was no foretelling what they would do when it touched them. Scarcely a fraction of that moment was wasted in hesitation, as a matter of fact. Quickly they fell into each other's embrace; and the depth of their feeling we may guess when we read in the diary of the rugged and rather stoical Samson that no witness of the scene spoke or moved "until I turned my back upon it for shame of my tears."

"I'll start on with 'Parsons' and the pony and read my stint afoot."

Soon Bim came and kissed Samson's cheek and said:

"I am not going to make trouble. I couldn't help this. I really meant to be very strong and upright. It's all over now. Forgive us. We are going to be as respectable as we can."

Samson pressed her hand and said:

"You came with the slaves and I guess you heard our talk in the wagon."

"Yes. I came with the slaves and was as black as either of them. We had all suffered. I should have come alone, but they have been good and faithful to me. I could not bear to leave them to endure the violence of that man. We left together one night when he was in a drunken stupor. We took a boat to Alton and caught the *Star of the North* to

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Beardstown—they traveling as my servants. There I hired a team and wagon. It brought us to the grove near your house."

"Why did you disguise yourself before you came in?"

"I longed to see Harry, but I did not want him to see me—if I must tell you the truth," she answered. "I longed to see all of you and to learn if you still cared for me. It was lots of fun."

"Isn't that like a girl?" Mrs. Brimstead asked.

"It is like Bim," said Samson.

"But that is not the whole truth. I wanted to share the lot of a runaway slave for a few days and know what it means. That mulatto—Roger Wentworth—and his wife are as good as I am, but I have seen them kicked and beaten like dogs. I know slavery now, and all the days of my life I am going to fight against it. Now I am ready to go to my father's house—like the Prodigal Son coming back after all his folly."

"But you will have some dinner first?" said Mrs. Brimstead.

"No, I can not wait—I will walk. It is not far to Hopedale."

"Percy is at the door now with his buggy," said Brimstead.

Bim kissed Samson's cheek and embraced Annabel and her mother and hurried out of the house. Harry carried her bag to the buggy and helped her in.

"Harry, I want you to fall in love with this pretty girl," she said. "Don't you dare think of me any more or come near me. If you do, I'll shoo you away. Go on, Percy."

She waved her hand as the buggy went up the road.

"It's the same old Bim," Harry said to himself as he stood watching her. "But I think she's lovelier than she ever was."

The next day Samson wrote in his diary: "Bim was handsomer, but different. She had a woman's beauty. I noticed that she wore loose clothes and that gentle look that used to come to Sarah when her time was about half over. I am glad she got away before she was further along."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Wherein Harry and Abe Ride Up to Hopedale and Visit the Kelsos and Learn of the Curious Lonesomeness of Eliphalet Biggs.

ILLINOIS was growing. In June scores of prairie schooners, loaded with old and young, rattled over the plains from the East. There were many Yankees from Ohio, New York and New England in this long caravan. There were almost as many Irish, who had set out for this land of golden promise as soon as they had been able to save money for a team and wagon after reaching the New World. There were some Germans and Scandinavians in the dust clouds of the national road. Steamers on the Illinois River scattered their living freight along its shores. These were largely from Kentucky, southern Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. The call of the rich and kindly lands had traveled far, and streams of life were making toward them, to flow with increasing speed and volume for many years.

People in Sangamon County had begun to learn of the thriving village of Chicago in the north. Abe said that Illinois would be the Empire State of the West; that a new era of rapid development and great prosperity was near. Rumors of railroad and canal projects and river improvements were on every tongue. Samson and Sarah took new heart of the prospect and decided to try another year in New Salem, although an Irishman had made a good offer for their farm. Land was in great request, and there were many transfers of title. Abe had more surveying to do than he was able to accomplish that summer. Harry was with him for some weeks. He could earn two dollars a day with Abe, whereas Samson was able to hire a helper for half that sum. Harry made a confidant of Abe, and when they were working at the northern end of the county they borrowed a pair of horses and rode up to Kelso's house and spent a Sunday there.

BIM met them down the road a mile or so from Hopedale. She, too, was on the back of a horse. She recognized them before they were within hailing distance and waved her hand and hurried toward them with a happy face.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To see you and your father and mother," said Harry.

A sad look came into her eyes.

"If I had a stone I would throw it at you," she said.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Because I have to get used to being miserable, and just as I began to be resigned to it you come along and make me happy, and I have it all to do over again."

The young man stopped his horse.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said with a sad face. "It isn't fair to you, is it? It's rather—selfish."

"Look here," said Abe. "You both remind me of a man in a Kentucky village who couldn't bear to hear a rooster crow. It kept him awake nights, for the roosters did a lot o' crowing down there. He moved from one place to another trying to find a cockless town. He couldn't. There was no such place in Kentucky. He thought of taking to the woods, but he hated loneliness more than he hated roosters. So he did a sensible thing. He started a chicken farm and got used to it. He found that a little crowing was too much, and that a lot of it was just what he needed. You two have got to get used to each other. What you need is more crowing. We'll start in to-day to fall out of love with each other. We must be very cold and distant and haughty, and say every mean thing we can think of."

So it happened that Harry went on with Bim and Abe Lincoln to the little house in Hopedale. Jack Kelso sat reading in the shade of a tree by his doorstep.

"I hope you feel as good as you look," Abe called as they rode up.

"I've been feeling like a fly in a drum," Jack answered. "I've just heard a sermon by Peter Cartwright."

"What do you think of him?"

"He is saturated in the statistics of vice. His Satan is too busy; his hell is too big, too hot and too durable. He is a kind of human onion designed to make women weep."

Abe answered with a laugh:

"It is said that General Jackson went into his church one Sunday, and that a deacon notified Mr. Cartwright of the presence of the great man. They say that the stern preacher exclaimed in a clearly audible tone: 'General Jackson! What does God care for General Jackson? If he don't repent, God will damn him as quick as he would damn a Guinea nigger.'"

"He's just that thumping, downright kind of a man," Kelso remarked. "How are you getting on with the books?"

"I have 'Parsons on Contracts' strapped to the pommel," said Abe. "I did my stint coming over, but I had to walk and lead my pony."

"Every book you read gets a baptism of democracy," said Kelso. "An idle aristocracy of the shelves loafing in fine coats and immaculate linen is not for the wise man. Your book has to roll up its sleeves and go to work and know the touch of a sweaty hand. Swift used to say that some men treat books as they do lords—learn their titles and then brag of having been in their company. There are no lords and ladies among your books. They are just men and women made for human service."

"I don't read long at once," Abe remarked. "I scratch into a book, like a hen on a barn floor, until my crop is full, and then I digest what I have taken."

Harry and Bim had put out the horses. Now the girl came and sat on her father's knee. Harry sat down by the side of Abe on the grass in the oak's shadow.

"It's a joy to have the little girl back again," said Kelso, as he touched her hair with his hand. "It is still as yellow as a corn tassel. I wonder it isn't gray."

"Her eyes look as bright as ever to-day," said Harry.

"No compliments, please. I want you to be downright mean," Bim protested.

KELSO looked at him and said with a smile: "My boy, it was Leonardo da Vinci who said that a man could have neither a greater nor a less dominion than that over himself."

"Harry has grown very plain. What a cruel-looking villain he is, too," said Bim with a smile.

"It's a hard face!" Abe laughed.

Kelso caught the note of irony in the words of the others, and fell in with it by quoting: "God made him; therefore let him pass for a man."

"But enough of this twiddling and piping! I want you to tell them what you have learned of the great evil of slavery," Kelso urged his daughter. "It is most important that Abe should hear it."

Bim told of revolting scenes she had witnessed in St. Louis and New Orleans—of flogging and buying and selling and herding. It was a painful story, the like of which had been traveling over the prairies of Illinois for years. She had accepted them; many, among whom were the most judicious men, had thought they detected in them the note of gross exaggeration. Here at last was a witness whose word it was impossible for those who knew her to doubt. Abe put many questions, and looked very grave when the testimony was all in.

"If you have any doubt," said Bim, "I ask you to look at that mark on my arm. It was made by the whip of Mr. Eliphalet Biggs."

The young men looked with amazement

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In 1836 the middle frontier had entered upon a singular phase of its development. Emigrants from the East and South had been pouring into it.

at a scar some three or four inches long on her forearm.

"If he would do that to his wife, what treatment could you expect for his niggers?" Bim asked. "There are many Biggses in the South."

"I hear that in the next legislature an effort will be made to endorse slavery," said Kelso. "It would be like endorsing Nero and Caligula."

"It is a dangerous subject," Abe answered. "Whatever happens, I shall not fail to express my opinion of slavery if I go back."

"The time is coming when you will take the bull by the horns," said Kelso. "There is no fence that will keep him at home."

"I hope that isn't true," Abe answered.

Soon Mrs. Kelso called Bim to set the table. She and Harry brought it out under the tree, where in the cool shade they had a merry dinner.

When the dishes were put away, Percy Brimstead arrived, with his sister Annabel in their buggy. Bim went out to meet them, and came into the doorway with her arm around Annabel's waist.

"Did any one ever see a lovelier girl than this?" Bim asked as they stood up before the dinner party.

"Her cheeks are like wild roses, her eyes like the dew on them when the sun is rising," said Kelso.

"But look at her mouth and the teeth in it the next time she smiles," Bim went on.

"Aye, they are well wrought," her father answered.

"If you don't stop, I shall run," Annabel protested.

Abe rose and said: "The day is passing. I'll start on with 'Parsons' and the pony and read my stint afoot. You come along in a few minutes. By the time you overtake me I'll be ready to get into the saddle."

Half an hour or so after Abe had gone, Harry's horse, which had been whinnying for his mate, bounded out of the stable and went galloping down the road, having slipped his halter.

"He will not stop until he overtakes the other horse," said Harry.

"You can ride with us," Annabel suggested.

So the young man brought his saddle and bridle and put it under the seat of the buggy, and got in with Annabel and her small brother.

"Don't let us go too far," said Bim, as she stood by the side of the buggy. "You haven't offered to shake hands."

"It was a deliberate slight—just to please you," Harry answered as they shook hands.

"You are behaving terribly well," Bim exclaimed merrily. "Now Annabel, here is your chance to convert him."

She laughed and shook her hand as they rode away, went into the house, sat down, and for a time was like one whose heart is broken.

"Oh, the troubles of the young!" her mother exclaimed as she kissed her.

"They are ever the wonder of the old!" said Kelso, who stood near.

"I love him! I love him!" the girl moaned.

"I don't wonder," her father answered. "He is a big, brave, clean lad and handsome as a Greek god. He will love you all the better for your self-restraint. It makes me proud of you, my daughter—proud of you! Be of good cheer. The day of your emancipation may not be long delayed."

Some two miles down the road, Harry found Abe standing between the horses holding the runaway by his forelock. The latter was saddled and bridled while the buggy went on ahead.

"That is a wonderful girl," said Harry as he and Abe were riding alone together. "She is very modest and gentle-hearted."

"And as pleasant to look at as the flowers of the meadows," Abe answered.

"I have promised to stop there a few minutes on our way back."

"It is possible Bim could get a divorce," said Abe, looking down thoughtfully at the mane of his horse. "I'll ask Stuart what he thinks about it when I see him again."

"I hope you'll see him soon."

"As soon as I can get to Springfield."

They stopped at Brimstead's and he and Abe had a talk together while Harry went into the house.

"Say, there's a good many kinds o' trouble," said the former in a low tone. "But one o' the worst is skunks. Say, I'll tell ye there's a feller lives over in the woods a few mile from here that had a skunk in a pen. His name is Hinge. Somebody had been stealin' his grain, so one night he hitched that skunk right under the barn door. The thief came and the skunk punished him tolerable severe. The next day Free Collar—the famous constable—was comin' up the road from Sangamon County and met that man Biggs on a horse. Say——"

Brimstead looked about him and stepped close to Abe and added in a tone of extreme confidence: "Biggs had left a streak behind him a mile long. Its home was Biggs. It had settled down and gone into business on him, and was doin' well and gettin' a reputation. Collar coughed and backed away. For four days he had been chasin' that man to arrest him. He had been hid in the woods near Hinge's cabin an' had stole grain for his horses.

" 'Here I am,' said Biggs. 'You can have me. I'm lonesome.'

" 'You'll be lonesomer 'fore I go near ye,' said Collar.

" 'I thought you wanted to arrest me,' said Biggs.

" 'Say, man, I'd 'a' been glad to see you go to prison for a year or two, but now I'm plum' sorry for ye,' says Collar.

"They started in opposite directions. In half a minute the constable hollered to Biggs:

" 'Say, they've got a railroad train on a track over in Ohio, but they can't make it run. I wouldn't wonder if you could help 'em.' "

Brimstead added in a half whisper:

"Biggs went on, but the poor devil is livin' a God lonesome life. He can't sleep in a buildin', and his food'll have to be throwed to him. It's a new way to defeat justice."

Abe's laughter was like the neigh of a horse. It brought Harry out of the house. He mounted the pony, and as they rode away Abe told him of the fate of Biggs.

"I don't believe he'll take another Illinois girl away with him," Abe laughed.

"Talk about the chains of bondage! He's buried in 'em," Harry exclaimed.

In a moment he said: "That lovely girl gave me a necktie and a pair of gloves that she has knit with her own hands. I'll never forget the way she did it, and the look of her. It touched my heart.

"She's as innocent as a child," said Abe. "It's hard on a girl like that to have to live in this new country. Her father and mother have promised to let her come for a visit with Ann. I'll go up next Saturday and take her down to New Salem with me."

This kindly plan of Abe's—so full of pleasant possibilities—fell into hopeless ruin next day when a letter came from Dr. Allen telling him that Ann was far gone with a dangerous fever. Both Abe and Harry dropped their work and went home. Ann was too sick to see her lover.

The little village was very quiet those hot summer days. The sorrow of the pretty maiden had touched the hearts of the simple kindly folk who lived there.

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They would have helped her bear it—if that had been possible—as readily as they would have helped at a raising. For a year or more there had been a tender note in their voices when they spoke of Ann. They had learned with great gladness of her engagement to marry Abe. The whole community was as one family with its favorite daughter about to be crowned with good fortune greater than she knew. Now that she was stricken down their feeling was more than sympathy. The love of justice, the desire to see a great wrong righted in a measure, was in their hearts when they sought news of the little sufferer at the tavern.

There was no shouting in the street, no story-telling in the dooryards, no jesting in the stores and houses, no merry parties, gladdened by the notes of the violin, in the time of Ann's long illness.

Samson writes in his diary that Abe went about like a man in a dream, with no heart for work or study. He spent much time at the doctor's office, feeling for some straw of hope.

One day late in August as he stood talking with Samson Traylor in the street, Dr. Allen called him from his doorstep. Abe turned very pale as he obeyed the summons.

"I've just come from her bedside," said Dr. Allen. "She wants to see you. I've talked it over with her parents, and we've decided to let you and her have a little visit together. You must be prepared for a great change in Ann. There's not much left of the poor girl. A breath would blow her away. But she wants to see you. It may be better than medicine. Who knows?"

The two men went across to the tavern. Mrs. Rutledge and Abe tiptoed up the stairway. The latter entered the room of the sick girl. The woman closed the door. Ann Rutledge was alone with her lover. There were none who knew what happened in that solemn hour save the two—one of whom was on the edge of eternity and the other was never to speak of it. The only record of that hour is to be found in the face and spirit of a great man.

Years later Samson wrote in a letter: "I saw Abe when he came out of the tavern that day. He was not the Abe we had all known. He was different. There were new lines in his face. It was sorrowful. His steps were slow. He had passed out of his young manhood. When I spoke to him, he answered with that gentle dignity now so familiar to all who know him. From that hour he was Abraham Lincoln."

Ann passed away before the month ended, and became, like many of her kind, an imperishable memory. In her presence the spirit of the young man had received such a baptism that henceforward taking thought of her he was to love purity and all cleanness, and no Mary who came to his feet with tears and ointment was ever to be turned away.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Wherein young Mr. Lincoln safely Passes Two Great Danger-Points, and Turns into the Highway of his Young Manhood.

FOR days thereafter the people of New Salem were sorely troubled. Abe Lincoln, the ready helper in time of need, the wise counselor, the friend of all—"old and young, dogs and horses," as Samson was wont to say—the pride and hope of the little cabin village, was breaking down under his grief. He seemed to care no more for work or study or friendship. He wandered out in the woods and upon the prairies alone. Many feared that he would lose his reason.

There was a wise and merry-hearted man who lived a mile or so from the village. His name was Bowling Green.

Every one on Salem Hill and in the country round about it laid claim to the friendship of this remarkable man. In those days, when one of middle age had established himself in the affections of a community, its members had a way of adopting him. So Mr. Green had been adopted into many families from Beardstown to Springfield.

He was everybody's "Uncle Bowlin'." He had a most unusual circumference, and the strength to carry it. He was indeed a man of extended boundaries, embracing noble gifts, the best of which was good nature. His jests, his loud laughter and his quaking circumference were the three outstanding factors in his popularity.

The loss of any would have been a misfortune to himself and his neighbors. His ruddy cheeks, curling locks, kindly dark eyes and large head were details of large importance. Under all were a heart gifted with the love of men, a mind of unusual understanding, and a hand skilled in all the arts of the Kentucky pioneer.

He could grill a venison steak and roast a grouse and broil a chicken in a way which had filled the countryside with fond recollections of his hospitality; he could kindle a fire with a bowstring, a pine stick and some shavings; he could make anything from a splint broom to a rocking-horse with his jack-knife. Abe Lincoln was one of the many who knew and loved him.

On a warm, bright afternoon early in September, Bowlin' Green was going around the pasture to put his fence in repair, when he came upon young Mr. Lincoln. The latter sat in the shade of a tree on the hillside. He looked "terribly peakèd," as Uncle Bowlin' has said in a letter.

"Why, Abe, where have you been?" he asked. "The whole village is scared. Samson Traylor was here last night lookin' for ye."

"I'm like a deer that's been hurt," said the young man. "I took to the woods. Wanted to be alone. You see I had a lot of thinking to do—the kind of thinking that every man must do for himself. I've got the brush cleared away at last, so I can see through. I had made up my mind to go down to your house for the night, and was trying to decide whether I have energy enough to do it."

"Come on; it's only a short step," urged the big-hearted Bowlin'. "The wife and babies are over to Beardstown. We'll have the whole place to ourselves. The feather beds are ladder high. I've got a haunch of venison buried in the hide, and some prairie-chickens that I killed yesterday; besides, I'm lonesome."

"What I feel the need of, just now, is a week or two of sleep," said Mr. Lincoln, as he rose and started down the long hill with his friend.

Some time later Bowlin' Green gave Samson this brief account of what happened in and about the cabin.

"He wouldn't eat anything. He wanted to go down to the river for a dip, and I went with him. When we got back I induced him to take off his clothes and get into bed. He was fast asleep in ten minutes. When night came I went up the ladder to bed. He was still asleep when I came down in the morning. I went out and did my chores. Then I cut two venison steaks, each about the size of my hand, and a half moon of bacon. I pounded the venison to pulp, with a little salt and bacon mixed in. I put it on the broiler and over a bed o' hickory coals. I got the coffee into the pot and up next to the fire, and some potatoes in the ashes. I basted a bird with bacon strips, and put it into the roaster and set it back o' the broiling bed. Then I made some biscuits and put 'em into the oven. I tell you, in a little while the smell o' that fireplace would have woke the dead—honest! Abe began to stir. In a minute I heard him call:

" 'Say, Uncle Bowlin', I'm goin' to get up and eat you out o' house and home. I'm hungry, an' I feel like a new man. What time is it?'

" 'It'll be nine o'clock by the time you're washed and dressed,' I says.

" 'Well I declare!' says he. 'I've had about sixteen hours o' solid sleep. The world looks better to me this mornin'.'

"He hurried into his clothes and we sat down at the table with the steak and the chickens and some wild-grape jelly and baked potatoes with new butter and coffee and cream and hot biscuit and clover honey, and say, we both et till we was ashamed of it.

"At the table I told him a story, and got a little laugh out of him. He stayed with me three weeks, choring around the place and taking it easy. He read all the books I had, until you and Doc Allen came with the law books. Then he pitched into them. I think he has changed a good deal since Ann died. He talks a lot about God and the hereafter."

IN OCTOBER young Mr. Lincoln returned to his surveying, and in the last month of the year to Vandalia for an extra session of the legislature, where he took a stand against the convention system of nominating candidates for public office. Samson went to Vandalia for a visit with him, and to see the place before the session ended. The next year in a letter to his brother he says:

"Vandalia is a small, crude village. It has a strong flavor of whisky, profanity and tobacco. The night after I got there I went to a banquet with Abe Lincoln. Heard a lot about the damn-nigger-loving Yankees who were trying to ruin the state and country with abolition. There were some stories, like those we used to hear in the lumber camp, and no end of powerful talk in which the names of God and the Savior were roughly handled. A few of the statesmen got drunk, and after the dinner was over two of them jumped on the table and danced down the whole length of it, shattering plates and cups and saucers and glasses. Nobody seemed able to stop them. I hear that they had to pay several hundred dollars for the damage

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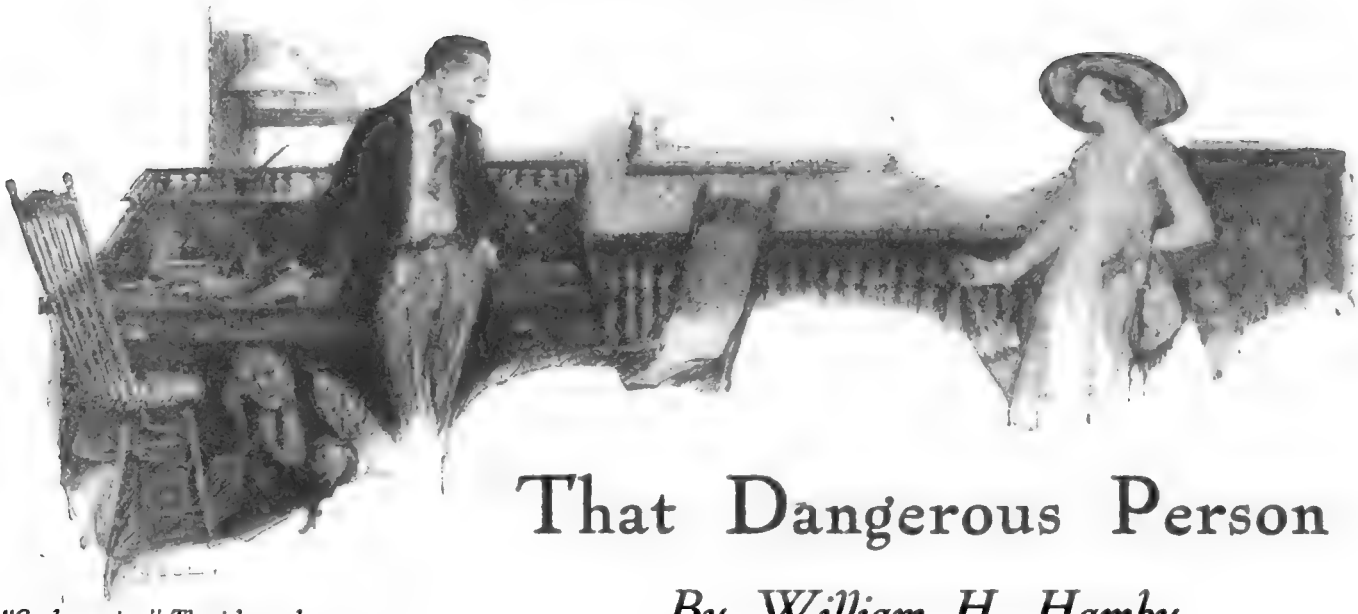

"Good morning." The girl gave the young man a June-day smile.

That Dangerous Person

By William H. Hamby

MARTIN CRANE laid down his pen and looked out of the court-house window. He could not go on with the tax-books while the three county judges sat there jawing over whether to repair the bridge across Tom Cat Creek in June or wait until after harvest.

The somnolent little county-seat sprawled woodenly around the four sides of the court-house square in a state of arrested development—arrested before most of it acquired paint. Fatty Hicks sat in front of the livery-stable and slapped flies; a belated drummer came out of Dick's place picking his teeth; and a farmer's wagon loaded with baled hay stood in front of the feed-store. That was all the life visible to Martin Crane, deputy county clerk, as he waited for the Tom Cat Creek bridge to be settled.

Then something flashed upon his attention as a meteor across a dark sky; his shoulders straightened, his blue eyes widened.

"Who is that?" he interrupted the Tom Cat discussion peremptorily. The three judges arose as one man and looked out of the window.

A young woman with a parasol and stockings of a sort never seen in Buckeye Bridge before was tripping lightly across the sacred grass toward the court-house entrance.

Two of the judges went and tarried not on the order of their going. One of them jumped from a side window and did a hurdle for the shelter of the hardware store across the street; the other clattered across the hall and lammed into the prosecuting attorney's office with the finesse and quiet of a troop of untrained cavalry. But Hi Hawkins, the presiding judge, looked too long, and was lost. Retreat being cut off, he dived under the long, old-fashioned board desk on which sprawled the county clerk's books. He was fairly well hidden, except his feet, which protruded near the legs of the stool on which the deputy clerk sat.

"Good morning," the girl had entered the court-room and approached the clerk's long desk with the same insouciance with which she had crossed the sacred court-house grass, and gave the young man a June-day smile.

"How do you do?" Martin got down from his stool and stepped on old Hiram's foot.

"Fine, thank you." She tilted her head a fraction and smiled with a sort of teasing friendliness. Her hair, her eyelashes and her lips were in keeping with the parasol and stockings—all very unusual for Buckeye Bridge. "Can you tell me where Judge Hawkins is?" she asked.

Crane felt a positive tapping on his ankle.

"He was here a while ago," answered Martin, looking around puzzled, "but he seems to have disappeared."

"I thought," the young woman wrinkled her pretty forehead, "that I saw several gentlemen in here. Where did they go? Was it a fire or a riot?"

Martin laughed. "They were running from you." A more vigorous kick on the ankle. "You see, twenty years ago this county issued a lot of bonds to hire a railroad to come into the county; but it never extended any farther than from the brains to the pocket of the promoter. Innocent purchasers bought the bonds and got judgment on them. But the county won't pay and for ten years our county judges have had to dodge process-servers from the Federal court or go to jail. The last time the court spent six months in our hog-thief's resort was due to an undue interest in an atlas being sold by a very attractive young woman. When she opened the second page, there, staring them in the face, was the order from the Federal court commanding them to pay to Elisha Strong two million seven hundred thousand and a few odd dollars.

"When they saw you"—a very violent kick on the ankle—Crane said "Ouch," and stepped to one side. "When they saw you," he continued, "they guessed you were another secret agent for the Federal court disguised as a butterfly."

The girl laughed. "Thank you, both for the information and the compliment. Does this Judge Hawkins live on the old Radcliff place?"

"Yes, the one with a brick house west of the road four miles north of here. You can't miss it." Another vicious kick which Crane side-stepped. "If you would like to hire a team to drive out there, I'll go with you to the livery-stable."

"Thank you, I would."

Martin Crane was a continual puzzle to Buckeye Bridge. Suspicion had long laid in wait for him, but he had never done anything upon which it could spring. He got a lot of queer mail that mystified the postmaster and his landlady who "ridded" up his room. But queer taste in reading is not exactly criminal even in Buckeye Bridge. Martin did not play poker or share the spoils of bootleggers; although his knowing grin often indicated that he understood the cabalistic jokes of those outlanders who kept the village pot of iniquity bubbling under back-door lids. Aside from a sense of humor that was not always clear to bystanders, the thing about Martin that kept the beady eyes of suspicion most alert was that he did not denounce anything. In the county-seat, reputations were largely made by snorts of disapproval. And Peter Crill, Martin's superior, often warned him with a shake of his political head: "Crane, you don't take a positive stand against any of the evils of the community." Crill was strong in denouncing the wickedness that was caught in the minority. Whereupon Martin would smilingly remark: "You do the positive standing, Peter, and I'll make the tax-books."

But as Crane crossed the court-house square that morning t Hicks's livery-stable with the young woman whose parasol and stockings had given the town a galvanic shock, suspicion got in its work. A telepathic "Ha, look at Crane!" swept from the ribald pool-hall at the southeast corner clear around the sleepy square to where Miss Izora Bartlett had paused at the corner to tell the Reverend Aaron Druke how willing she was to help out his church, how really anxious she was to lift up the fallen.

"You're a dub—dub fine deputy clerk," spluttered Judge Hawkins wrathfully when Crane returned from the livery-

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stable where he had put the feminine apparition into a buggy and headed her toward the old Radcliff place.

"Why, Judge," Martin's tone was innocently sober, "what seems to be the matter?"

"Matter? You sending that female out to my house—and wheat harvest coming on!"

"That *will* be awkward." Martin sat on the stool and opened the tax-book. "She is going to get board out at your house for the summer. Shall I tell the sheriff to fix up the cave on Tom Cat Creek for the county judges?"

Martin's grin ran into a chuckle as Hawkins stormed out of the room; then the chuckle slipped into a lilting tune whistled under his breath as he went on with his work.

The county clerk came in about a half-hour later shaking his head lugubriously. Crill was a very grammatical person; he was superintendent of the Buckeye Bridge schools for four years before he was elected county clerk. The pale hair on top of his head required careful distribution to obtain any effect, his eyes were small and matter of fact, and the skin on his cheeks was dry and red. All the lower part of his face seemed to concentrate on one continuous effort to keep under cover a too-full mouth of teeth. His lips were drawn tight to keep them closed, and as a further safeguard a disconsolate mustache was drooped over the mouth like the legs of a gray spider.

"I fear, Martin," he repeated that lugubrious shake of the head, "you have antagonized Judge Hawkins this time so that it will make your retention here difficult."

"Is that so?" Martin's tone was as matter of fact as his superior's. "Perhaps if I slip him some tobacco and pie while he is in jail he will relent."

Crill, rather as a matter of formality, came around the desk and took up a pen. He did little of the work.

"Mr. Bartlett wishes to see you," he remarked, working his lips over his teeth as he frowned into the ink-bottle.

"Good Lord!" Crane dropped his pen impatiently. "What does he want to see me for? I told the old skinflint I wouldn't have any more money before August."

But nevertheless he got off the stool, took his hat from a peg and went across the street toward the dingy one-story frame building in which Ezekiel Bartlett, the county's financial leech, did his book-keeping and blood-sucking.

II

LOLA SEBRIGHT, of the notable parasol and stockings, had the driver stop on the shoulder of the hill overlooking the valley of the red brick house.

"That is the Radcliff place?" The farm came to the foot of the hill and the house was on a high mound a quarter of a mile below.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the driver, "that's it. That's where Judge Hawkins lives—when he ain't in jail, ha, ha!"

"I'll get out here." She jumped lightly from the seat. "You need not wait—I'm not going back to-day."

She found a path that led through the woods down the side of the hill. As she picked her way lightly through the hazel and sumac and wild blackberry that crowded the path, she was sober enough to have satisfied even Peter Crill or Izora Bartlett that her head harbored nothing but righteous thoughts.

On a tall grassy mound above a spring she paused and looked around as though trying to locate something. A great oak-tree threw shade over the mound; a bob-white was calling in the wheat-field below; the rare, delicate, penetrating perfume of wild-grape blossoms filled the June air.

The girl threw down the offending parasol, dropped her hat on top of it, and turned to the right and walked as in a trance for twenty steps. She parted the grass and bushes. There it was, a pile of rock in a rectangular shape—the ruins of a child's playhouse.

She slipped down on the grass and sat there crying!

AN HOUR later, with the perky hat in place and the variegated parasol twirling daintily in her left hand, Lola Sebright knocked at the door of the farm-house. From the kitchen came the smell of canning gooseberries.

A tall thin woman with a sharp chin and accusing eyes came to the door, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Mrs. Hawkins?" The girl smiled with ineffable sweetness.

The tall woman, stunned for a moment into dumb silence by the audacity of those clothes, glared and waggled her sharp chin with a masticating movement. "I be," she replied at last.

"Well, Mrs. Hawkins," the girl's tone was most ingratiating and she looked very sober and a little tired, "I am a returned missionary—seeking a few weeks' rest. Your delightful place here," she glanced fondly over the green valley, "has captivated me completely. I would like to board with you a few weeks." The chin started to click again; but before it could shape a refusal the girl had slipped a bill from her bag and was handing it to the farmer woman.

"I'll pay you ten dollars a week. This is for the first week."

The chin came up less belligerently. The only money Mrs. Hawkins had ever had of her own was when she boarded the school-teacher for four dollars a week. Ten was a gift from heaven—or somewhere else.

"I'm purty busy, what with harvest coming on; but if you can put up with things as they be, I'll take you in."

At sundown Judge Hi Hawkins approached his farm with great caution. From the shelter of a wild-plum thicket on the spring branch he surveyed the premises—and even as he looked a young woman of slim figure, dressed in summer white, came out on the porch leading a hickory rocking-chair and settled herself to watch the twilight.

For the first time since he had joined the church Hi Hawkins swore a real, undisguised, unquoted, unquotable oath, and took swiftly to the tall timber back on the hills.

Martin Crane had entered Bartlett's ramshackle office with unhappy misgivings—and he was not disappointed. The moment old Zeke cleared his throat and reached into his baggy coat pocket for a cough-drop, Martin knew there was trouble ahead. Cough-drops were Bartlett's one extravagance. His conscience would not let him buy candy, so he disguised his extravagance into cough-drops, and always gave his throat a preliminary clearing to prove he needed one.

"I reckon you know the mortgage on that eighty acres you bought is due?"

"Yes." Martin was palpably agitated. "But I told you, Mr. Bartlett, when I was figuring on buying it, that I would have to carry the mortgage along and pay it in instalments, and you said that was all right."

Old Zeke cleared his throat and took another cough-drop.

"Y-a-s," dryly, "it is all right. Only I want it paid."

"But I am paying it—fifty dollars every month. I only get seventy-five."

"That ain't neither here nor there," said old Zeke. "When a thing's due, it's due, and I want it paid right on the dot." He turned his face to Crane and waggled his head decisively. "I believe in men livin' right up to their obligations. It's a bad influence to allow 'em to crawfish even one day."

"Oh, hell!" Martin could not help it. It was the first time any one in Buckeye Bridge had heard him swear. But he wanted to get up and kick the town leech out of the office. "Well, I haven't five hundred dollars." Crane arose. "Take the land and be damned."

The old man called after him, but Crane did not turn back. Instead of returning to the court-house, he took the road that led along the creek west of town and walked two or three miles in an angry blue flunk.

Then he threw himself down under a big elm-tree and stretched out on the grass. Three things had happened in one day—three things that cut sharply across the monotonous flow of the days in Buckeye Bridge and stirred far below the surface of Martin Crane's life: A young woman had come; his job had been threatened, and old Zeke was going to squeeze to death his one hope of getting his feet on the golden stairs.

But directly he had forgotten everything except that the young woman had come, and as his eyes watched above the slow rhythmic weaving of the leaves in the wind he began to smile the smile which made him the puzzle and suspicion of Buckeye Bridge.

III

MARTIN CRANE on his way back to town went by his eighty acres of land—a sort of unconscious ceremony of telling it good-by.

Martin had started life with the theory that there is something valuable in every community, and had set himself to find that thing around Buckeye Bridge. Early in his investigation he discovered that the Government at Washington usually knows much more about the possibilities in the land of any community than the inhabitants themselves do.

This discovery accounted for the queer mail that had puzzled the sharp-nosed, spectacled postmaster. For three years, ever since Martin had been deputy county clerk, he had been studying governmental agricultural reports, soil maps and surveys of this locality. And he had found something that offered vast possibilities.

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"You know," said Hawkins—they had sat down on a rock just below the spring—"I've found out what the girl boarder is doing out here."

He had to begin in a small way. The first thing was to get the land. He bought it from a speculator for sixteen hundred dollars; paid nine hundred—his entire savings—on it, and assumed a seven-hundred-dollar mortgage held by Zeke Bartlett. He had paid off two hundred of this when he got the notice that day from old Zeke that the mortgage was due and would be foreclosed.

The first house at the edge of town, just where Main Street became the bottom road and just outside the village limits, was Zeke Bartlett's. Izora was sitting on the porch as Martin came by about sundown.

Izora knew she was the daughter of the richest man in the county, and that her walk and talk were so far above reproach that she never had to ask her hired girl what the neighbors were saying. She never used slang, nor chewed gum, nor sat with her legs crossed, nor canned gooseberries on Sunday. She felt the same urge to collect tithes of moral admiration from the village that her father did to collect compound interest. She was the despair of Mrs. Grundy. When Buckeye Bridge gossips had the nightmare, it was not of the devil sitting on their chests, but of Izora at their bedside primly pouring tea between their locked jaws.

"Oh, Mr. Crane!" Izora's voice reached the road as Martin passed the gate.

The young man paused and lifted his hat. He was polite even when mad.

"Mr. Crane," she arose, handsome and almost statuesque, "come in, please. I wish to speak with you."

There were few things even in the category of crime that Martin would not have rather committed right then than "speak with" old Zeke Bartlett's daughter, but he went in.

She had brought out another chair and placed it at an angle of forty-five degrees six feet from her. He did not take it, but stood on the first step and waited for her to do her speaking.

"Mr. Crane," she had resumed her chair and carefully distributed her skirt to cover everything but the shoe-laces. "Mr. Crane," the tone was almost personal, "I've been interested in you. It seems to me you have some ability—and I have been wishing I could do something or say something that would give you an ambition."

"It isn't ambition that I need," responded Martin dryly, "it's cash."

"But, oh, Mr. Crane, money, after all, counts for so very little."

"I wish your dad thought that," he remarked.

"But I'm sure," she said with pious pensiveness, "Papa will tell you the same thing—money in itself does not bring happiness."

"Not when the other fellow has it," observed Martin, and turned away.

"Oh, Mr. Crane," she called after him—a tone a little more modulated than ever.

"Yes?" he half turned, impatient to get away.

"Who was—who was that—that person you were with this morning?"

"A lady," Martin replied crisply and went on to the gate.

IV

LOLA SEBRIGHT sat on the porch a long time after dusk had blurred out all colors and left only forms in the valley. It was a soft, warm June night and the girl listened to the night songs that broke the stillness in a sort of dreamy pensiveness.

There was one sound toward the barn, louder and more insistent than the rest, that hardly sounded like any other bird. Directly she heard Mrs. Hawkins slip out of the house—returning a half-hour later.

The next morning when the girl came back to the house after two hours in the clover field, she found her trunk had been ransacked.

That night Judge Hawkins came home to supper and was right jovial with the new boarder.

Two days later Miss Sebright drove to Buckeye Bridge and stopped first at

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Fifteen minutes later "that person, dressed 'fit to kill,'" came out of the hotel and also went to Bartlett's office.

the post-office. The letters she mailed had scarcely struck the bottom of the box before the sharp-nosed postmaster had them. One was addressed:

EMORY L. WALTON
Pres. The Continental Ry.
New York City
Personal

The postmaster immediately dived into the "S" box at the general-delivery window and before the girl had asked for her mail he had it sorted and noted three letters from the same address as that on Walton's envelop.

As he handed Lola Sebright's mail through the little window, he gave her a knowing look and questioned in a low, confidential tone:

"Private secretary, are you?"

"A what?" the girl's long lashes lifted, her lovely eyes opened in surprise.

The postmaster smiled in confidential knowingness. "That's all right. I don't mean to be meddlesome—but we know a thing or two out here, even if we are in the backwoods." And he rubbed his sharp nose with shrewd satisfaction as the girl left the office with her letters.

He was a politician, and business and politics were closely enough related for him to know the big-leaguers in both games.

He knew, for instance, that Emory L. Walton was one of the newest of the big railroad-builders and promised to be a rival of Hill and Harriman. He was much interested in Western lines.

The postmaster had made a discovery—a big discovery. In due time it should be shared with the three men who most effectively had stood by the party in seeing the right man was made postmaster—these three were the presiding judge, Hi Hawkins, the county clerk, Peter Crill—and Ezekiel Bartlett.

As the girl emerged from the post-office, there were others who watched her quite as knowingly, but without attaching any such deep significance to her presence in Buckeye Bridge. Actually within thirty minutes of her arrival the entire village knew "that girl" was in town. There was not a thing about the girl, her clothes or her manner, at which any one could cavil—except that she looked very lovely, her clothes were very pretty, and she walked as though her feet kept time to some lilting tune from the June sky. And yet in crossing the street from the post-office to the court-house yard she aroused more venom than would an anarchist with a bomb.

There was one pair of eyes that saw and simply rejoiced. Martin Crane had been feeling so good all morning anyway that he could hardly keep to the tax-books. Old Zeke had sent him word that morning that the mortgage could run on. Peter Crill, who had been over the night before to see Miss Izora, had brought the good news.

"I think," remarked Crill, "Mr. Bartlett's leniency in the matter was brought about by the influence of Miss Bartlett. You are very fortunate to have the goodwill of so estimable a young lady. I hope your conduct may never forfeit that goodwill."

Crill and Miss Izora were to be married. They had been engaged four years; but neither of them believed in being unduly hasty in such matters. Martin had merely bent lower over his work, grinned and began whistling under his breath "Let's go a ridin', a ridin', a ridin' over the hill."

As Crane saw that vision half tripping, half floating across the perfect grass under the great elm-trees around the court-house, his eyes crinkled with delight, and he dropped his pen and did not stop to pick it up when it rolled to the floor.

The girl, noticing not at all the ubiquitous "Keep off the grass". "$5.00 fine for walking on the grass," signs, slipped down in the shade of a splendid old elm, crossed her legs Turkwise and dropped the little pile of letters at her side.

"Good morning," Martin approached just as she finished her last letter and dropped down on the grass near.

"Why, how do you do?" She smiled and playfully reached over the tips of her fingers for him to shake. In spite of the laughter that ran like fleet merry clouds across her eyes, there was a sober blue in their depths—even a hint of hurt wonderment.

"How do you happen to be in this town?" she shrugged a pretty shoulder questioningly. "Did you walk in your sleep and fall out of heaven—or maybe the other place—and light here where no one ever wakes up?"

That pleased him and he smiled. "You are not having a good time in the country?"

"Yes," she nodded and puckered her forehead as though trying to decide whether it was the truth or not. "I guess," she made a little dubious grimace, "I'm about like Jack, a Western miner who came to New York to see his financial backer. The New Yorker took him to a real society affair one night, and after it was over wanted to get Jack's impression. 'Did you have a good time?' 'Yes,' Jack replied, 'I had a good time.' He thought a bit and repeated: 'Yes, I had a good time. Yes, but not a hell of a good time.'"

They visited for an hour, and not until he walked across the street with her to put her in her buggy did he become conscious of the ribald grins and leers toward them from the lazy loafers about the square. Even she seemed to sense it.

"The country," she remarked a bit wistfully, "is not quite what I had hoped. The country is lovely, but the people——"

He felt a rage that made him want to take a club and go around the square knocking heads right and left.

"The people here," he remarked, "can not be judged—as they judge—by looks, else they were damned already."

V

LOLA SEBRIGHT was in the shade of the big oak-tree above the spring. Incongruous as it might seem, so pretty a head harbored a problem, and she had battled with it until, utterly confused and tired, she stretched full length on the grass and lay watching the leaves overhead.

Voices were approaching the spring from the field across the road, but she did not stir. It was Hi Hawkins and his nearest neighbor, who had come over to arrange about the exchange of help for harvest.

"You know," said Hawkins—they had sat down on a rock just below the spring—"I've found out what the girl boarder is doing out here."

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"Is that so?" The neighbor's tone implied the subject was a matter of eager curiosity.

"This is plumb confidential," said the judge, "and I don't want you to let it go no further. She's the private secretary of one of the biggest railroad men in America. And she's out here spyin' out a right-of-way for a branch line from Beldon to Crockerville."

"You don't say," the neighbor gulped with the magnitude of the good news. "And we're goin' to have a railroad."

"Yep," replied the judge. "And it will pass right through your place and mine. I got it figured out it will come in about two miles west of Buckeye Bridge—right up that valley that runs north from the creek. If it does, it'll make a new town down there that will put Buckeye Bridge off the map."

"You don't say," repeated the neighbor, still stunned.

"Yep—I got it straight," declared Hawkins. "And that's why she's snoopin' around in the woods and across the fields so much."

The girl sat up after the farmers were gone, with lifted brows and a comical pucker to her mouth—and then in a moment she began laughing, and laughed until she had utterly forgotten the problems that gave her the headache.

Next morning she asked Mrs. Hawkins to prepare her a lunch; she took a pair of opera-glasses from her trunk, measuring-line, a notebook, and borrowed a hatchet from the judge. With this equipment she marched off down the valley with a very business-like stride. She wore high walking-boots, an outing skirt, and a wide-brimmed sun hat.

Quite well aware that she was being followed, several times she stopped in the woods, sighted her glasses, measured from a fence corner to a rock, and made notes in her book. Again she cut little cabalistic notches in trees, sighted to other trees and made other notches.

At four o'clock she came out at the lower end of the narrow valley which opened upon the creek west of Buckeye Bridge. She knew she had been trailed all the way by none other than the presiding judge.

At the mouth of the valley she proceeded to sight and measure—as though laying out an imaginary little city.

Directly she heard the rattle of a stone on the hillside and caught sight of Hawkins disappearing over the crest of the ridge in the direction of Buckeye Bridge. Then she took her hat off and sauntered across the little creek bottom, swinging her hat in her hands, laughing like a prankish boy.

"Hello," she jumped as a man rose up from the grass beside the creek.

"Hello yourself," grinned Martin Crane.

The girl dropped down on the grass near him and leaned against a tree.

"I've been having a lot of fun." She laughed until tears came through her twinkling eyelashes. "I'll tell you about it some time—but not now."

"I haven't," he replied soberly. "I have been figuring on how to make a rainbow turn into a pot of gold."

"And I," she came back with a sudden sweep of tragedy across her eyes, "have been trying to figure how to make a pot of gold turn into a rainbow."

It was sundown when she jumped up and exclaimed: "Goodness gracious, gracious goodness, goodness me! I had forgotten that I am miles and miles from the red brick house."

"It is only two miles to town," he offered. "We will return that way, and I will get a team and drive with you out to the Judge's."

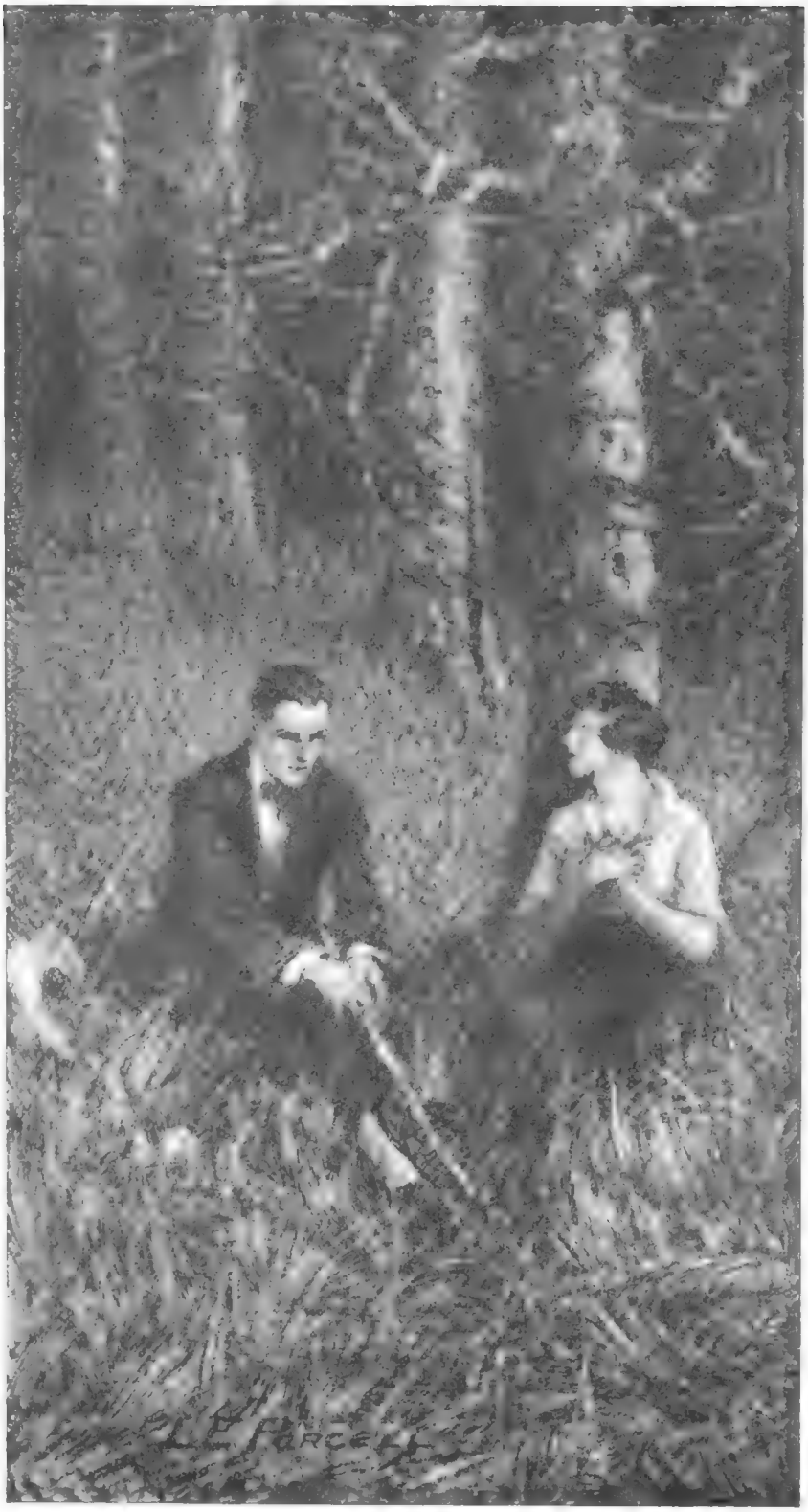
The dew began to gather on the grass beside the road, the stars were out, the first cool breath of night whispered in the mysterious shadows of the woods.

"It is lovely now," she said softly. "The twilight is a magic curtain that hides the ugliness and lets our fancy start all sorts of gorgeous pageants and joyous revelry beyond its soft folds."

"You like the country better?" His nightly fear had been that to-morrow she would tire of it and go back.

"It is not lonesome to-night."

Their mood had changed as they reached town and they were jesting and laughing. At Zeke Bartlett's place Martin saw the white piqué figure of the statuesque Miss Izora discreetly rocking on the porch. And just as they passed the gate some remark of his sent Miss Sebright off into spontaneous peals of mirth. Martin saw the figure on the



The girl dropped down on the grass near him and leaned against a tree.

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porch discreetly rise and walk into the house.

"I've had a good time to-day," Martin announced, lifting Lola Sebright from the buggy at Judge Hawkins's gate.

"Thanks." She laughed and patted, the hand on her arm ever so lightly. "I like your big elm-tree and the creek. Let's have a picnic there real soon. You build the fire and I will cook the supper."

A picnic on the bank of the creek with Lola Sebright! The anticipation of that was in his face and in his mind and in his musical whistle as he bent over his writing in the county clerk's office next morning.

He did not notice what he was whistling, perhaps did not know, but Izora Bartlett, pausing in the open door of the office, did, knew from a record on the phonograph. It was the barcarole, "O, Lovely Night, O, Night of Love!"

When Martin perceived his visitor, her face wore a mingled look of pious despair and heroic tolerance of evil. She had forced herself to this painful, almost contaminating effort to save this young man from degradation, and he was whistling about it!

"Mr. Crane," she had approached with rescuing impulsiveness within six feet of him, and her lips shut as though on an imaginary knife blade, "I want you to promise me to come to my Young People's Band Saturday evening."

"Why?" he had lifted his head but still held his pen in position to write.

She was a little taken back by the question and hesitated a moment.

"One's life is so much influenced by the company one keeps. One should seek ennobling companions—and avoid evil associates."

"Then if I should come," Martin grinned, "I fear the rest would have to drop out. Better keep them."

His eyes went back to the tax-books and he added a figure to the last number.

A wave of resentment swept Miss Bartlett. She was not only in the right, but she was the daughter of the richest man in the county, and her moral condescension should not be thus lightly ignored.

"I think if I were you," she said with acidulous precision, "I would consult with Mr. Crill. His judgment, I am sure, will have weight with you, even if mine has not. He will tell you how very serious it is for a young man to endanger his reputation."

ABOUT sundown nine days later Izora Bartlett again heard laughter, and looking out through the open window saw Martin Crane and "that dangerous person" going down the road—and he carried something that looked like a fat lunch-box.

An hour afterward Miss Bartlett went to the kitchen and put some plums and peaches and a piece of left-over cold meat in a basket. She had recalled with a twinge of self-accusation that she had neglected of late poor Sally Walton. It was quite dark now, but she was not much afraid, and an errand of mercy like this must not be put off.

Sally Walton lived two miles and a half down the valley. It was nine o'clock when Miss Izora, passing down the road, heard voices near the creek. There was a path that led around that way; and really this path was the shortest cut to Sally Walton's. Miss Izora was not much frightened, although she felt it prudent to walk very lightly so as not to attract the attention of those voices; and when quite accidentally she came in sight of them, she stopped beside a tree to decide whether to go on or turn back.

VI

THERE is magic in food. The nomad on the desert is right when he counts the broken bread a stronger bond than the plighted word. And when two people eat together alone there is something in it akin to the feeling that has prompted mankind in a thousand places and ways to make of food an offering to the gods.

Martin Crane built a light fire of dry sticks over which they boiled coffee and broiled strips of bacon. It was merry, bantering work, and once when he stooped her hair brushed the side of his face.

When the moon came up, he put out the fire and spread his coat on the grass, and they sat side by side.

Food and moonlight and the soft warm night and the touch of her fragrant hair upon his face! No wonder Martin, whose thoughts, as his smile, had been much to himself, found it easy to talk to her—and worth while, for she caught fine shades and understood values.

He told her his story all the way—as he never had to any one else—ending with his big discovery.

"For years I have been searching these hills for something valuable—and I have found it." There was the light of intelligent purpose in his face.

"One of the great future needs of America will be fertilizer. Even now we spend nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars a year for it. Shortly we will spend much more.

"Of the great fertilizers—nitrates, potash and phosphorus, America leads the world in phosphorus.

"Under the bed of that little stream yonder and running back into the hill, I have discovered the richest deposit of white rock phosphorus ever found in America. It carries a percentage of phosphorus the equivalent of eighty-five to ninety per cent. tricalcium phosphate."

"Which makes it worth a thousand dollars a ton?" she asked quizzically.

"Hardly," he laughed. "But it makes it worth eight to ten dollars a ton—and I believe there are a million tons around here. It won't cost more than three dollars a ton to mine it—and I'm nearer the future great markets of Oklahoma, north Texas, Kansas and Missouri than any other mine. There is a fortune in it, even after a branch railroad is built and freight paid. But I have had to begin at bed rock literally and figuratively. I have the eighty acres covering the richest of the deposits almost paid for."

As she listened, coloring his story here with a sympathetic laugh and there by a breathless waiting, she was fingering a rather fat letter which she had forgotten to mail as they came through town. When he finished she laid her hand on his arm, a soft hand that had firmness and strength back of it.

"What a lonely boy you were!" Her voice had a hint of tears in it. "What a fascinating, human boy you were! But I love more

His eyes looked hungrily into her face—and he waited for her to say more.

Instead she took up the fat unmailed letter she had been fingering in her lap, looked at it a moment, and slowly tore it across the middle. She tore it again and again, slowly, methodically, and scattered the bits on the grass.

Then some whim seized her. She jumped up and threw out her arms and stood looking up at the moon. It was a wonderful pose, but unconscious. She lifted her arms and let them fall slowly like wings.

"I feel gay to-night. Shall I dance for you? I'll dance to you and the man in the moon—and he is so far off you won't be jealous, will you?"

She began, light and fantastic at first, a quick run here, a pause, a turn, an uplifted face, outflung arms, a dance to the far-off man in the moon—the elusive, mocking dance of one too remote for fear or passion or love.

Then she danced to the night—the night of soft shimmering paleness, the night of soothing shadows; and then she danced to him—a dance filled with color and gaiety and gorgeous happiness.

When she stopped and threw herself almost exhausted beside him again, his heart was pounding as though trying to hammer its way through his side.

THE next afternoon Peter Crill came into the office just before closing-time. Martin had been so happy all day he had been almost in a state of trance.

"Crill," he said, turning to his superior with an irrepressible grin, "have you ever known the joy of splitting an infinitive or saying 'By gosh'?"

Crill held his lips desperately shut and worked the tight skin over the mouthful of teeth like rubbing a flannel shirt over a washboard. His small, solemn, avaricious eyes indicated that this was a poor time for jest.

"Martin," he had the paternal tone of chastisement, "I'm very sorry that things have happened as they have."

"Just how have they happened, Peter?" Only on rare irreverent occasions did Crane call him Peter.

Crill stood solemnly working his lips over the prominent teeth, opening them enough to bite a wisp of the drooping mustache, and shook his head dismally.

"You have done your work well."

"Also yours." Martin was still grinning.

"But," Crill went on painfully, "a public official simply can not afford to have in his company a man of bad reputation——"

"If he did, old man Bartlett would not buy his reelection for him." Martin was still in a jesting mood, thinking this was some belated effort of Crill's to joke.

"I hate to discharge you," Crill looked very grieved. "It is a stain on a young man's reputation to be discharged. But I'll have to do it. You can quit to-night, and I want to advise you as a friend, Martin, to go at once clear away from here and start life over again. You might live it down, but—" another dubious shake of the head.

"Live what down? Say, what are you talking about?"

"I should think it would not be necessary

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"Look here," he gave the gulping, frightened Crill a terrific shake, "if you or any other hypocritical piet says one word against that girl, I'll choke you until you smell the devil's tongs."

to explain after that disgraceful affair last night with that person."

Martin Crane was from behind the desk with the swiftness of instinct and gripped his superior by the throat.

"Look here," he gave the gulping, frightened Crill a terrific shake, "if you or any other hypocritical piet or indecent loafer in this town says one word against that girl, I'll choke you until you smell the devil's tongs."

FRIDAY afternoon Martin was in the office of the Buckeye Bridge *Sentinel*, the county's chief newspaper, to apply for a job. While waiting for the editor to return from the post-office he began looking over some of the exchanges on the editor's desk. One attracted his attention by its very insignificance—it was a four-page, five-column sheet published at Hickory Grove, a small village in the extreme corner of the county, thirty miles from Buckeye Bridge.

In looking it over, Martin, for some unexplained reason, got interested in a column of legal notices printed in small type on the inside page and began to read the one at the bottom of the column. He glanced at the signature—and the blood was burning in his face, and his fingers clenched until they wadded the little paper into a ball.

It was an order of publication announcing that Martin Crane's eighty acres of land was to be sold at public auction from the court-house steps at 10 A.M., September 3, to satisfy an unpaid deed of trust for five hundred dollars held by Ezekiel Bartlett.

"That is why Crill fired me and tried to persuade me to leave the county," Martin said fiercely. "They have discovered my secret—and want that ledge of phosphorus."

The law simply required that under a deed of trust past due the land might be sold after giving notice in any weekly paper in the county for four consecutive issues. Bartlett and Crill had put the notice in this obscure paper, trusting that no one would notice it—and then they could sell the land and bid it in without even Crane knowing until it was all over.

The notice had been published three times already—and next Wednesday would be the fourth. The sale was set for Thursday.

Martin got up and left the office and went down the valley road walking fast, scarcely knowing where he was going or

VII

LOLA SEBRIGHT had come to town evidently to stay, for she was followed into the New Palace Hotel by two draymen carrying a heavy trunk.

Izora Bartlett, who was down-town to buy some silk for a banner for her Uplift Band, saw the arrival and was filled with indignation. Wasn't it enough that "that person" had caused the downfall of Martin Crane—and now she was brazenly invading Buckeye Bridge's very center. Izora would see the Reverend Druke about it. Perhaps, though, she had better see her father first. He had a mortgage on the New Palace and his word was law—where mortgages were due.

Old Zeke did not rise when his daughter entered; he did not take his feet off the adjacent chair nor his hat off his head.

"Collections are bad and I can't spare any more money right now," he began before Izora had spoken.

"It is not that, father"—she always addressed him respectfully as became a good daughter—"I wanted to speak to you about—about that person—the girl who was staying at Judge Hawkins's."

Well? the small weasel eyes were

(Continued on page 110)

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High Company

Soldier Hospital Sketches

By Harry Lee, of the American Red Cross

The author of "High Company" has for a long period served our boys (of whom his son is one) in hospitals over there and here. In their simplicity and beauty his words give us the very heart of the hospital soldiers.—THE EDITORS.

Winged Heels

Where ought youth to be,
At high winter,
When the trees are crackling
Under flashing crystal,
When the sky is blue and bright,
When the lake is a sheet of polished steel,
Where should youth be then?

At the Soldiers' Hospital
The word passed,
As though Mercury himself were the messenger:
"The lake is frozen—
There'll be skating to-day!"
To the boys from the South
It meant a new experience;
To the others it recalled
Days of peace,
Before they had known the Valley of Shadows.
Now they were back in the good land,
In "good old U. S. A."
Youth was still theirs,
The winter sun kindling the icy trees,
And the lake frozen.

So when the passes came due,
After mess,
All the lads that could call
Two good legs their own,
And hearts that would stand it,
And throats and what not,
Joined the gala company
Which thronged the village streets:
Boys and girls,
Youths and maidens,
The young-hearted of greater years,
A glorious cavalcade.

Surely the lake had forgotten
Its October shadows,
The dripping oars,
The swan,
The summer birds.
Mailed,
Glittering,
It lay between the pines,
And the shivering oaks,
And the thorn-trees,
Abandoned to the will of the revelers:
Gliding,
Whirling,
Waltzing,
The keen blades ringing,
Cutting frosty-edged figures
On its hard, glassy breast,
A riot of sound and color.

Floating scarves of red and yellow,
Of blue and green,
Gorgeous caps and sweaters,
Flushed cheeks,
Shouting and laughter.

Suddenly
A wild jumble of arms and legs:
"Who is down?
Did he see stars—"
Up and at it again,
Away, away!
With the wind and the sun.

Now Louie Levasseur from northern Maine

"Let's go back to the hospital. It's cold—standin'."

Can not claim two good legs
Since Château-Thierry,
Neither can Tom Oleson from Minnesota,
But being "Buddies,"
And hearing the news,
They had come
To the lake
On their crutches
To—watch the others.

Louie said:
"If I go out, I show them how!
I win the prize last year
In my home town."
Tom laughed:
"Pretty lot you'd show 'em now.
The ice ain't no place for old cripples
Like me and you."
"Old—me—nineteen!
'Cause I got a year on you,
You call me old—eh?"

A girl in a red cap and sweater
Skimmed by with a soldier.
As they passed the girl glanced up
Toward the bank where the two,
Crumpled down on their crutches,
Stood forlornly.
"Bet she takes us for a couple o' scarecrows,"
Said Louie,
"Scarecrows in the wind—"

"Let's go back to the hospital,"
Tom answered weakly,
"It's cold—standin'."

Ninette and Rintintin

MacFarland of the Sixth Marines
Lay motionless,
Hectic,
In the small, weather-boarded room,
Partitioned from the glassed-in porch,
Where the convalescents were.

Through the dark fringe of half-closed lids
He glimpsed dimly,
Swung from the frame of the open window,
The blowing figures of the woolen dolls
Which his pal had sent,
"To bring him luck."
Ninette, all pink, with stormy yellow hair;
Rintintin, blue, clumsy,
With black yarn cuffs and anklets,
And black bead eyes.
In and out they swung in the April wind,
In and out,
In and out.

The doctor was standing by the bed;
"To-night will be the crisis,"
MacFarland heard him say
To Miss Glorieux, the nurse.
The words were very faint:
"To-night will be the—
To-night will be—
To-night—"

The doctor and the nurse were growing dimmer,
Dwindling—how small they were
Now, only as high as the bed.
"Miss Glorieux," he called.
From somewhere out in the night
The answer seemed to come:

"Yes, MacFarland, I hear you,
But I can't come, I—"
The walls too were sinking,
Down, down—silently.
Now the stars were looking in,
The pines were bending and blowing
All about.
The white sheets were turning green
Like moss.
What was the sweet smell?
Flowers—
He was lying among flowers,
All the forest things he loved,
Violets,
Anemones,
Trailing arbutus.

Then, down the air from the windy pines,
Two figures came clumping
In wooden shoes.
No stairs,
And yet there was the click, click, click
Of small sabots.
A tiny man in blue,
A tiny lady in pink,
Laughing, chattering,
Came tripping down the unseen stairs
To the green bank where he lay
Among the blossoms.

The little man seemed strangely like the doctor,
Yet was not.
To the wee woman, MacFarland spoke
With much assurance:
"You are my good Nurse Glorieux!"

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At this both small folks laughed uproariously,
And the lady kissed him
On both cheeks.
"He doesn't know us!"
She cried incredulously,
Shaking her yellow hair about her face.

"He will," snapped the little man,
"He will soon, if he doesn't now!"
And grasping the hands of the lady,
He began to whirl with her
At maddening speed.

Suddenly two black cords dropped,
At which both caught and clung.
Wriggling upward, they shouted back:
"Good luck—good luck!
We came to bring you luck!"

MacFarland of the Sixth Marines.

"Stay—stay!" MacFarland called.
Miss Glorieux was at his side.
"You were dreaming, child," she said.
Then all was still again.

When at last he awoke,
It was early morning.
Such a fragrant, earthy morning.
Robins were chirping outside.
Beyond the weather-boarded room,
Somewhere along the glassed porch,
Some one was whistling
Lightly,
Tenderly,
The Spring Song.

"Good morning, soldier!"
The nurse was smiling down at him,
"You have won the battle,
The danger is past,
That last prescription did the work."

MacFarland ran his long fingers
Through his tousled hair,
Lifted his eyes gratefully,
And smiled:
"It wasn't the prescription,
Miss Glorieux."

He glanced toward the window,
Where Ninette and Rintintin
Swung gaily in the wind.
"It was you—
You—that brought the luck!"

Buddies

It was old man Gailey,
Whose blessed mission it is
To teach the playing of ukuleles
And guitars and such
At the hospital,
Who dubbed the two boys
"David and Jonathan."

They had been transferred together
From hospital to hospital "over there,"
Had come back to the U. S. A. on the same transport,
On the same train from Newport News;
And into our great pine-shadowed home
Dow was carried on a stretcher,
Lannigan trudging after,
Weighed down with numerous bags,
Flowered and otherwise,
Which held the small possessions
Of both.

They reached the hospital
Just before the mess,
When the great lobby is filled with a host,
High-hearted,
Hungry,
Waiting for the call of the bugle.
A silent
Gently curious host,
As the clanging ambulance
Brought the wan company of their fellows
Who, like themselves, had known human deeps,
Back to the homeland,
But yet so far from home.

The three rather dim rooms of Ward D
Open on the half round sun-parlor,
Where portly guests used to disport themselves
Before the hotel became a hospital.
There are two long rows of beds out there:
The rear ones iron four-posters,
With slings and pulleys and weights
For splinted arms and legs.
By the windows there are small looms,
And little ladies
(Called affectionately by the boys,
On account of their gentleness
And their azure dress,
"The blue devils.")
Teach weaving
And the making of many unknown things.
Glittering necklaces of beads
Grow under those big, patient fingers.
Old canteens are etched with designs
That have a wonderful frosty-silver look.
Colored threads become
Fringy mats,
To send, half apologetically,
To some one you love—back home.

There are round tables there,
Where the knights may amuse themselves
With cards and what-nots.
There is a canary called "Mickey,"
Tended unfailingly by Private Kahl,
One of the first twelve Americans
Wounded in the war.
In a pebbly-bottomed, green-watered aquarium,
Golden namesakes of Charlie Chaplin,
Annette Kellerman and Jonah,
Flirt their filmy tails,
As with cold, wide eyes
And gaping jaws
They ceaselessly circumnavigate
Their mimic world.

And folks—
What agreeable folks are there!
There is the ward-man, Slim,
Gangling, slow-witted, gentle old Slim,
From the Tennessee mountains.
He "never did get across;
Reckon't wa'n't to be that way—"
It's: "Hey, Slim, get me a pack o' Camels!"
"Is the evening paper in yet, Slim?"
"Ho, Slim, help me turn over!"
"Loosen that clamp on my leg, will you, Slim?"
From morning till night it is so,
And that the boys like him is pay enough.
"Good old scout—Slim," they say.
"You got to hand it to 'im—
Nothin' on his *shoulders*, but——"
And those sisters of mercy, the nurses,
Whose spirits seem to soar
On unweariable wings.
And the sure, bluff, kindly surgeon,
With his sly, dry jokes—
He has a little family in the village.
The boys who are able to go down-town
Tell of "seein' Cap" with his wife
And his three little rosy boys
Out for a walk under the trees.
The soldiers in "Cap's ward"
Sort of feel that they own him,
Family and all.
And "Cap" was once heard to say,
Though he is chary of words,
"The longer I'm with the overseas boys
The more wonderful they seem,
And the more I love them—"
And at the least he has fifty of them.
Fifty jesting, singing, rollicking lads,
Fifty laughers at suffering,
(Except the suffering of others)
Lads from your town and my town,
And everybody's town—
So Ward D of the three dim rooms
And the wide porch
Is anything but a somber place.

And into Ward D Dow was carried
And laid on his bed,
As smiling as a boy just out of school,
In spite of the twisted indrawn hands and feet.
And Lannigan—
"The luck's still with us," says Dow,
Lannigan in the bed beside him.

Old man Gailey came straggling through
From giving a lesson on the mandolin
To some one on the porch,
And hailed the two blithely,
As is his way.
Lannigan, having just doubled the pillow
To the right height
Under his pal's head,
And pushed a cigaret between the willing lips,
Was touching a lighted match to it.
"Pretty soft—eh?" he grinned,
Turning to old man Gailey,
"Just lays there, darned old goldbricker;
Lets me wait on him.
I got his number though,
He can't put it over on me much longer!"
Then some one called Lannigan,
And old man Gailey was left alone
With Private Dow.

Across the ward the surgeon was dressing a wound,
The soldier bearing the pain
In stoical grim-lipped silence.

"Great—ain't it?" Dow said, smiling,
"The way they take things?"
"Yes," said the old man,
"It's great the way they *take* things.
Great lads *they* are!"
"Oh, but I wasn't always happy like—like I am.
When this first came on me
And I see my arms and legs
Like old twisted roots of a tree,
D'ye know I began to yell—yes sir,
Just yelled, yelled, yelled—
Day and night for three weeks 'most.
I knew what I was doin'—I wasn't nutty;
But one day I hears the doctors talkin'.
One of 'em says: 'Dow'd better be dead.
We'll have to transfer him
To the psycho'—whatever it is—
You know!—the nut ward.
And I says to myself—'Go to it!'
I didn't give a damn.
Just then they fetched a guy in,
Like him across there now—

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Goin' through hell he was,
Bein' dressed—not a yelp out of 'im,
An' blind, too, at that.
An' by God—I seen my luck then,
And I cut the loud stuff,
Ain't done it since.
Got to grit me teeth now and then,
But I'm comin' around—
Got the best old buddy livin',
Good place to stay—plenty to smoke.
I sure am a lucky dog; why——"

Just then Lannigan came back,
Carrying with the mock solemnity
Of a high-class waiter,
The little four-legged tray
With Dow's mess.
"Still four-flushin'—eh?
You want to watch this guy, sir,
He's got a good line,
But keep your lamps lit.
Ye see, I'm wise to him—
Can't bunk with a feller
As long as I have with him,
Without gettin' his number——"

All the while cutting the meat,
Mashing the soggy potato,
Stirring the coffee,
Feeding him as a mother-robin her young.
"He'd even like me to chew it for 'im;
Blame old slacker—just wait!
My innings is comin'."

Old man Gailey laughed
Till his face was perilously red.
He laughed till he almost—
But he wouldn't do that, of course.
But he did say:
"I see I've got to rename the two of you.
What d'ye s'pose the name'll be?
You—you'll be David; you—Jonathan.
David and Jonathan—"
And old man Gailey waddled off,
Strumming a gay little tune on his ukulele
As he went.

Strange, terrible things of iron
Were fastened to Dow's hands and to his feet,
To force them straight.
Things which forbade sleep,
And made him think often of the three weeks
When he "yelled and yelled"—
But he only gritted his teeth,
And smiled and smoked,
And watched the other fellows,
Those funny, rowdy other fellows,
And waited—

Till by and by the clamps began to help.
He could sit in a chair among pillows.
Lannigan wheeled him out,
First to the lobby,
Then to the lawn,
Then to the pine-grove—the village,
And to the lake beyond the town,
Where Lannigan, with his cheery loud words,
The ready laugh, the twinkling eyes,
The rakish devil-may-care of him,
And Dow with his pathetic bravery
And his silent adoration of his friend,
Became great favorites
With the winter people
And the villagers too.
And Lannigan's songs,
The wild heel-and-toe-and-away-we-go
Of his jigging, clogging,
Made many a wise old one say:
"Much need you have of the hospital,
A young husky like you!"

Even old man Gailey laughed
When one day Lannigan said,
"About day after to-morrow I get mine!"
"Go tell that to the—" Gailey began.
"No kiddin'. I get mine next.
We got old Dow so's he can stump around a bit,

He could sit in a chair among pillows. Lannigan wheeled him out.

Can't work his shell game no more—
Yeah, they got to cut out a forget-me-not
Jerry lodged in me left lung.
Bullet—yeah.
Oh, sure!
Sure I'll come out of it all right.
That's why they been holdin' me here
In this ward."

Out on the porch some one was calling,
"Ho, Lannigan!"
Another voice, and another.
McNulty was scraping the fiddle—
'Twas an Irish jig.
Lannigan was there in a twinkling.
"Ho, ho—go it, Lannigan!"

Ho for the clapping hands of them,
The timing toes, the whirl of the dancer,
The back-tossing of his hair,
The red of his cheeks,
The glint of his white teeth,
The limber joints,
The nimble wits—
Ho, ho—the joy of it.
Everybody who could, sitting up in bed,
Everybody who couldn't, laughing.
Everybody filled with good-will
For everybody else.
And these are they who for our sakes
Suffered and——

Two days afterward,
Old man Gailey, ukulele under arm,
Was making his way down the corridor
Which passes Ward D,
When he saw the ominous white wagon
Being trundled toward him.
The man who pushed it wore a white gown,
A white cloth bound about his head.
On the cart, above the white sheet,
He recognized Lannigan's dark tousled head.
The boy winked.
Gailey winked back and said, "Good luck, son!"
Though his heart was very sad.
"Thanks, Dad—I'm gettin' a free ride.
If you're lookin' for Dow,
You'll find him on the porch—"

Old man Gailey turned into Ward D,
Through the dim room to the porch.
Dow was not there.
Some of the boys had seen him
Walking with his canes through the pines,
Just before they took Lan to the operating-room.

A cold fine mist was blowing against the windows,
The gray boughs of the pines were shaking
As though in fear.
Gailey put on his coat and hat
And followed where they said the lad had gone.
He did not find him,
But the old man walked on and on.
Gray days always held music for him,
But this one—the shuddering trees,
The uneasy whisperings of the wind,
The driven surface of the lake,
Were without power to move him.

Two lads—one even now under the knife,
One hobbling away alone.
Two lads—two hundred thousand lads like them,
"Broken for us—" the words sang themselves
Over and over: "Bodies broken for us——"

It was evening when the old man
Came back to the hospital.
Neither of the boys was in his place.
"The operation was a very serious one,"
The nurse said.
"They have taken him to a room in Ward B."

A group of soldiers stood
In the corridor of Ward B,
In the dim red glow of the high lights.
Occasionally they spoke in half whispers.
A doctor came out of room 78,
A priest followed,
Sick at heart the old man waited.
Beyond the hall window
The pines huddled black
Against the lowering sky.
The cool mist was about him,
And the winds
Ominously murmuring.
At last he turned toward room 78;
The passage was deserted now.
Noiselessly he turned the knob;
Under the shaded light
Lannigan lay—
White, motionless, his eyes closed.
Close beside him his buddy sat,
One of his still distorted hands
Resting on the other's sturdy one.
From the Educational Department beyond
Came the tap-tap-tap of a typewriter,
Some one passed in the hall.
Still no motion from the bed.
Could he be——

Old man Gailey's heart seemed to stop beating
At the sudden fear.
He took a step forward.
Dow heard and turned—saw the grief.
"No, no—nothing like that," he whispered.
"He ain't out of the ether yet—that's all."

Suddenly, blinkingly, Lannigan's eyes opened.
"Hello, Dad," he yawned, "old sport—"
Then the eyes flickered shut again.
"Say, Dad—" mumblingly,
"Know what you can do for me?
Fetch me a—pretty girl—to talk to—"
Off again into deep moveless sleep.
The two laughed in spite of themselves.
"How's that for game?"
Dow asked proudly.
In old man Gailey's mind ancient words
Were repeating themselves,
As words had a way of doing with him:
"And the soul of Jonathan was knit with
The soul of David——"

"How's my old buddy for game—eh?"
Dow repeated,
Awkwardly fixing the shade on the light.
And old man Gailey answered in the vernacular
Which he loved.
"Game—that buddy of yours
Game—?
I'll say so!"

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Linda Condon

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Author of "Java Head," "The Three Black Pennys," etc.

XXXII

LINDA heard Vigné's laugh, the expression of a sheer lightness of heart, following a low eager murmur of voices in her daughter's room; and she was startled by its resemblance to the gay pitch of Mrs. Moses Feldt's old merriment. Three of Vigné's friends were with her, all approximately eighteen, talking, Linda knew, about men and—it was autumn—anticipating the excitements of their bow to formal society that winter. They had, she silently added, little enough to learn about the latter. Through the year past they had been to a dancing-class identical, except for an earlier hour and age, with mature affairs; and before that they had been practically introduced to the pleasures of their inheritance.

The men were really boys at the universities, past the first year, receptacles of unlimited worldly knowledge and experience. They belonged to exclusive university societies and eating clubs, and Linda found their stiff similarity of correct bigoted pattern highly entertaining. She had no illusions about what might be called their morals; they were midway in the period of youthful unrestraint; but she recognized as well that their attitude toward, for example, Vigné, was irreproachable. Such boys affected to disdain the girls of their associated families—or to imagine themselves incurably in love.

The girls, for their part, while insisting that forty was the ideal age for a lover—the terms changed with the seasons, last year "suitor" had been the common phrase—were occasionally swept in young company into a high irrational passion. Mostly these affairs came to nothing, through skilful adult pressure or firm negation; but even they were sometimes overcome. And, when Linda had been disturbed by the echo of old days in her daughter's tones, she was considering exactly such a state.

One of the nicest youths imaginable, Bailey Sandby, had lost all traces of superior aloofness in his devotion to Vigné. He was short, squarely built, with clear pink cheeks, steady light blue eyes and crisp very fair hair. This was his last season of academic instruction, after which a number of years, at an absurdly low payment, awaited him in his father's bond brokerage concern. However, he was, Linda gathered, imperious in his urgent need for Vigné's favor.

Ridiculous, she thought; at the same time illogically rehearsing the resemblances of Vigné to her grandmother. She had no doubt that the parties Vigné shared on the terraces and wide lawns, in the informal dancing, of country houses were sufficiently sophisticated; there was on occasion champagne, and—for the masculine element anyhow—cocktails. The aroma of wine, lightly clinging to her young daughter's breath, had filled her with an old instinctive sickness. She had spoken to Arnaud who, in turn, spoke severely to Vigné; but during this Linda had been oppressed by the familiar feeling of impotence. The girl, of course, had properly heard them; but she gave her mother the effect of slipping easily beyond their grasp. When she had gone to bed, Arnaud repeated a story brought to him by the juvenile Lowrie, under the influence of a temporary indignation at his sister's unwarranted imposition of superiority. Arnaud went on:

"Actually they had this kissing contest, it was at Chestnut Hill, with a watch held; and Vigné, or so Lowrie insisted, won the prize for length of time—something like a minute. Now, when I was young——"

Submerged in apprehensive memory Linda lost most of his account of the Eden-like youth of his earlier day. When, at last, his assertions pierced her abstraction, it was only to bring her to the realization of how pathetically little he knew of either Vigné or her. She weighed the question of utter frankness here—the quality enhanced by universal obscurity—but she was obliged to check her desire for perfect understanding. A purely feminine need to hide, even from Arnaud, any detracting facts about women shut her into a diplomatic silence. In addition he could offer them no help; their problems—in a world created more objectively by the hand of men than God—were singular to themselves. Women were quite like favored captives to foreign princes, masking, in their apparent complacency, a necessarily secret but insidiously tyrannical control. It wouldn't do, in view of this, to expose so much.

The following morning it was Arnaud, rather than herself, who had a letter from

SYNOPSIS

WHEN the story opens, Linda is ten years old—a strange little girl, with deep-blue eyes and a straight black bang. Her mother is in complete contrast—coarse-fibered and a radiant blonde. The only home they know is a succession of hotels, where Mrs. Condon pursues pleasure, and Linda is left much alone. One night, when her mother is out, she meets an extraordinary man, obviously ill, who talks to her of the worship and service of beauty, a strange new creed. There is an interim. Now she is fourteen, living in New York at the Hotel Gontram. One evening Linda is waylaid by Mr. Moses Feldt, a rich Jew, who talks with her of his infatuation for her mother. She tells her mother of this encounter, and is much shocked at her regret that Linda is not quite old enough to marry him. Mrs. Condon then gives Linda her own cold, sophisticated philosophy of life. The next day Mrs. Condon, worried over her fading charms, decides to have her hair permanently waved, which results, through bungling, in its partial ruin. That night she accepts Mr. Feldt's invitation to dinner for herself and Linda, with every intention of marrying him. Linda goes to live in the Feldts' luxurious apartment. There are two daughters, Judith and Pansy. It is Judith, when Linda is nearly sixteen, who takes her to a party. Here Linda meets Dodge Pleydon, the sculptor, who is much interested in her. He takes her home in his own carriage, and gives her a kiss that she never forgets.

A year later, by accident, she meets her father's sister—elderly and of a fine Philadelphia family. She visits her and meets Arnaud Hallet, a cousin, much older than herself. After a time Pleydon comes back into her life, desiring to marry her, but Linda, who has wanted this, is antagonized by his proposal. Suddenly she contemplates marrying Arnaud.

Seven years pass. Her married life is without incident—calm and affluent. There are two children, a boy and a girl, Lowrie and Vigné, and her husband is courteously devoted. One day Pleydon returns from abroad and tells her of his absorbing love for her. As time goes on, she has visible evidences of her influence in his art—he is a great sculptor.

Vigné.

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Pleydon. "He wants us to come over to New York and his studio," the former explained. "He has some commission or other from a city in the Middle West, and a study to show us. I'd like it very much; we haven't seen this place, and Pleydon's surroundings are not to be overlooked."

The rooms were directly off Central Park West, in an apartment-house obviously designed for prosperous creative arts, with a hall frescoed in the tones of Puvis de Chavannes and an elevator cage beautifully patterned in iron grilling. Dodge Pleydon met them in his narrow entry and conducted them into a pleasant reception-room. "It's a duplex," he explained of his quarters; "the dining-room you see and the kitchen's beyond, while the baths and all that are over our heads; the studio fills the two floors."

There were low bookcases with their continuous top used as a shelf for a hundred varied objects, deep long chairs of caressing ease and chairs of coffee-colored wicker with amazingly high backs woven with designs of polished shells into the semblance of spread peacocks' tails. The yellow silk curtains at the windows, the rug with the intricate coloring of a cashmere shawl, the Russian tea service, were in a perfection of order; and Linda almost resentfully acknowledged the skilful efficiency of his maid. It was surprising that without a wife a man could manage such a degree of comfort!

Over tea far better than hers, in china of an infinitely finer fragility, she studied Pleydon thoughtfully. He looked, still again, perceptibly older, his face continued to grow sparer of flesh. It emphasized the aggressive bony structure of his head. When he shut his mouth after a decided statement she could see the projection of the jaw and the knotted sinews at the base of his cheeks. No, Dodge didn't seem well. She asked if there had been any return of the fever, and he nodded in an impatient affirmative; returning at once to the temporarily suspended conversation with Arnaud. There was a vast difference, too, in the way in which he talked.

His attitude was as assertive as ever but it had less expression in words; unaccountable periods of silence, almost ill-natured, overtook him, spaces of abstraction when it was plain that he had forgotten the presence of whomever might be by. Even direct questions sometimes failed to immediately pierce to his consciousness. Dodge, Linda told herself, lived entirely too much alone. Then she said this aloud, thoughtlessly, and she was startled by the sudden intolerable flash of his gaze. An awkward pause followed, broken by the uprearing of Pleydon's considerable length.

"I must take you into the studio before it is too dark," he proceeded. "Every creative spirit knows when its great moment has come. Well, mine is here." The men stood aside as Linda, her head positively ringing with the thrill that was like a strain of Gluck, the happy sadness, entered the bare high spaciousness of Dodge Pleydon's workroom.

XXXIII

EVERYTHING she saw, the stripped floor, the white walls bare but for some casts like the dismembered fragments of flawless blanched bodies, the inclined plane of the wide skylight, bore an impalpable white dust of dried clay. In a corner, enclosed in low boards, a stooped individual with wood-soled shoes and a shovel was working a mass of clay over which he sprinkled water at intervals, and at intervals halted to make pliable lumps of a uniform size which he added to a pile wrapped in damp cloths. There were a number of modeling stands with twisted wires grotesquely resembling a child's line drawing of a human being; while a stand with some modeling tools on its edge bore an upright figure shapeless in its swathing of dampened cloths.

"The great moment," Pleydon said again, in a vibrant tone. "But you know nothing of all this," he directly addressed Linda. "Neither, probably, will you have heard of Simon Downige. He was born at Cottarsport, in Massachusetts, about eighteen-forty; and, after—in the support of his hatred of any slavery—he fought through the Civil War, he came home and found that his town stifled him. He didn't marry at once, as so many returning soldiers did; instead he was wedded to a vision of freedom; freedom of opinion, of spirit, worship—any kind of space whatever. And, in the pursuit of this, he went West.

"He told them that he was going to find—but found was the word—a place where men could live together in a purity of motives and air. No more, you understand; he hadn't a personal fanatical belief to exploit and attract the hysteria of women and insufficient men. He was not a pathological messiah; but only Simon Downige, an individual who couldn't comfortably breathe the lies and injustice and hypocrisy of the ordinary community. No doubt he was unbalanced—his sensitiveness to a universal condition would prove that. Normally, people remain undisturbed by such trivialities. If they didn't, an end would come to one or the other, the lies or the world.

"He traveled part way in a Canestoga wagon—a flight out of Egypt; they were common then, slow canvas-covered processions with entire families drawn by the mysterious magnetism of the West. Then, leaving even such wayfarers, he walked, alone, until he came on a meadow by a little river, with a grove of trees, probably cottonwoods. . . . That was Simon Downige, and that, too, was Hesperia. Yes, he was unbalanced—the old Greek name for beautiful lands. It is a city now, successful and corruptly administered—just that happens to such visions.

"It is necessary, Linda, as I've always told you, to understand the whole motive behind a creation in permanent form. A grandson of Simon's—yes, he finally married—a unique and very rich character, wife dead and no children, commissioned a monument to the founder of Hesperia, in Ohio, and of his fortune.

"They have even a civic body for the control of public building; and they came East to approve my statue, or rather the clay sketch for it. They were very solemn, and one, himself a sculptor, a graduate of the Beaux Arts, ran a suggestive thumb over Simon and did incredible damage. But, after a great deal of hesitation, and a description from the sculptor of what he thought excellently appropriate for such magnificence, they accepted my study. The present Downige, really—though I understand there is another pretentious branch in Hesperia—bullied them into it. He cursed the Beaux-Arts graduate with the most brutal and satisfactory freedom—the tyranny of his money—the crown, you see, of Simon's hope."

He unwrapped one by one the wet cloths; and Linda, in an eagerness sharp like anxiety, finally saw the statue, under life-size, of a seated man with a rough stick and bundle at his feet. A limp hat was in his hand, and under a brow to which the hair was plastered by sweat, his eyes gazed fixed and aspiring into a hidden dream perfectly created by his desire. Here, she realized, at last, she had a glimmer of the beauty, the creative force, that animated Dodge Pleydon. Simon Downige's shoes were clogged with mud, his entire body, she felt, ached with weariness; but his gaze—nothing Linda discovered but shadows over two depressions—was far away in the attainment of his place of justice and truth.

She found a stool and, careless of the film of dust, sat absorbed in the figure. Pleydon, again, had lost all consciousness of their presence; he stood, hands in pockets, his left foot slightly advanced, looking at his work from under drawn brows. Arnaud spoke first:

"It's impertinent to congratulate you, Pleydon. You know what you've done better than any one else could. You have all our admiration." Linda watched the tenderness with which he covered Simon Downige's vision in clay. Later, returning after dinner to home, Arnaud speculated about Pleydon's remarkable increase in power. "I had given him up," he went on; "I thought he was lost in those notorious debauches of esthetic emotions. Does he still speak of loving you?"

"Yes," Linda replied. "Are you annoyed by it?" He answered, "What good if I were?" She considered him, turned in his chair to face her, thoughtfully. "I haven't the slightest doubt of its quality, however—all in that Hesperia of old Downige's. To love you, my dear Linda, has certain well-defined resemblances to a calamity. If you'd ask me if I object to what you do give him, my answer must shock the gods of art. I would rather you didn't. What good if I do?"

"What is it, Arnaud?" she demanded. "I haven't the slightest idea. I wish I had."

"Platonic," he told her shortly. "The term has been hopelessly ruined, but the sense, the truth, I am forced to believe, remains."

"But you know how stupid I am and that I can't understand you."

"The woman in whom a man sees God," he proceeded irritably; "and,

"'*La figlia della sua mente, l'amorosa idea.*'"

"Oh," she cried, wrung with a sharp obscure hurt, "I knew that, I've heard it before—" Her excitement faded at her absolute inability to place the circumstances of her memory. The sound of the words vanished, leaving no more than the familiar deep trouble; the disappointing sensation of almost grasping—Linda was unable to think what.

"After all," he had recovered his normal shy humor, "you are my wife. I can prove it. You are the irreproachable mother of our unsurpassed children. You have the hopeless vision—like this Simon's—of seeing me polished and decently pressed. And I insist on your continuing with the whole show."

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Her mind arbitrarily changed to the thought of her father, who had walked out of his house, left—yes—his family, without an intimation. Then, erratically, it turned to Vigné, to Vigné and young Sandby with his fresh cheeks and impending penniless years acquiring a comprehension of the bond market. She said, "I wonder if she really likes Bailey?" Arnaud's energy of dismay was laughable, "What criminal folly! They haven't read through *Mother Goose* yet."

XXXIV

LINDA, who expected to see Pleydon's statue of Simon Downige finished immediately in a national recognition of its splendor, was disappointed by his explanation that, probably, it would not be ready for casting within two years. He intended to model it again, life-size, before he was ready for the heroic. April, the vivifying, had returned; and, as always in the spring, Linda was mainly conscious of the mingled assuaging sounds of life newly admitted through open windows. A single shaded lamp was lighted by a far table, where Arnaud sat cutting the pages of *The Living Age* with an ivory blade; Pleydon was blurred in the semi-obscurity.

He came over to see them more frequently now, through what he called the great moment—so tiresomely extended—of his life. Pleydon came oftener, but he said infinitely less. It was his custom to arrive for dinner and suddenly depart early or late in the evening. At times she went up to her room and left the two almost morosely silent men to their own thoughts or pages; at others she complained—no other woman alive would stay with such uninteresting and thoroughly selfish creatures. They never made the pretense of an effort to consider or amuse her. At this Arnaud would put aside his book and begin an absurd social conversation in the manner of Vigné's associates. Pleydon, however, wouldn't speak; nothing broke the somberness of his passionate absorption in invisible tyrannies. She gave up, finally, a persistent effort to lighten his moods. Annoyed, she told him that if he did not change he'd be sick—and then where would everything be?

All at once, through the open window, she heard Stella, her mother, laughing; the carelessly gay sound overwhelmed her with an instinctive unreasoning dread. Linda rose with a half gasp—but of course it was Vigné—in the garden with Bailey Sandby.

She found a stool, and, careless of the film of dust, sat absorbed in the figure.

She sank back angry because she had been startled; but her irritation died into disturbing thought. It wasn't, she told herself, Vigné's actions that made her fear the future so much as her, Linda's, knowledge of the possibilities of the past. Her undying hatred of that existence choked in her throat; the chance of its least breath touching Vigné, Arnaud's daughter, roused her to any embittered hazard.

The girl, she was certain, returned a part at least of Bailey's feeling. Linda expected no confidences—what had she done to have them?—and Arnaud was right, affairs of the heart were never revealed until consummated; her conclusion had been reached by indirect quiet deductions. Vigné, lately, was different; her attitude toward her mother had changed to the subtle reserve of feminine maturity. Her appearance, overnight, it seemed, had improved; her color was deeper, a delicate flush burned at any surprise in her cheeks, and the miracle of her body was perfected.

It wasn't, Linda continued silently, that Vigné could ever follow the example of Stella Condon through the hotels and lives of men partly bald, prodigal, and with distant families. Whatever happened to her would be in excellent surroundings and taste; but the result—the sordid havoc, inside and out; the satiety alternating with the points of brilliancy, and finally, inexorably, sweeping over them in a leaden tide—would be identical. She wondered a little at the strength of her detestation for such living. It wasn't moral in any sense with which she was familiar; in fact it appeared to have a vague connection with her own revolt from the destruction of death. She wanted Vigné as well to escape that catastrophe, to hold inviolate the beauty of her youth, her fineness and courage.

She was convinced, too, that if she loved Bailey, and was disappointed, some of the harm would be done immediately; Linda saw, in imagination, the pure flame of Vigné's life fanned and then arbitrarily extinguished. She saw the resemblance of the dead woman, all those other painted shades, made stronger. A sentence formed so vividly in her mind that she looked up apprehensively, certain that she had spoken it aloud:

If Vigné does come to care for him they must marry!

Her thoughts left the girl for Arnaud—he would absolutely oppose her there, and she speculated about the probable length his opposition would reach. What would he say to her? It couldn't be helped, in particular it couldn't be explained, neither to him nor to the friendly correctness of Bailey Sandby's mother. She, alone, must accept any responsibility, all blame. This situation developed more quickly than she anticipated; she met Bailey, obviously disturbed, in the portico, leaving their house. His manner, mechanically, was good; and then, with an irrepressible boyish rush of feeling, he stopped her:

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"Vigné and I love each other and Mr. Hallet won't hear of it. He insulted us with a verse about the old woman who went to the cupboard to get a bone, and if he hadn't been her father—" he breathed a portentous and difficult self-repression. "Then he took a cowardly advantage of my having no money, just now; and right after I explained how I was going to make wads—with Vigné."

An indefinite excitement possessed Linda, and with it a sudden acute fear of what Arnaud might say. She wanted more than anything else in life to go quickly, inattentively, past Bailey Sandby and up to her room. Nothing could be easier, more obvious, than her disapproval of a moneyless boy. She made a step forward, with an assumed resolute ignoring of his disturbed presence. It was useless. A dread greater than her fright at Arnaud held her in the portico, her hand lifted to the polished knob of the inner door. Linda turned slowly, cold and white, "Wait," she said to his shoulder in its admirable coat; then she gazed steadily into his frank, pained eyes.

"How do you know that you love Vigné?" she demanded. "You are so young to be certain it will last always. And Vigné——"

"How does any one know?" he replied. "How did you? Married people always forget their own experiences, the happy way things went with them. From all I see money hasn't much to do with loving each other. But, of course, I'm not going to be poor—not with Vigné. Nobody could. She'd inspire them. Mr. Hallet knows all about me, too; and he's the oldest kind of friend of the family. I suppose when he sees father at the Rittenhouse Club they'll have a laugh—a laugh at Vigné and me." His hand, holding the brim of a soft brown hat, clenched tensely.

"No," Linda told him, "they will never do that." Her obscure excitement was communicated to him. "Why not?" he demanded.

"Because," she paused to steady her voice, "because I am going to take a very great responsibility. If it fails, if you let it fail, you'll ruin ever so much. Yes, Mr. Hallet, I am sure, will consent to your marrying Vigné." She escaped at the first opening from his incoherent gratitude. Arnaud was in the library, and she stopped in the hall, busy with the loosening of her veil. Perhaps it would be better to speak to him after dinner, she ought to question Vigné first; but, as she stood debating, her daughter passed her tempestuously, blurred with crying, and Arnaud angrily demanded her presence.

XXXV

"YOU were quite right," he cried; "this young idiot, Sandby, has been telling Vigné that he loves her; and now Vigné assures me, with tears, that she likes it! They want to get married—next week; tomorrow; this evening." Linda stood by the window; soon the magnolia tree would be again laden with flowers. She gathered her courage into a determined composure of tone. "I saw Bailey outside," she admitted. "He told me. It seems excellent to me."

Arnaud Hallet challenged her incredulously. "What do you mean—that you gave him a trace of encouragement!" Linda replied:

"I said that I was certain they'd get your consent." She halted his exasperated gesture. "You think Vigné is nothing but a child, and yet she is as old as I was at our wedding. My mother was no older when Bartram Lowrie married her. I think Vigné is very fortunate. Bailey is as nice as possible; and, as he said, it isn't as if you knew nothing of the Sandbys; they are as dignified as the Lowries."

An expression she had never before seen hardened his countenance into a sarcasm that travestied his customary humor. "You realize, of course, that except for what his father gives him young Sandby is dog-poor. He's nice enough, but what has that to do with it? And, in particular, how does it touch you, Linda Condon? Do you suppose I'd ever forget your answer that time I first asked you to marry me? You wouldn't consider a poor man; you were worth, really, a hundred thousand a year; but, if nothing better came along, you would sacrifice yourself for fif y!"

"I remember very well," she answered; "and, curiously enough, I am not ashamed. I was very sensible then, in a horrible position with extravagant habits. They were me. I couldn't change myself. Without money I should have made you, any man, entirely miserable. Arnaud, I hadn't—I haven't now—the ability to see everything important th ough the affections, like so many, many women. You often told me that; who hasn't? I have always admitted it wasn't pleasant nor praiseworthy. But how, to use your own words, does all that affect Vigné? She isn't cold, but very warm-hearted; and instead of my experience she has her own so much better feeling."

"I absolutely refuse to allow anything of the sort," he declared sha ply. "I won't even discuss it—for three years. Tell this Sandby infant, if you like, to come back then."

"In three years, or in one year, Vigné may be quite different, yes—less lovable. Happiness, too, is queer, Arnaud; there i n't a great deal of it. Not an overwhelming amount. If it appears for an instant it must be held as tightly as possible. It doesn't come back, you know. Don't turn to your book yet—you can't get rid of us, of Vigné and me, like that; and then it's rude; the first time, I believe, you have ever been impolite to me."

"Forgive me," he spoke formally. "You seem to think that I am as indifferent as yourself. You might be asking the day of the week to judge from your calm appearance. The emotion of a father, even of a mother, perhaps, you have never explored. On the whole you are fortunate. But you are always protected by your celebrated honesty." She said

"I promised Bailey your consent."

"Why bother about that? It isn't necessary for your new romantic mood. An elopement would be more appropriate, with you to steady the ladder." She repeated the fact of her engagement. Her dread for him had vanished, its place now taken by a distrust of what, in her merged detachment and suffering, she might blunderingly do. At the back of this she realized that his case, his position, was hopeless. Without warning, keen and undimmed, his love for her flashed through his resentful misery. There was no spoken acknowledgment of surrender; he sank into his chair dejected and pitiable, infinitely gray. His shoes, on the brightness of the hooked rug, were dingy, his coat drawn and wrinkled.

Linda saw herself on her knees before him, before his patience and generosity, sobbing her contrition into his forgiving hands. She longed with every nerve—as she had so often before—to lose herself in passionate emotion. She had never been more erect or withdrawn, she recognized; never essentially less touched. After a little, waiting for him to speak, she saw that he, too, had retreated into the profound depths of his own hopes and despairs.

XXXVI

FOR a surprising while—even in the face of Vigné's radiance—Arnaud was as still and shadowed as the inert surface of a dammed stream. Then slowly, the slenderest trickle at first, his wit revived his spirit; and he opened an unending mock-solemn attack on Bailey Sandby's eminently serious acceptance of the responsibilities of his allowed love.

The boy had left the university, and his father—a striking replica of Arnaud's prejudices, impatience and fundamental kindness—exchanged with Vigné's male parent the most dismal prophecies together with concrete plans for their children's future security. This, inevitably, resulted in Vigné's marriage; a ceremony unattended by Pleydon except by the presence of a very liberal check.

The life-size version of his Simon Downige was again under way—it had been torn down, Linda knew, more than once—and he was in a fever of composition. Nor was this, she decided with Arnaud, his only oppression: the Asiatic fever clung to him with disquieting persistence. Pleydon had, he admitted, a degree or two in the evening.

Linda was standing in his studio near Central Park West, perhaps a year later, and she observed aloud that so much wet clay around was bad for him. He laughed; nothing now could happen to him, he was forever beyond accident, sickness, death—his statue for the monument in Hesperia was finished. It stood revealed before them, practically as Linda had first seen it, but enlarged, towering, as if the vision it portrayed had grown, would continue to grow eternally, because of the dignity of its hope, the necessity of its realization.

"Now," she said, "it will go to the foundry and be cast." He corrected her. "You will go to the foundry and be cast—in bronze." A distinct graceful happiness possessed her at the knowledge that his love for her was as constant as though it, too, were metal. Not flesh, but bronze—spirit, he said.

The multiplying years made that no more comprehensible than when, a child, she had thrilled in a waking dream. Love, spirit, death. Three mysteries. But only one, she thought was inevitably hers; the last. To be loved was not love itself, but only the edge of its cloak; response was an indivisible part of realization. No, sterility was the measure—of its absence. And she was, Linda felt, in spite of Vigné and Lowrie, the latter a specially vigorous contradiction, the most sterile woman alive. There were always Dodge's assurances, but clay, stone, metal, were cold for a

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belief to embrace. And she was, she knew, lovelier now than she had ever been before, than she would ever be again.

XXXVII

THE faint ringing of the bell from outside that probably announced Arnaud sounded unreal, futile, to Linda. He came into the studio, and at once a discussion began between the two men of the difference in the surfaces of clay and bronze. The talk then shifted to the pictorial sources of the heroic Simon Downige before them, and Linda declared, "Dodge, you have never made a head of me. How very unflattering!"

"You're an affair for a painter," he replied; "Goya or Alfred Stevens. No one but Goya could have found a white for you, with the quality of flower petals; and Stevens would have fixed you in an immortality of delicate color, standing in your Philadelphia garden." He stood quite close to her, with his jacket dragged forward by hands thrust into its pockets; and he added at the end of a somber interrogation, "But if you would really like to know why——"

In a moment more, she recognized, Dodge would explain his feeling for her—to Arnaud, to any one who might be present. The gleam in his eyes, his remoteness from earthly concern, definitely were not normal. Pleydon, his love, terrified her. "No," she said with an assumed hurried lightness, "don't try to explain. I must manage to survive the injury to my vanity."

They left New York almost immediately, Pleydon suddenly determining to go with them; and later were scattered through the Hallet household. Vigné and her husband were temporarily living there; with their heads close together they were making endless computations, numerous floor plans and elevations. Linda, at the piano in the drawing-room, could hear them through the hall. Pleydon was lounging in a chair beyond her. She couldn't play, but she was able, slowly, to pick out the notes of simple and familiar airs—echoes of Gluck and the blurred motives of Scarlatti. It was for herself, she explained; the sounds, however crude and disconnected, brought things back to her. What things, she replied to Pleydon's query, she didn't in the least know. But pleasant.

The fact that she understood so little depressed her with increasing frequency. It was well enough to be ignorant as a girl, or even as a young woman newly married; but she had left all that behind; she had lost her youth without an equalizing gain of comprehension. Linda could not assure herself that life was clearer than it had been to her serious childhood. It had always been easily measured on the surface; she had had a very complete grasp of its material aspects almost at once, accomplishing exactly what she had planned. Perhaps this was all; and her trouble an evidence of weakness—the indecision, she saw with contempt, that kept so many people in a constant agitation of disappointment.

Perhaps this were enough; more than the majority accomplished or had. She made, again, a resolute effort to be contented, at rest. Her straying fingers clumsily wrought a fragmentary refrain that mocked her determination. It wasn't new, this—this dissatisfaction; but it had grown sharper. As she was older her restlessness increased at the knowledge that life, opportunity, were slipping from her. Soon she would be forty.

The conviction seized her that most lives reflected hers in that their questioning was never answered. The fortunate, then, were the incurious and the hearts undisturbed by a maddening thrill. She said aloud, "The ones who never heard music." Pleydon was without a sign that she had spoken. Her emotions were very delicate, very fragile, and enormously difficult to perceive. They were like plants in stony ground. Where had she heard that out of the Bible? Then she thought of her failure to get anything from religion—a part of her inability to drink at the springs which others declared so refreshing. Linda pressed her hands more sharply on the keys and the answering discord had the effect of waking her to reality.

Pleydon remained until the following afternoon, and then was lost—in the foundry casting his statue—for six months. Arnaud went over to view the completion of the bronze and returned filled with enthusiasm. "Its simplicity is the surprising part," he told her. "The rarest statement possible. But Pleydon himself is in a disturbing condition; I can't decide if it is mental or physical. The fever of course; yet that doesn't account for his distance from ordinary living. The truth is, I suppose, that men weren't designed for great arts; and nature, like the jealous God of the Hebrews, retaliates. It is absurd, but Pleydon reminds me of you; you're totally different. I suppose it's because of the detachment you have in common." He veered to a detail of Lowrie's first year at a university, and exhibited, against a decent endeavor to the contrary, his boundless pride in their son.

She never lost the satisfaction of her mirror's faultless reflection.'

The boy was, Linda acknowledged, more than commonly dependable and able. He was heavy, like his father, and so diffident that he almost stuttered; but his mental processes flashed in quick intuitive perceptions. Lowrie was an easy and brilliant student; and, perhaps because of this, of his mental certainty, he was not intimate with her as Arnaud had hoped and predicted. It seemed to Linda that he instinctively penetrated her inner doubt and regarded it without sympathy. In this he was her son. Lowrie was a confident and unsympathetic critic of humanity.

Even now, so soon, there was no question of his success in the law his fitness had elected. The springs of his being were purely intellectual, reasoning. In him Linda saw magnified her own coldness; and, turned on herself, she viewed it with an arbitrary feminine resentment. He was actually courteous to her; but under all their intercourse there was a perceptible impatience. His scorn of other women, girls, however, was openly expressed, and honest; it had no trace of the mere affectation of pessimism natural to his age. Arnaud, less thoughtful than she, was vastly entertained by this, and drew out Lowrie in countless sly sallies and contradictions.

Yes, he would succeed, but, after all, what would his success be worth—placed, that was, against Vigné's radiant happiness, Bailey Sandby's quiet eyes and the quality of his return home each evening?

Her thoughts came back to Pleydon—she had before her a New York paper describing the ceremony of unveiling his

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Simon Downige at Hesperia. There was a long learned article praising its beauty and emphasizing Pleydon's eminence. He was, it proceeded, an anomaly in an age of momentary experimental talents—a humanized Greek force. He didn't belong to to-day, but yesterday and to-morrow. This gave her an uncomfortable vision of Dodge in space, with no warm points of contact. She, too, was suspended in that vague emptiness. Linda had the sensation of grasping at streamers, forms, of sparkling mist. A strange position in view of her undeniable common sense, the solid foundations of her temperament and experience. She saw from the paper, further, that the descendant of Simon's who had commissioned the monument was dead.

XXXVIII

IN THE middle of the festive period that connected Christmas with the new year Arnaud turned animatedly from his breakfast scanning of the news. "It seems," he told her, "that a big rumpus has developed in Hesperia over the Pleydon statue—the present Downige omnipotence, never friendly with our old gentleman, has condemned its bronze ancestor. You know what I mean. It's an insult to their pride, their money and position, to see him perpetuated as a tramp. On the contrary, he was a very respectable individual, from a prominent family and town.

"They have been moving the local heavens, ever since the monument was placed, to have it set aside. I suppose they would have succeeded, too, if a large amount given to the city were not contingent on its preservation. But then they can always donate more money in the cause of their sacred respectability."

Linda had never, she exclaimed, heard of anything more disgusting. It was plain that Hesperia knew nothing of art. "Every one," she ran on in the heat of her resentment, "every one, that is, who should decide, agrees it's magnificent. They were frightfully lucky to get it—Dodge's finest work." She wrote at once to Pleydon commanding his presence and expressing her contempt of such depravity of opinion. To her surprise he was undisturbed, apparently, by the condemnation of his achievement.

He even laughed at her energy of scorn. She was hurt, perceptibly silenced, with a feeling of having been misunderstood or rather undervalued. Her disturbance at any blame attached to the state of Simon Downige was extremely acute. But, she thought, if it failed to worry Dodge why should she bother. She did, in spite of this philosophy. Simon was tremendously important to her.

He stood for things; she had watched his evolution from the clay sketch, and in Pleydon's mind, to the final heroic proportions; and she had taken for granted that a grateful world would see him in her light. A woman, she decided, had made the trouble; and she hated her with a personal vigor. Pleydon said:

"I told you that old Simon was unbalanced; now you can see it by his reception in a successful city. The sculptor—do you remember him, a Beaux-Arts graduate?—admits that he had always opposed it, but that political motives overbore his pure protest. There is a scheme now to build a pavilion, for babies, and shut out the monument from open view. They may do that, but time will sweep away their walls. If I had modeled Simon Downige, yes, he would go; but I modeled his vision, his aspiration—the hope of all men for release and purity.

"Downige, and the individual babies, are unimportant compared to a vision of perfection, of escape. As long as men live, if they live, they'll reach up; and that gesture in itself is heaven. Not accomplishment. The spirit dragging the flesh higher; but spirit alone—empty balloons. A dream in bronze, harder even than men's heads, more durable than their prejudices; so permanent that it will wear out their ignorance, and in the end—always in the end—they'll bring their wreath.

"A replica has gone to Cottarsport, from me; and you ought to see it there, on a block of New England granite. It's in the common, a wind-swept reach with low houses and a white steeple and the sea. It might have been there from the beginning, rising from rock against the pale salt day. They can go to hell in Hesperia."

Still Linda's hurt continued; she saw the unfortunate occurrence as a direct blow at her pride. Arnaud, too, failed her; he was splendid in his assault upon such rapacious stupidity; but it was only an impersonal concern. His manner expressed the conviction that it might have been expected. He was blind to her special enthusiasm, her long intimate connection with the statue. Exasperated she almost told him that it was realer to her than their house, than Vigné and Lowrie, than he. She was stopped, fortunately, by the perception that, amazingly, the statue was more actual than Dodge Pleydon. It touched the center of her life more nearly.

Why, she didn't know.

If her mental confusion increased by as much as a feeling, Linda thought, she would be close to madness. It was unbearable at practically forty.

Lowrie said, at the worst possible moment, that he found the entire episode ridiculously overemphasized. A statue more or less was of small importance. If the Downige family were upset, why didn't they employ an able lawyer to dispose of it? There were many ways for such a proceeding——

"I have no wish to hear them," she interrupted. "You seem to know a tremendous lot, but what good it will do you in the end who can say! And, with all your cleverness, you haven't an ounce of appreciation for art. Besides, I hate to see any one as young as you so sure of himself. Often I suspect you are patronizing your father and me. It's not pretty nor polite."

Lowrie was obviously embarrassed by her attack, and managed the abrupt semblance of an apology. Arnaud, who had put down his eternal book, said nothing until the boy had vanished. "Wasn't that rather sharp?" he asked mildly. "Perhaps," she replied in a tone without warmth or regret. "Somehow I am never comfortable with Lowrie."

"You are too much alike," he shrewdly observed. "It is laughable at times. Did you expect your children to be fountains of sentiment? And, look here—if I can get along in comfort with you for life, you in particular ought to put up peacefully with Lowrie. He is a damned sight more human than, at bottom, you are; a woman of alabaster."

"I loathe quarrels," she admitted; "they are so vulgar. You know that they are not like me and just said so. Oh, Arnaud, why does life get harder instead of easier?"

He put his book aside completely and gazed at her in patient thought. "Linda," he said finally, "I have never heard anything that stirred me so much; not what you said, my dear, but the recognition in your voice." A wistfulness of love for her enveloped him; an ineffable desire as vain as the passion she struggled to give him in return. She smiled in an unhappiness of apology.

"Perhaps—" he stopped, waiting any assurance whatever, his face eager like a dusty lamp in which the light had been turned sharply up. She was unable to stir, to move her gaze from his hopeful eyes, to mitigate by a breath her slender white aloofness. A smile different from hers, tender with remission, lingered in his fading irradiation. The dusk was gathering, adding its melancholy to his age—sixty-five now. Why that was an old man! Her sympathy vanished in her shrinking from the twilight that was, as well, slowly, inevitably, deepening about her.

It was laughable that, as she approached an age whose only resource was tranquillity, she grew more restless. Her present vague agitation belonged ridiculously to youth. The philosophy of the evident that had supported her so firmly was breaking at this inopportune time. And it was, she told herself, too late for anything new; the years for that had been spent insensibly with Arnaud. Linda was very angry with herself, for, in all her shifting state of mind, she preserved an inner necessity for the quality of exactness expressed in her clothes. There were literally no neglected spaces in her conscious living.

Her thoughts finally centered about the statue in Hesperia—it presented an actual mark for her fleeting resentments. She wondered why it so largely occupied her thoughts, moved her so personally. She watched the papers for the scattered reports of the progress of the contention it had roused, some ill-natured, others supposedly humorous, and nearly all uninformed. She became, Arnaud said, the champion of the esthetic against Dagon. He elaborated this picture until she was forced to smile against her inclination, her profound seriousness. Linda had the feeling that she, too, was on the pedestal that held the bronze effigy of Simon Downige challenging the fog that obscured men. Its fate was hers. She didn't pretend to explain how.

As time passed it seemed to her that it took her longer and longer to dress in the morning, while her preparations couldn't be simpler; her habit of deliberation had become nearly a vice, the precision of her ruffles, her hair, a tyranny. She never quite lost the satisfaction of her mirror's faultless reflection; and stopped, now, for a moment's calm interrogation of the being—hardly more silvery cool than the reality—before her.

Arnaud was at the table, and the gaze with which he met her was troubled. The morning paper, she saw, was, against custom, at her place, and she picked it up with the instinctive sense of a calamity. The

(*Continued on page 117*)

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WONDERS *of the* WAR

"Letting George Do It"

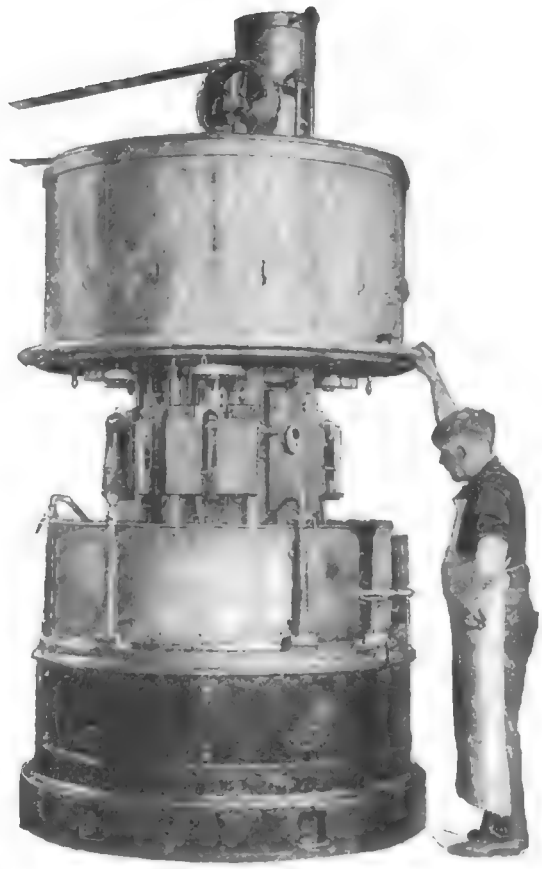
By
John H. Van Deventer
Editor "American Machinist"

MORE than a thousand retired capitalists, capital and all, as an aftermath of the war, are daily turning their backs on the Statue of Liberty and their faces toward Europe. They are the aliens who have heretofore done a big part of America's work, and whose steadily continuing exodus is becoming apparent in "labor shortage." To make matters worse, those that remain seem to be busily agitating for shorter hours and higher wages. As far as work is concerned, everybody is saying "Let George do it." But who is George? George is a war baby. He was born just before the outbreak of the European war and really cut his teeth in American munition plants. His name is "Mechanical Coordination."

Old John G. Coordination, the daddy of George, is really quite a patriarch, although he did not get his name into the American papers until we entered the war. Then a lot of people suddenly discovered that *coordination* was the big thing. "Coordination departments," "coordination branches" and "coordination officers" came into being with marvelous prolixity. Their job was to see that work did not drag between departments. No matter how efficient our various government departments were and how quickly any one of them could handle a piece of work, a job that had to go through several of them was likely to be delayed by being lost sight of *between* departments. As long as a job was *in* a department somebody was responsible for it and kept it moving. But between departments it was nobody's child. Thus came the coordinators; the professional accelerators of work, not in departments but between them.

In war time our Government's motto was "Spare no expense to get results." So we could afford to employ human coordinators to keep things moving. But peace-time industry must be more penurious, particularly in view of this labor shortage aforesaid. While industry needs coordination, it must get a good bit of it mechanically, and hence the coming of mechanical George, the son of "Old Man" Coordination.

If you were to visit Mr. Ford's plant in Detroit, you would find mechanical coordination present everywhere. And typifying its development during the past four years of the war you would particularly note long rows of machines like the one shown in the illustration. Does this look at all like a machine tool to you? As a matter of fact it is not *a* machine tool. It is six of them organized together under a mechanical general manager. In this case it is six lathes under the direction of a mechanical manager that is a part of the machine. These lathes perform the successive operations in making the fly-wheels for Mr. Ford's peripatetic little motor-cars.



This machine is its own general manager. It came of the effort of American tool builders to balance the war's draft on productive humanity.

Each machine has an attendant, but he is not the manager. He simply puts in the rough pieces and takes out the finished ones. As soon as the attendant has put in a new piece, the mechanical manager brings it to the first lathe and tells this lathe just what to do and how long to take to do it. When that first lathe has finished its appointed work on the piece, the mechanical manager carries the piece to the second lathe, and makes it do its bit. Then he takes it to the third and the fourth and the fifth lathe, until the piece is completely finished. When the original piece is taken to the second lathe, a new piece is simultaneously brought to the first one, so that by the time the original piece gets all the way around to the last lathe there are six fly-wheels in the machine, and the six lathes in one machine are all working away as hard as they can, doing the job six times or more as fast as an ordinary single machine would do it.

And perhaps the biggest advantage of all is that the mechanical manager who is a part of the machine sees to it that no time is lost *between* operations. He takes only three seconds to carry the work from one of his lathes to another. Now you see what I mean by mechanical coordination. It means getting machinery to do the thinking and planning as well as doing the work. And during the war the vast outflow of men from certain industries made machines like this essential.

Did you ever stop to consider that machinery can perform three of the functions of our five senses, in a measure almost infinitely beyond human possibility? Take sight—what human eye can compete with the camera? What human ears can hear with the accuracy of the sound-ranging device that locates the enemy's unseen guns? What human fingers can feel and judge distances to the millionth part of an inch? Perhaps best of all, machinery doesn't get tired. It wears out, but it doesn't tire! And machinery can think, or at least do a part of what most of us think is thinking. Machinery can divide 98,999,765 by 179,876 and get the answer a lot quicker than you or I. It can add a column of figures or classify the census reports or analyze the items of overhead expense in a factory. It can plan the handling of work, as you have seen in the Ford plant. There is scarcely any limit to what machinery can do—the practical limit is what it pays to make it do.

At present we need "George" badly. We must either make machinery work harder and better or we must go back to the woods—discard some of our "necessities," such as flivvers, clean shirts and hair-cuts. Cameras, moving-pictures and styles in clothes!—think of all the wheels that must turn inside and outside of inventors' heads before these wants are satisfied. Increased prices tell us that we are wanting these things faster than we can get them—that machinery has fallen behind a bit.

So it is going to be a great decade for our inventors and mechanical engineers and builders of machinery. It is up to them to decide whether we are to go back to the foot-loose, flivverless, care-free state of one-shirt-a-week, rubber collars and long whiskers or whether they can introduce mechanical coordination fast enough to keep us civilized. I'm betting on George!

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From the Vasty Deep

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

PERHAPS the air about us is not constantly vibrating with messages from another world. But even the skeptics have to admit that the air is vibrating with talk about spiritualism.

The war, of course, accounts for the tremendous outpouring of spirit communications, so ardent a need has it created for assurance. But one wonders whether the response would have been quite so eager had the war started in the 1880's. Materialism was more firmly in the saddle. Everything could be explained; mysteries were delusions. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy" seemed a foolish saying. The world had outgrown "Hamlet."

Then people who were uneasy when the impossible was performed had a whole series of shocks. Mme. Curie, Marconi, the Wright brothers and others upset many comfortable theories. Even the simple thing called a brain seemed not quite so simple when Freud told of all the queer longings bottled up inside us.

None of these things had anything to do with spiritualism, but they did fertilize the soil for its seeds. Instead of being cocksure that there were no mysteries, every one who thought began to find mysteries in the obvious.

But present-day interest in the subject is not unique. The whole human story is seamed with attempts to talk with the dead. You find it everywhere, in the folklore of cannibal tribes and in Athenian civilization at its zenith. Saul's unhappy experience with the Witch of Endor needs only to be rephrased a little and it might be mistaken for a report of the Psychical Research Society.

More eminent men than ever before are investigating spiritualism and more scientifically. Yet no medium of to-day is so puzzling as Daniel Dunglas Home was a half-century ago. While in a trance he sometimes thrust his hand into a blazing fireplace and picked out a red-hot coal as casually as one might take up an orange from a pile of fruit.

Even more astounding was his levitation. Apparently he floated out of a window eighty-five feet above the ground and came in a window in the next room. There was no foothold between and the space was too wide to be spanned by the most agile acrobat. Lord Lindsay and Lord Adare were in the room he entered, but unfortunately their descriptions are not as exact as might be desired. People often see what they expect to see, even when it does not happen.

Almost as unexplainable as Home's feats are the uncanny rumpuses that scientists call poltergeists, during which terrifying noises are heard and inanimate objects like dishes and bottles suddenly decide to fly about. Two centuries ago the parents of the unimpeachable John Wesley lived in a house where this sort of thing went on for two months. They did not like it. There were deafening bangs at night that

"Spiritualism."

disturbed their rest and sent them prowling about drafty rooms on cold winter mornings.

Perhaps, however, you take no stock in things that happened centuries ago. Well, just two years ago some English laborers were excavating a dug-out. Suddenly they noticed that the stones in the place, some of them big ones, were making little hops off the ground. They rose higher and higher, and when they seemed to have reached an altitude that suited them, they paid no attention at all to the law of gravity. Instead of dropping where they belonged, they proceeded to fling themselves at one of the men. There was certainly no trickery about it. The puzzled victim went home with a good many bruises and a wonder that will last the rest of his days.

Poltergeists and feats like those of Home are of course no proofs of spiritualism. All sorts of explanations can be made of them. But they do shake one's faith in the simplicity of the world we live in.

Many curious happenings like these and other oddities are described in "Spiritualism, Its History, Phenomena and Doctrine" (Doran), by J. Arthur Hill. For an able summary of the subject, written by a believer, it would be difficult to find anything much more readable. The author is very fair. He admits readily that an enormous amount of fraud has been practised by unscrupulous impostors. He advises the nervous and credulous to abstain from too close an investigation. In a comparatively short book he covers an enormous amount of ground.

If you want to go a few steps further, there is James H. Hyslop's "Contact with the Other World" (Century). If spiritualism seems to you merely an amusing pastime, the author is too much in earnest to interest you. But if you do want to discover how precautions are taken against fraud and how the rigid laboratory tests are made, the book is of great value.

There is of course one book of books among the many on spiritualism, that is to the whole subject what Marx's "Capital" is to socialism. This is "Human Personality, and Its Survival of Bodily Death" (Longmans, Green), by Frederic W. H. Myers. But it is not an easy book to read, despite the claim that the author's style is "equal to Ruskin's at its best." Parts of it are. But in others the desire of the moth for the flame is as nothing compared to the author's desire for colossal words. Sometimes the dictionary fails him and he has to make them up, terrifying words like hypnopompic or psychorrhagy or entencephalic. Even the abridged edition is literary mountaineering of the sturdiest kind, but it reaches heights unscaled by other books.

Nothing else quite so effectively points out the importance of spiritualism in common thought as its appearance in fiction. It is a difficult thing to do successfully. The subject lures to propaganda and, however useful propaganda may be in combating Germans, it is anything but useful in a novel. If it is laid on thickly, it does just what it was not intended to do. If the author keeps telling you on every page that theft is wicked, you want to go right out and emulate Robin Hood.

"Miss Fingal" (Scribner), by Mrs. W. K. Clifford is extraordinary in its escape from this peril. The heroine is a drab little figure at first, dragging out her days in endless monotony. She inherits a fortune, but it does less to change her than her short but deep friendship for *Linda Allston*. *Linda* dies and *Aline Fingal* is seriously injured in a railroad accident. Gradually you are aware that *Linda* lives in the person of *Aline*.

Mrs. Clifford keeps her beliefs wonderfully in check. You can read her story sheerly for the pleasure that you get out of a good story and hardly realize that spiritualism had anything to do with it. It is naturally not a gay tale, but neither is it gloomy. The people in it, from *Aline* herself to her butler and the old women who live comfortably upon her alms, are real. It is not only an unusual story but also an unusually good story, a novel that should have a place in a list of the best dozen novels of the year.

Among the scores of books describing spirit messages, the deepest interest seems

"Miss Fingal."

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It works so easily that it's no trick at all for even the girls and children to operate it—Simply a few easy pulls on its chain lifts or lowers the heaviest car while you stand erect. Up or down—there's no labor.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few easy pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car*** pull the chain opposite direction.

Never gets out of order. Quickly adjusted to any required height by lifting the screw and spinning the corrugated "collar" shown in the illustration. ***Try it yourself***—you will never be satisfied with any other jack.

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LARGEST CHAIN MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

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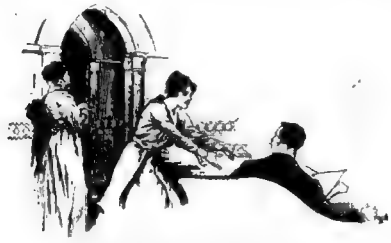
to have been aroused by Margaret Cameron's "The Seven Purposes" (Harper). Too often in such books the amount of trivial tittle-tattle encourages skepticism. Huxley, in declining to investigate some psychical cases, said, "If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates in the nearest cathedral town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category." There is comparatively little of this in "The Seven Purposes."



"Whose Name is Legion."

To many readers the twelve lessons in which a new philosophy is purported to be revealed have seemed most valuable. To others, however, these seem hardly more than a deft rearrangement of thoughts that have been uttered many times before. Some of the communications, especially those from the spirit called Frederick whom Miss Cameron had met but once, and from the evil spirit which tried to mislead and confuse her, are more arresting than the lessons. It is a well written and ably presented record of strange happenings with less in it to provoke the skeptic's sneers than is usually found in similar accounts.

For all who want to take a through ticket to this new realm, there is "The Twentieth Plane" (Jacobs), by Albert Durrant Watson. The fairies and Martians who have occasionally sent spirit messages hardly surpass this record of the illustrious visitors who communicated through the mind of a Canadian medium. Shakespeare, Lincoln, Shelley, Walt Whitman, Hugo, Tintoretto, Plato, Wordsworth, Wagner, Poe, Sappho, Coleridge, Emerson—these are but a few of the eminent dead who thronged to these séances. Most of them live on the twentieth plane, which is about five hundred miles above the fifth plane, our earth. Up there they have a publication committee which urged Dr. Watson to publish this account. On this committee are: Lincoln, Emerson, Walt Whitman and Ingersoll. It is not divulged whether this committee is an all-American one to appease the critics who complain that we have only one vote to the British six in the League of Nations.

It is a curious book and it is impossible not to be interested in it. But one has to be very much of an enthusiast to be interested as much as amused or irritated. Here, for instance, is Shakespeare's description of the landscape: "Behold a temple set in a valley, whose opaline sides, as if with jewels were dissolved, then kissed by Sappho and polished to reflect the gorgeous splendor of exalted nature. Hear the bell in yonder church tower." Is it necessary to quote further? If it is Shakespeare, he had evidently sadly deteriorated.

This turgid eloquence seems the ordinary talk of the twentieth plane. Hear Shelley: "Style is the night-robe Poetry adorns herself with, as she seeks quiet rest beneath stars nearly retired to their chambers of sleep." If that is Shelley, it was a pity to disturb him.

There is a smugness about life on the twentieth plane that is not very appealing. These illustrious dead are fond of terming themselves The Humble Ones. Great men, really great men, are usually humble. But they do not call themselves humble. The minute that they do, you suspect that they feel themselves rather better than any one else.

All these books were written by ardent believers. It is stimulating to notice two or three books on the other side. The Catholic point of view, that spirit messages are inspired by baleful spirits, is the theme of "Whose Name is Legion" (Benziger), by Isabel C. Clarke. Miss Clarke is popular with Catholic readers and usually her stories are above the average in merit. But "Whose Name is Legion" carries such an enormous and ill-stored cargo of propaganda that it can not sail on an even keel.

The author is sure that every one who believes in spiritualism undergoes a moral deterioration. All her believers are either weak or wicked. There is not even the one exception to prove the rule. It's a bit sweeping. Human beings can not be quite so neatly disposed of.

An eery loneliness pervades the setting—a remote house amidst the exotic beauty of Algeria. There the heroine is exposed to one melodramatic situation after another. There is excitement enough to provide happenings for a dozen ordinary novels. But the writer is too desperately in earnest in her hatred of spiritualism to be convincing.

"Spiritism and Religion" (Devin-Adair), by Johan Liljencrants, a Swedish baron converted to Catholicism, is a history of spiritualism by an ardent opponent. It is temperate and extremely readable. The author reviews most of the famous cases that have attracted world-wide attention and fails to find the supernatural in any of them. He frankly admits himself puzzled by Home but he does not think spirits aided him. He does not go as far as Browning in denouncing the medium but he shares Browning's distrust. Baron Liljencrants thinks that fraud, telepathy, self-deception and subconscious memory can usually explain spiritistic phenomena. He admits the possibility of diabolical intervention but very cautiously. He seems to believe that if Satan is responsible, he is not so clever as he has been pictured. His book is the most unprejudiced of its class and deserves careful consideration.

A novel about spiritualism that will prove more disturbing to believers than "Whose Name is Legion" is E. F. Benson's "Across the Stream" (Doran). Like nearly all of the author's books, it is an arresting story. If it is not quite so plausible as some of his earlier tales, it is undeniably far above the average novel in its merits.

It is a story of England, of Switzerland and of Italy, of the childhood and young manhood of *Archie Morris*, heir to a title. He is a lovable boy and Mr. Benson has seldom been more fascinating than in his presentation of the lad's early years. *Archie* receives spirit messages from his brother *Martin*, of whose death he had been kept in ignorance. But those seem merely incidents in his busy, joyous life.

In later years *Martin's* spirit is ousted by a fiend that transforms the youth to an utterly selfish young man, a scorner of truth and honor, an abetter in his father's drunkenness, a despiser of the faith that sends his friends out to the battle-line. Here the tale becomes melodramatic, but it will not tax credulity more than the claims of some spiritualists. The chief flaw in the story is not so much the spirit agencies, which Mr. Benson employs with sufficient restraint, as the unreal character of *Helena* who starts *Archie* on his career of reckless self-indulgence. Her sister *Jessie*, who stands by him and rescues him, is believable enough, but whenever *Helena* appears you can hear the creak of the machinery within her. She is not real flesh and blood.

All sorts of odd happenings and puzzling things that may be attributed to spiritualism or to unknown forces have resulted from experiments conducted in the Gollingher circle in Ireland. These are amply described by W. J. Crawford in "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena" and "Experiments in Psychical Science" (Dutton). The titles sound more formidable than the books actually are. The writer teaches mechanical engineering when he is not investigating séances and he goes about his self-imposed task as though he were in a laboratory. Instead of trying to get gossipy messages he wanders about the circle, taking notes, measuring here and weighing there, creeping about the floor to see that no fraud is practised or bringing in new apparatus to test the ingenuity of the zealous spirits.

Dr. Crawford has come to the conclusion that these manifestations are caused by

"Across the Stream."

rod-like structures that issue from the medium's body, invisible cantilevers that tip tables about drunkenly and do all sorts of odd things. It sounds fantastic enough. But of course many things that are commonplace to-day would have seemed as queer a century ago.

The very mass of books upon the subject of spiritualism is bewildering. Some strengthen belief. Others shake it.

Were there angels at Mons? Did Raymond prove his identity? Did pre-Adamite spirits really talk familiarly with Mr. Koons? Who or what is Patience Worth? There are no end to the questions that spring to mind. And no end to the answers that might be given. It's a puzzling world we live in. Even the skeptics

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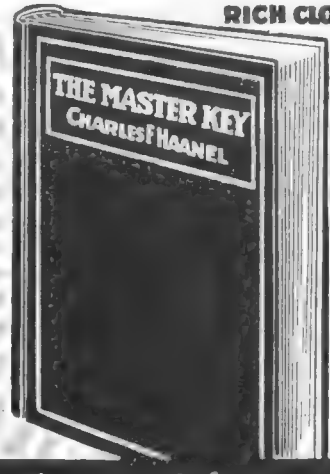

You pay nothing you return nothing

"The Master Key is too modest a title for such a stupendous revelation"

Some men seem to attract success, power, wealth, health and attainment with very little conscious effort, others conquer with great difficulty, still others fail altogether to realize their ambitions, desires and ideals. Why is this so?

The Master Key will tell you why! It will tell you that these things are controlled by Natural Laws, precisely the same as the falling of an apple.

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THE GREAT HOP

(*Continued from page 15*)

slipped their moorings. *NC-3* was to get off first, followed by *NC-4* then *NC-1*. We waited until *NC-1* and *NC-3* reported all ready, then taxied over close to shore, put on full power and headed across the narrow harbor. We just failed to get off before reaching the other side, so came back and tried again, and again just failed. I signaled to the motorboat to come alongside, and transferred Rhodes and the battery radio set, as previously decided upon. *NC-4* during this time tried out, got off, circled and landed again. We then made our third trial, and got off at 7:30 P.M. followed by *NC-4* and *NC-1*, and all stood out to sea.

It was cold, rough and rather hazy, and we were flying with a bigger load than had ever been carried by any sea-plane, so the first few minutes were anxious ones. With great difficulty I managed to distinguish the *NC-1* and the *NC-4* astern of us, so struck off down the line of destroyers.

Those who think that having destroyers fifty miles apart made navigation as easy as "walking down Broadway" should have been with us that evening. It was not until darkness came on, and they began to fire star shells at five-minute intervals from the anti-aircraft guns that I could even think of anything but finding the next destroyer. They could not be expected to be exactly on position, and if we didn't find them exactly where we expected to, there was always the question, are they wrong or are we?

As it got dark it also got overcast, and thus made flying very difficult for the *NC-3* pilots, as our lighting system developed defects, and the lights on the pilots' instrument-boards were out. The moon finally came up, but the clouds nearly obscured it. My pilots telephoned that they would like to go above the clouds, so that they could have the moon and stars for reference. I signaled to go up. *NC-1* and *NC-4* were on the other side of us, and about two miles astern. We climbed through the clouds, and at forty-five hundred feet found smoother air and a beautiful clear heaven.

Night Above the Clouds

THE clouds below formed one vast surface, which looked, with the moon shining down on it, like a huge field of snow, except that the clouds had a waving motion like the long ground-swells which are sometimes seen at sea. Since the clouds were about thirty-five hundred feet high, and the fuses of the star shells were set at four thousand feet, they came up through nicely, and although we could not see the destroyers, we could tell where they were. Through rifts in the clouds I could occasionally see the *NC-1* or the *NC-4* and sometimes a destroyer, and about midnight I saw two passenger-ships.

These hours above the clouds over the mid-Atlantic at night I shall always regard as the most impressive of my life. The engines were running beautifully, all forty-eight cylinders spitting short purplish flames, with a roar which from below must have sounded like an express-train. I got out the sandwiches and coffee, and Richardson and McCulloch took turns coming forward for refreshments and to find out where we were. Lavender and Moore had their own supply aft. But Moore made periodic visits to my cockpit to give me such information about radio news and gasoline consumption as had not been sent over the telephone.

I foolishly added one more thrill through my stubbornness. The destroyers had been instructed to fire all star shells to the northwest, with guns elevated to an angle of seventy-five degrees, it being our plan to pass to the southward of all destroyers, and thus avoid danger of being hit. I had set a course which was taking us by the destroyers, just south of them, like clockwork, when finally as we approached one, it was evident that we would pass just to northward of it. I thought it was out of position, and I didn't want to change course. Besides, I could see it, and thought they could see us through the then thin clouds, so I kept right on. Having timed their firing, I knew they were due to fire just about where we were in line. We were at forty-five hundred feet, so the shell was due to explode five hundred feet below us. Either the destroyer didn't see us or they didn't believe in deviating one iota from their instructions, for right on the second I saw the flash from the gun. The shell exploded just under us. I looked back and both Richardson and McCulloch looked as though they would like to take the navigating out of my hands.

Losing the Destroyers

THE rest of the night was uneventful. As dawn began to break we looked for a hole in the clouds in order to go down where we could see the destroyers. We could not get down in time to see number fourteen, but finally found a hole and got through shortly before we were due to see number fifteen. We found the weather slightly hazy and threatening, and very shortly encountered heavy rain squalls. I believed number fifteen was to northward, and was looking that way for her, when one of the pilots called my attention to the dim outlines of a vessel to the southward. We were already past it, but eased over in that direction to get a better look. The rain shut off our vision, so I assumed it was number fifteen and changed course accordingly, to bring me back on the line. We then encountered fog, which together with the rain squalls, lasted the rest of our flight, and brought us to grief.

Number sixteen was not seen, nor was number seventeen, so I reached the conclusion that I had mistaken some other vessel for number fifteen and that we were probably to the southward of the course, and changed course to run parallel, hoping that we would run out of the fog and see some station vessel. I knew from radio news that both the *NC-1* and *NC-4* were having similar difficulties, but it was now a case of each navigator trying to solve his own problems. We tried the radio compass, but with no result. We also tried different altitudes, but as soon as we escaped the fog we struck clouds. The fog was at times so thick that even the wings seemed blurred to one in the bow. The rain came in bursts, and its effect on the pilots as it drove in their faces was finally to bring on drowsiness. The medical officer at Rockaway had both forewarned and forearmed me for such an emergency, so I opened up the medical kit and got out a double dose of strychnin, which I gave to Richardson, who was in worse shape than McCulloch. About an hour later I repeated the dose. It brought him around all right.

When I figured we were due to approaching Flores Islands, the strain became severe, for we could not see more than one hundred yards, and I doubt if we could have avoided the mountains if they had loomed up ahead. Finally at eleven o'clock I got just a glimpse of the sun. I grabbed my sextant and got a quick reading of the altitude. We were tossing about so that the bubble used for the artificial horizon was very unsteady, but I quickly worked out the sight and drew in the line of position. This line passed through Pico, so I changed course to head up the line, not knowing just where on it I might be, in fact, not being at all sure of my position.

It got very thick again, and Moore came forward to tell me that he had a bare two hours of fuel left. I went aft to the pilots, apprised them of the situation, and asked their opinion as to the advisability of landing, so that we could stop the engines, take a radio compass bearing on the *Columbia* at Horta, and, having found our position, proceed to the nearest port. We looked over at the surface of the sea, and though we could see it but dimly, decided that a landing and getaway could be made safely, so engines were throttled and we started down. When we got too close to put on power and get up again, all realized that the sea was too rough. We hit the top of a wave, jumped to the top of the next, and then landed on the slope of the third with such force that I expected the hull to collapse. We were down!

Before landing we had sent out a radio signal, announcing our intention and giving what I believed to be our approximate position. We had also been sending out approximate positions every half hour, so I thought the destroyers would find us in a few hours. An examination of the sea-plane showed the hull badly crushed above the water line, some of the main longitudinals broken, a rather bad leak under the pilots' cockpit, and the forward center engine-beds bowed.

The Broken Wireless

AS WE had not been getting replies to our radio signals for some hours, Lavender set out to make a thorough inspection of his system, and found the ground wire broken just under the after propeller. I then realized that our signals had not been going out and that no one knew where we were. Signals intercepted that afternoon stated that last message had been received from *NC-3* when passing destroyer number sixteen, so evidently our outfit had failed us shortly after that time. We immediately fixed the radio so that messages could be sent by running one engine, and spent an hour calling. The *NC-4* had reached Horta, the *NC-1* was down in fog and in bad shape, and the *NC-3* was missing, and radio signals were flying about so fast that our poor little messages were smothered. We could hear instructions being given to search between sixteen and seventeen for

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NC-3, and as we were four hundred miles farther east we began to feel alarmed, especially when a little later we heard a storm warning go out from Horta.

All preparations were made for riding out the storm. We decided our sea anchor was too big for the weather which was coming and rigged up two canvas buckets instead. Stock was taken of food, and I discovered that our few remaining sandwiches had, along with almost everything else in the hull, been dashed in the bilge when we struck the water and were water-soaked. The emergency rations were intact, and we had five small cakes of milk chocolate. There was plenty of water in the radiators, and, although it was full of rust and had some oil in it, thirsty men could and did drink it. Wires were examined and tightened up, colors were hoisted upside down as a distress signal and the Véry pistol was oiled up and loaded, ready for use at night.

As evening came on the wind increased. We continued to send out radio calls until the sea got so rough we could not run the engine without great danger of wrecking the seaplane. At dusk, watches were set as lookouts. The hull was pumped out and those who felt like it curled up there and tried to sleep. We were wet and cold and were pitching and rolling, so, tired though we were from the all-night and half-day flight, very little sleep was had. I was up practically all night, trying to get sights of the stars or moon to determine our position, and plotting our drift before the wind. It was too cloudy for any good sights, however.

Adrift in the Storm

ABOUT four o'clock Sunday morning, May eighteenth, the real storm broke. The wind suddenly increased to gale force, and brought with it a driving rain. All hands were turned out, for it was now a fight for life. The pump was manned, pilots put at controls to keep us headed into wind and a close watch kept on the sea anchor and wing pontoons. After getting control of the water in the hull we took the hose off the pump and Moore and I rigged it up to the oil tank, to put oil on the sea. It made a fairly good slick, but we were drifting so fast it was no use to us, so I decided to save the oil in case we had a chance to run the engines.

About 7 A.M. the good old *NC-3* began to break up. First the left lower wing got a big sea which broke all the ribs, then the tail went under and broke the lower elevator. The wind at this time was blowing something over fifty miles and later got up over sixty. Seas were about thirty to thirty-five feet and very steep. The real calamity occurred at 9 A.M. when a heavy cross-sea carried away our left-wing pontoon. I did not think we could last much longer, but we got out the harness which the engineer wore when climbing around among the engines and took turns strapping ourselves out on the opposite wing so that the additional weight would keep the broken wing out of water. Pumping was kept up continuously, as the leaks were getting worse. There was no rest for anybody.

Just at noon the air cleared and I got a meridian altitude of the sun, which, applied to a poor time sight taken in the early forenoon, gave me a position forty-five miles southeast of Pico, the highest island in the Azores. Richardson spotted the dim outline of the mountain above the clouds. It was so near and yet so far, for the gale was taking us directly away from it and down into the broad South Atlantic. We did try to send a radio signal, however, and nearly wrecked ourselves before we could stop the engine. We put over the big sea anchor to check our drift, but it broke immediately, so we put the buckets back over. By the improvised scheme of having a bit of broken rib dropped over at the stern, and timing it till it passed the bow, knowing the length of the hull I could get a very fair estimate of drift, which, of course, was stern first. So watching our course I kept a good record of our positions.

A Black Night

NIGHT began to come on, and things looked very blue. We had heard instructions sent to use every available vessel in the search, but they were still searching out in the mid-Atlantic.

We had also heard how the crew of the *NC-1* had been rescued by the Greek ship *Ionia*, after being over six hours adrift, and taken into Horta, while efforts were being made to save the remains of the *NC-1*. Destroyers were having a bad time of it in the gale, and the various captains told me afterward they had no idea we were still alive. We also heard the report of the *NC-4* telling how through a rift in the fog they had sighted land, which proved to be the southwest corner of Flores; how they had flown on to Fayal, to again get lost, and finally landed about eight miles from Horta in the lee of the island of Fayal, where they got their bearings and finally made Horta.

Sunday night was something to try to forget. None of us expected to live through it, though I am glad to say we kept our opinions to ourselves. We were all dead tired, but there had to be three on watch all the time, and the other two intermittently engaged in pumping, so no sleep was possible. I kept awake by smoking and letting the spray dash over me occasionally. The heaviness cleared toward midnight and I got some good star and moon sights, which fixed our position definitely. By this time we had learned that by careful manipulation of the controls we could make the seaplane drift a little across the wind, and I tried to make a course to San Miguel on which Ponta Delgada is located. It was dangerous work, for if we got pointed too far the waves would undoubtedly wreck us, and if we didn't point off we would meet our end somewhere in the South Atlantic, if we lived that long.

Toward morning the water got so deep in the hull that I feared we were slowly sinking. Six hours of pumping got it down to where we felt safe again, but it nearly wrecked us physically. One man had to lie in the water down under the gasoline tanks to keep débris from stopping up the suction while the others pumped, then they would change so that the wet man could get warm.

At nine-thirty Monday morning I got a sun sight which showed that we were getting well to the eastward, and at ten-thirty Moore sighted land astern, at a distance which I estimated to be about forty-five miles. It was San Miguel. The effect on all hands was astonishing. We had been adrift two days in a storm and hadn't seen a thing but water. The sea was still high, with heavy winds blowing, and we didn't know if the old wreck would hold together, but now there was real hope. The first thing I did was to rescue my uniform cap from the bilge, where it had fallen two days before. I had seen no more use for it, so had just let it stay there and float about. All hands realized hunger and thirst and began to talk of food. I thought a great deal of other things, such as the relief of those at home who had been waiting so long for news and who might in a short while get real news.

We continued to pump, but with a different spirit. With my binoculars I was able to identify points on San Miguel, and laid a course which would bring us close to the west end, where we could sail down along the coast before the wind. As we got closer in to shore we reversed our colors and hoisted our pennant. We were afraid to try to run an engine to send a signal, so the ships at Ponta Delgada had no idea of our proximity, until the United States Marine Battery stationed in the hills west of Ponta Delgada sighted us and reported to naval headquarters by radio. Lavender was listening in, and heard the message, and immediately the air was full of messages—"Look again; can't be *NC-3*," etc. The marines came back with word that the seaplane had threes plastered all over it. A destroyer came roaring out of the harbor, and when she got close I saw it was the *Harding*, Commander H. E. Cook, commanding. We sent a signal by blinker light for her to merely stand by, as we intended making port without aid if possible.

Saved!

JUST after this another wave took off our remaining wing pontoon and we very nearly capsized, but by this time we were off the entrance to the harbor, so we started the three serviceable engines, and with Moore on one wing, Richardson on the other, Lavender working signals, McCulloch at the controls, and myself in the bow we came slowly into Ponta Delgada, amid a perfect bedlam of whistles, sirens, twenty-one-gun salutes, waving of flags and wild dashing about of dozens of motor-boats.

Our final effort at a sea-anchor, consisting of a bundle of wreckage from the wings, trailing by the radio antenna wire, was still trailing out, and the confusion was increased by two of the motor-boats getting snarled up in this like a pair of kittens in a spool of thread. Finally we reached our buoy and were taken off by the Admiral's barge, and landed at Admiralty House, where we were greeted by Rear-Admiral R. H. Jackson, accompanied by Captain Ward Wortman of the destroyer force, and by the Governor of the Azores and the Mayor of Ponta Delgada. We were so unsteady on our feet from a combination of weakness and sudden change to solid ground that we could not walk without assistance. The inhabitants gathered around Admiralty House and gave us a big ovation, then we got a chance to bathe and shave and finally got what we needed most—food. I sent off my report by cable to Washington and received the latest news from the *NC-1* and *NC-4;* then turned in.

In my capacity as division commander and in execution of my orders I expected to proceed to Lisbon, with Read, in the *NC-4* and so informed the Navy Department, but they decreed otherwise, and after Read reached Ponta Delgada, and Bellinger,

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with his crew, came in by destroyer, I received authority to proceed by destroyer with the personnel of the *NC-1* and *NC-3*. So midnight of May twenty-first the *Stockton* slipped out with all of us on board, and at six o'clock in the afternoon of May twenty-third we arrived in Lisbon, and transferred to the U. S. S. *Rochester*, where I reported to Rear-Admiral Plunkett and we settled down to await the arrival of the *NC-4*, which was weather-bound in Ponta Delgada.

Lisbon

THOSE few days in Lisbon were most pleasant. We spent them in sightseeing and being generally entertained. Lisbon is a second Monte Carlo, so the evenings were far from dull. Finally, on May twenty-seventh we got word that the *NC-4* had started. There was a great assemblage on the *Rochester* that afternoon to witness her arrival, which was accompanied by great enthusiasm from the hundreds of thousands of Lisbonites afloat and ashore. When Read and his crew got on board the *Rochester*, we of the NC Division were all decorated by the Portuguese Minister of Marine on behalf of the President of Portugal.

Early the next morning the *Rochester* put to sea for Plymouth, where we arrived on the afternoon of May twenty-ninth. Arrangements were made for the reception of the *NC-4*, and on the morning of May thirtieth a radio message was received that she had started. A small water leak caused her to land at Mondega River, and because of delay there she only went as far as Ferrol, Spain, that evening, then came on to Plymouth the next day, when again there was a big gathering on the *Rochester*. After being greeted by the representatives of the British government, the crew of the *NC-4*, accompanied by the remainder of the personnel of the NC Division and by Admiral Plunkett and his staff, proceeded by motorboats to the Barbecon, where impressive ceremonies were held on the exact spot from which the Pilgrims had embarked for America.

Orders were received from London for us to report there, so on Sunday we all went up, arriving at four o'clock Sunday afternoon. We were greeted by a perfect mob at the station and after quite a parade through the streets found ourselves at the Royal Aero Club. Here I met many of my old friends of the times when I had been Assistant Naval Attaché, and London seemed like home.

The round of entertainments was too extensive to describe, but none of us would have missed them for worlds. On Tuesday Admiral Plunkett, accompanied by Read, Bellinger and myself, proceeded to Paris in accordance with orders, to be received by President Wilson. Here we were entertained at dinner by Admiral Benson, and the next morning, after meeting the President, were presented to the Premiers of England, France and Italy and to the American members of the Peace Commission. After making many official calls, we caught the noon train to Boulogne, as we were due in London that same evening. The next day we lunched at the House of Commons with the Prince of Wales, most of the Cabinet Ministers and many other public men of England. Entertainment followed entertainment so rapidly that it seemed like a dream. Sunday, June eighth, was what might be called an off-day, so Colonel Spencer Grey, of the Royal Air Force, Bellinger, McCulloch and I, slipped out to Hendon, where we got into an aerial limousine, and were flown across London and down the Thames to Joyce Green, where we lunched with friends and then flew back.

Home

ON MONDAY the crew of the *NC-4* and I were decorated with the Cross of the Royal Air Force, and on Tuesday the whole party proceeded to Paris, where we had four more days of gaiety, then to Brest to take passage home on the U.S. naval transport *Zeppelin*. We arrived in New York on June twenty-seventh, after an absence of just fifty-one days, in which enough had happened to be spread over the average life of a man and furnish quite sufficient excitement and amusement.

The flight had become a matter of history. Members of the crews met their families, and were allowed two days' freedom in New York. Then we all reported in Washington, where new duties were awaiting us. We were soon scattered. I asked for a month's leave, and, much to my surprise, got it, and am spending it on Lake George, just happy to be alive, and at odd moments telling this story for those who might want to know how the whole thing seemed to one who was in it from beginning to end.

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Unimportant People

The Community Mother

By Lena P. Grant

IT DOESN'T specially matter about her name (she's a dreadfully modest person), or the place, which happens to be Grants, in Maine. Anybody could have done it. But she did it. Started right in mothering other people's children as soon as her four boys went to war (one as a doctor, one a corporal, one driving an ambulance and one in aviation). They were the same four boys she had spent her life supporting and educating, for the Spanish War had made a helpless invalid of her husband. And she made a business out of her new mothering which, I think, makes it all the better and more dignified.

Her four children went to war, so she just started mothering other people's.

Of course she had a wonderful equipment for the new-old career.

There was nothing she didn't know—about making father's last winter's overcoat fit Bobbie and what a new baby likes to find on its arrival, and special extra ways of reenforcing stockings.

She figured, when she was left alone with so much time on her hands and such a large ache in her heart, that there is one thing everybody needs—and that is a friend.

Mothers of families are not, inconveniently enough, made of cast iron. They wear out. Sometimes they even die. Sometimes they get ill. Sometimes they have new babies and can not attend to the housework and cooking and the other children. Even the man of the family sometimes is ill, and it's more than one pair of hands can do to look after him as he should be looked after and keep everything else running smoothly. Some lucky people have grandmothers or aunts who can step in in an emergency. But many haven't.

So this woman with the lovely smile and the wavy hair set up as a Community Mother, a sort of Extra Mother as it were. Actresses have their understudies. Why not mothers?

The first call was to help finish a little girl's dress for her to wear in time for the speaking contest. Her mother had to go away for a few days and the disappointment of no new dress for this great occasion was going to prove more than young Mary could possibly bear. Well, the dress got finished all right and had some extra insertion in it too, just for good luck.

This General Mother has yet to find the child that she can't coax up into her lap in five minutes. For one thing she knows how to make the most seductive saucer pies. And gingerbread men. And cookies. Indeed, her cookie jar is so famous that it is a complete job in itself keeping it filled. "Made with either dark or white flour," says the Community Mother, "the children seem to like them."

One other thing that melts almost as fast as her cookies is a stocking pile, that terrific mountainous kind of pile that a mother has been meaning and meaning to get at. The Community Mother sits down in front of it and it just fades away, leaving rows of delightful nubby ready-to-wears in its place.

Then when company is expected the Community Mother hops on the job and fills up the designated pantry shelves with pies and cakes and bread. Or maybe she stays around after the company does come and sends in plates of flapjacks and things from the kitchen, leaving the real mother free to dress up and enjoy herself.

"I must say I've patched up a good many love-affairs, as well as dresses and pants," says the Community Mother, with a sly little smile. "Sometimes young people will tell things to a Substitute Mother that they won't to a real one!"

"THE TRAIL OF BROKEN KINGS."

There are dozens of royal personages in Europe out of a job. *William G. Shepherd*, EVERYBODY'S correspondent abroad, ran down these regal derelicts in their many refuges. Read his amusing adventures in

THE DECEMBER EVERYBODY'S

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The Hope of the Handicaps

By William Atherton Du Puy

VICTOR T. J. GANNON, the friend of the "handicaps," about whom the following dramatic story of human service centers, is dead. To the casual reader the bald statement carries no significance.

But Victor Gannon had lighted a torch. He was one of those spirits whose lives shine out along the lane of the ages like incandescents that pierce the fog of a lonesome street.

Victor Gannon believed that he had found the gloomiest sub-basement in the dwelling-place of the American people. In it lived those people among us who are old and who are down and out. For America, because of the hustle and bustle of it, is disregardful of the elderly, refuses to give them a place in its industrial or business life. American industry and business renews itself by introducing new blood, young blood, at the bottom. It denies the boon of work to those who are past middle life. It had made up its mind that the "builders of yesterday" are junk on labor's scrap-heap.

Only Victor Gannon of this generation knew better, and before he died he demonstrated to the employers of Chicago that elderly people, the lame, the blind—"handicaps," he called them—were good buys where labor is sold.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE already had his story in type. We are printing it this month, because, with Gannon's death these old or ill or crippled who have lost their jobs, who have asked in vain for work until their spirits have been broken, become a challenge to the country's sense of human fellowship and service.

For them Victor Gannon had lighted a torch, had held it on high in Chicago, and the "handicaps" had flocked to him. He had given them the precious thing they wanted—work.

Who will take up the torch and strike afield where Victor blazed the way? Who will make this cause his own, that the "handicaps" of today may see the light of a new hope?

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LEXICOGRAPHERS, attention! Please revise or supplement your definition of "handicap." The word no longer indicates merely that advantage given the weaker or the disadvantage he may suffer in a contest. It has become a live, human word meaning the person himself.

A returning soldier who has left an arm in France is a handicap. So is one who is deaf or dumb. So is even the aged man who goes forth in search of work and who finds that a prejudice against gray hairs has barred his way to employment, a handicap. The word in this sense means anybody who must run the race of life carrying an extra weight.

And just now the handicaps, newly defined, have found a place in our national life, have been officially designated as an item in that vast task of reconstruction to which the Government is setting its hand. A Handicap Bureau has been established in the Federal Department of Labor, the purpose of which is to solve the problems of the unfortunate, to fit them into their proper places in the infinitely complicated mosaic of our industrial life.

Take the case of Mrs. Anne Cole, for instance. In the old days nobody would have thought of her as a handicap. Yet, despite the retention of her every mental and physical grace, such she became. It happened this way:

Dr. Alfred Cole died suddenly. The Indiana village in which he lived had lost a genial practitioner who never shirked a call from his warm bed into the forbidding and stormy night. It had lost a genial gentleman, a prominent citizen, a social leader. But it also had lost a poor bill-collector and a lavish provider. And there remained Mrs. Cole and the boy.

When the debts were paid, there was nothing left and Mrs. Cole faced her life emergency. She must work to support herself and child. She was a gray-haired, stately, elegant matron with no experience in practical affairs. Her whole being revolted at the prospect of cutting ribbon in a home-town dry-goods store for women she had entertained. If she must earn her living, she decided she would bury herself in the throngs of a great city. So she went to Chicago to fight her battles.

Answering advertisements, tramping the streets in search of work, was a trial for which Mrs. Cole's experience had ill fitted her. Her qualifications recommended her to few employers. Her very charm of personality was a bar. Prospective employers could not picture this gray-haired matron performing the tasks they had to offer. She was without experience and there was a prejudice against women of her age. Finally her money was gone and she had come to the end of the lane. She was a handicap.

The last resort in Chicago was Victor T. J. Gannon, who operated an employment agency for the crippled, broken and old, the agency from which the National Handicap Bureau has grown. Particularly was Gannon the friend of the elderly unemployed. "The builders of yesterday," he called them. He knew that employers worshiped at the shrine of youth, believed that old dogs could not be taught new tricks. But he held they were wrong.

Mrs. Cole was a broken woman when she reached Gannon—broken in all but her pride, her sensitiveness with regard to those she had known of old. The only work she had been offered, was likely to be offered, was that in which the charm of her personality might be used to advantage in contact with the public. But from such a place she shrank in horror, always picturing her humiliation should she encounter people from her home town. Gannon knew that this pride must be broken if she were to face the future without a blighting dread. He told her brutally of her responsibility to her child, her duty to perform honest work in the world, her folly in letting mere pride wreck her prospects. He drove her to sob herself into humility, he sent her to squalid places of possible employment where he never would have allowed her to work. He reduced her to that frame of mind from which her reconstruction was possible.

The Case of Mrs. Cole

THEN he called up the employment manager of Marshall Field, where he had intended all along that Mrs. Cole should be placed. He knew all the employment managers in Chicago personally, had earned the right to talk plainly to them. He said that this inexperienced, middle-aged woman must be used. She had possibilities in her, and besides the rehabilitation of a family depended on it. The employers of Chicago had been educated to the scheme of the "handicapped." Mrs. Cole went to work in the fur department at twelve dollars a week.

There her customers were often women of refinement and appreciation of the saleswoman's graces. They liked her. She watched the other saleswomen and took hold where they were failing with their customers. She found that there was an opportunity to use every charm she had employed as a social grace. She began to enjoy making an art of salesmanship. The best customers began to ask for her. The floor manager observed her work. In a year she was head of the fur department on her floor, was earning thirty-five dollars a week, had installed her son in a small apartment with an aged aunt who had a pension of twenty-eight dollars a month and all were happy and comfortable. A handicap family had been reconstructed.

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Lucian Frost was once a man about town in Chicago, a member of three of its prominent clubs. He traveled much in South America, spoke four languages, dabbled in high finance. Revolution in Central America had ruined him financially. After four months in Chicago he found himself, a man of sixty-five, without a cent, four days without food, shoes gone from walking the streets, with a bedridden, ill, hungry wife at home, meeting everywhere the stereotyped response of the prospective employer: "You don't suit. You are too old." He was a handicap.

He went to Gannon. After Frost had revived under the influence of food, Gannon placed him as a floor salesman in a wholesale furniture establishment at eighteen dollars a week. He was starting a sixty-five-year-old man at a beginner's salary. He had faith in his ability to come back. He believed that a man of mature years has an experience upon which to build that is of value, that he has knowledge that is worth money, that his chances of success are many.

In a year Frost was foreign manager for his firm. His knowledge of languages and foreign lands had given him a vast advantage. He was later sent to Rio de Janeiro as the representative of the house for a continent, that continent that is the land of opportunity. At sixty-seven he is a success. Where is the youngster who could have gone so far in two years?

Mr. Gannon was manager of what was known as the Employers' Association of Chicago. There were some philanthropic men among the employers of the windy city, who, some years ago, became moved by the situation in which old people found themselves when fortune so manipulated circumstances that they were out of employment. Benjamin J. Rosenthal was one of those. Robert J. Thorne, of Montgomery Ward, recently Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Army, was another. These men believed that one of the weaknesses in the American social scheme was the tendency to disregard the aged. It is probably a fact that Americans show less reverence for old people than do the citizens of any other country. Haste, speed, is a part of the American psychology and there is likely to be impatience with anything that stands in the way of it. Old folks are not given much attention. In industry and business particularly the demand is for youth. Gray hairs come near being a bar to employment at many an institution.

Gray Hairs an Asset

THESE Chicago employers with a turn to philanthropy believed that the old man was not getting a square deal. They held that he had received much training for which some one else had paid, that he was more permanent than migratory youth, that he was likely to adhere to the lesson of experience, that he had come to the verge of despair for lack of a job and consequently would not fritter it away, that his work would be his only interest, that his mind would not wander to the life of after dark, that he would command respect, lend stability, radiate a spirit of loyalty to his job. They believed that there were points in favor of employing old men and that a great mistake was being made in rejecting them. Furthermore, there was a nation-wide tragedy being enacted of which the builders of yesterdays were the victims. Something should be done about it.

Victor T. J. Gannon was working for Mr. Thorne at Montgomery Ward & Company, routing orders through the establishment. He was a human man with a smile who got along with people. He was put in charge of the bureau which looked after the old people and others who were handicapped. There was a waiting-list of twenty-six hundred. Gannon talked to the ministers of Chicago about the handicaps and got them to preach sermons about them. He wrote letters to employers advancing all his points as to why the old folks should be given a chance. He furnished the newspapers many human-interest stories that got his idea across. He gradually brought employers in Chicago to a point where they would give old people a chance. And the elderly made good. Chicago is now converted. The demand for employees whose youth is gone is greater than the supply.

Timid Hearts

THERE was Joseph T. James, for instance, who is by way of being a star performer. James had been a bookkeeper for twenty-five years for the same firm. Then there was a change of management and a new bookkeeper. James was out of a job through no fault of his own. He was out of work for seven months, was fifty-nine years old, was afflicted with that terrible malady of his kind, timid heart. Elderly folk who have spent their lives in one groove nearly always suffer from timid heart. His money was all gone, friends had been supporting him, he had come to the haven for old men.

But James was a good bookkeeper. He was given an assignment at Gary, Indiana, of installing an accounting system. It was considered a six-weeks job, but James had completed it in three. The prejudice against age was overcome with an employer who offered one hundred and fifty a month for a man to install accounting systems in a chain of garages. So good was James' work and so valuable his directing advice that he was made assistant to the president of the chain at a salary of six thousand dollars a year. That was in January, 1918. A year later he had an interest in the company and was drawing a salary of seventy-five hundred a year.

Maggie Doran was a scrubwoman in one of the tall office-buildings of Chicago. She went to work every night at eight o'clock and she mopped up floors until three in the morning. She worked on her knees and wrung out the cloths with her hands. There were huge calluses where her joints came in contact with the floor and her hands were chapped and cracked and rough. Heavy and stolid and toil-worn was Maggie, bent with her fifty-two years and the poverty of an existence on forty-two dollars a month.

Maggie had come from Ireland, where she had been a farmer woman. She had always worked hard. She might have fared better in America had her relatives not shunted her off to Chicago and left her there unadvised.

Some of the elevator operators at the office-building were old men placed there by the Handicap Bureau. They had told her of what had been done for them. She wondered if that Gannon could not help her. She went to see.

Gannon told her of a manufacturer of electrical appliances who wanted a woman to clean up around the machines. She worked part time at five dollars a week and finally full time at fifteen dollars. It was better than the night job as scrubwoman. Then she asked to be trained to operate one of the machines. In four months she was running a wire-insulating machine and presently she was rated as an expert at fifty-four cents an hour. By the time the war came to an end she was considered the best woman on the floor and became superintendent and instructor at a salary of thirty-five dollars a week. She would never be recognized as the bedraggled scrubwoman of two years ago. Her features have taken on character, intelligence. Her mind has unfolded. She is a spruce and fairly well-dressed business woman. Her opportunity came at the age of fifty-two and she has lived up to it. She has been reconstructed.

These women of a "staid maturity" (it was found that a definite fixing of ages was impossible even in these circles) have the calmness of despair. They are fighting a battle of life or death. They are no "pocket-money" workers. They attend to business all the way. They are in better physical condition than men of the same age. They are twenty-five per cent. fitter. Their eyes are better. They suffer less from bunions, rheumatism, bad teeth—those every-day ailments of the elderly—than do men. These physical handicaps, due largely to lack of attention, are among the chief causes of men going to the scrap-heap. Neglected physical ailments, timid heart, extravagance, marital troubles—these are the accelerators to the realm of the down-and-out. Physically the old women are better than old men. They are more adaptable, they learn more quickly. They have an added faculty, intuition, which helps them meet new conditions.

Did McKeon Make Good?

BUT they have the handicap of garrulity. They will talk in spite of heaven and earth. They tell the employment agent all their domestic affairs, their life-history, construct for him their family trees. The duty of whoever has to do with the placing of these women of staid maturity is to impress on the prospective employer their advantages as workers, but at the same time to prepare him for their volubility and, if possible, to impress on the applicant the advisability of silence, of responding only to questions asked.

In this task of reconstructing the lives of handicaps many men and women must come to understand the psychology of timid hearts. They must learn to administer the starch that stiffens wabbly spines. They must see beyond the shell the man or woman who was and who may be again.

There was Jacob McKeon, for instance, who came into the Chicago office emaciated, threadbare, respectable. He entered furtively, cast apprehensive glances at the clock, gave evidences of great nervousness. He said he was in much trouble, wondered if he could be helped, all in ten minutes, for it was the lunch-hour and he must get back to his job.

"What is the matter with you?" Manager Gannon asked him. "You seem to be a bundle of nerves. I am surprised that you have a job to go to. You would make a fine impression on an employer, wouldn't

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you? And you have ten minutes to give me in the making over of your life. You do a little business toward pulling yourself together and come back at six o'clock when your day's work is over and we will go into the matter."

"But my wife! She would not stand for my not getting home. There is no telephone."

"I will send a message to your wife and say that you are to stay down-town to dinner to-night; that you are negotiating for a new job."

At dinner the story came out. McKeon had secured a job as bookkeeper eighteen years earlier, and on the strength of it had married. In that eighteen years his salary had increased from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week. To his family had been added two daughters whom he was trying to put through high school; the stress of making ends meet had turned the household into a jangling of high-strung nerves.

With the increase of the cost of living, conditions were growing steadily worse. Life for the wife and the girls was hard. There seemed no way out. Yet McKeon said he knew all the frills of bookkeeping, had studied modern methods and short cuts. He inspired confidence in that respect.

"Come into my office Monday morning," said Gannon. "I will get you a better job. Don't tell me you can't. You owe no consideration to these people who have worked you eighteen years without a vacation. Buck up and do as I say."

Gannon had his avenues for getting in touch with the demand for bookkeepers, but he believes also that there is a providence which helps workers along these lines. On Saturday a manufacturer called him up, asked for a bookkeeper, a mature man with all the refinements of the calling, who knew loose-leaf bookkeeping, who could direct two girl assistants. He would start such a man at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

McKeon went for his interview in fear and trembling. He returned from it as white as a sheet! "My God! I got it!" he said. "They want me right away. What shall I do about my other job?"

"Chuck it," said Gannon. "Tell them you have a better job and that you are done. You owe them nothing. On the contrary, they owe you thousands of dollars that they should have paid you and didn't. Chuck 'em."

From Chicago to Washington

DID McKeon make good? He couldn't have failed. Making good meant too much to him. He made so good that his salary was raised to one hundred and fifty dollars at the end of the first month. He pointed out short cuts to economy that saved his firm his salary. He bought a little home in the suburbs, two acres, and gave the girls chickens to raise. One summer day they came to Gannon's office all dressed up in new lawn dresses and as rosy as apples with their Irish complexions. They brought him some socks and fresh eggs from their own coops. And when they were gone Gannon went into the back room and cried.

Washington heard what Chicago has done for the handicaps and brought Gannon to the national capital. He installed his Handicap Bureau as a part of the United States Employment Service. His mission was to take the Chicago idea to every community in the nation. Already the government employment service has twenty-four hundred offices scattered about the country. The Handicap Bureau will work through these. It will attempt to find a human, understanding man or woman in each community who will meet the requirements of this delicate task and attempt to carry the glory of work to the old and injured everywhere.

This bureau as a national agency is just getting started. Its first case came from a town upstate in New York, a Mrs. Green, aged sixty-five, whose only experience in housekeeping had exhausted her last widow's mite. In that juggling of fate which scatters its burdens without consideration of the ability of the recipient to bear them, a boy of seven, a grand-nephew, had fallen to the elderly woman to support. She had heard of the Handicap Bureau and had asked the local government representative if she could be helped.

He Helps the Wounded, Too

THE community was comparatively small. The local representative was a young woman. She wrote to Gannon for instructions. He told her she should see ten women of the town and should tell each of them the story of Mrs. Green. Each should be asked to search her mind for a niche into which Mrs. Green would fit. Each should tell the story to three other women. Thus, the second day, forty women would be working on the case. The thing would go on and on. There was a place in the mosaic of the town's life into which this woman would just fit. The situation would be met. If not in this way, a visit should be paid to the local newspapers. They should be asked to print a statement of the case in a box right out on the front page. Editors would see the vision and get into the handicap game. Just the right place for Mrs. Green or any other handicap could be found in that or any other town. It was merely a matter of care in making the adjustment.

Sure enough, one of the first ten women found just the place. An elderly, well-to-do woman with a big house on the edge of town had found it difficult to get a permanent housekeeper. She wanted somebody who would appreciate a home. There was plenty of room for the boy and a school near by. The scheme worked out to the satisfaction of all concerned. The mosaics were fitted into their proper niches. Now the report comes that the grand-nephew of Mrs. Green is to be adopted by the woman of the big house which he will eventually inherit.

In Chicago, in two years twenty-eight thousand handicaps were found positions, five thousand of whom were women, and six thousand of whom were cripples, many of them Canadians and Americans who had fought in the Canadian army. Placing crippled soldiers is one of the primary purposes of the Handicap Bureau, but one which, it figures, will be so easy as not to cause much concern. It holds that almost any man, no matter how seriously he is injured, may be set to some task at which he is as fit and as effective as though he were normal.

There was Jo Lora, in Chicago, for instance. A fly-wheel got hold of Jo's clothing and flung him in among the belting and

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big machinery and when he came out he had but one leg, one eye and no arms at all. But between two parts of the factory there is a huge fire door weighing a ton and the fire regulations require that it should be kept closed. There was a lot of trucking back and forth, which meant that the door had to be often opened and closed. It required an attendant. A one-armed man had formerly devoted himself to this task. But the one-armed man had learned a trade and now they fixed the contacts so Jo with his one foot could throw a lever that would open and close this door. So Jo holds a job to which some man must give himself. He serves a full man's purpose.

But Jo does not stop here. He wanted some task upon which his active brain might employ itself. So the firm has given him a problem. It uses many form letters. Its business is largely conducted by means of form letters. If Jo, with no other intellectual interest in the world, would devote himself to a study of form letters, would concentrate on this one thing, might he not come to know more about form letters than anybody else, might he not evolve something that would be of use to the firm? Jo would like to try. He is to study form letters for two years. If he turns up anything good, he will go into the form-letter department, where he will have stenographers to supplement his physical deficiencies.

So Jo sits by the fire-door and kicks his lever with his heel. On a stand before him is his book of form letters. When he wants a page turned, he uses his nose for the purpose. There is a degree of embarrassment when he has a cold, but under normal conditions this member serves its unusual purpose effectively. Jo is hopeful and confident of the future.

It has long been admitted that the loss of one faculty often accentuates another, leads to an abnormal development of it of which advantage may be taken. It remained to the Handicap Bureau, however, to demonstrate that the loss of one of the five senses might be an advantage which should lead to the seeking out of individuals suffering the loss rather than the reverse.

There Is Always a Place

IN A great mail-order house there are many specialized operations. There is, for instance, the pasting up and routing of orders, a simple, almost mechanical task. But there is much coming and going, and there is likely to develop much talk and confusion. The Handicap Bureau had three deaf and dumb colored girls. Mr. Gannon, knowing the detail of mail-order operation, concluded that these girls, who would hear nothing of the clamor, who could not enter into the gossips of the employees, could paste and route orders better than girls with all their faculties. He got places for the three and his theory justified itself. He believed that there are enough jobs in the country in which deaf and dumb people are better than normal individuals to take care of all those who can not hear.

Such is this new task of government, a task of humanity and heart-throbs such as government rarely undertakes, a task intended to operate as a serum in the veins of the old and the afflicted that will dispel the tragedy of their lives by bringing them into those fields of useful occupation where a man finds his greatest chance of happiness.

Looking Seaward

By Gwynne Roberts

THOUGH I'm just a blooming landsman, I've a window on the bay,
And I see the loaded trampers slipping southward and away,
And I watch the lighters coaling and the funnels smoke and spark,
And the ferryboats, like jeweled bars, a-crawling through the dark.

Oh, I'm just a blooming landsman, and if under oath in court,
I couldn't tell the difference 'twixt starboard, stern or port,
Or why a bos'un's mate tattoos an anchor on his arm,
Or if a halyard is a place, a person, or a charm.

But I see the stodgy barges lined up neatly in a row,
And I hear the whistles hooting, and I know I want to go,
To go sailing on a tramper, reeking tarry, rummy lees,
For the West Coast, the Gold Coast, the lands beyond the seas;

To go sailing out at dawning in a sleety mist and rain,
With the wheezy engines chugging down the broad sea-track
To go sailing the world over, from St. Peter's Port to Dover,
And maybe then—and maybe not—come sailing back.

Oh, I'm just a blooming landsman, with a window on the bay,
And I see the loaded trampers slipping southward and away,
And I watch the lighters coaling and the funnels smoke and spark,
And the ferryboats, like jeweled bars, a-crawling through the dark.

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Pvt. C. LeRoy Baldridge

the private of the American Expeditionary Forces who made off with the honors as the foremost American artist of the war, is now drawing for

THE HOME SECTOR

A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF

The Stars and Stripes

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. E. F.

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A. A. Wallgren—the incorrigible Wally of the Marines, whose comic drawings are known to every doughboy who got to France—is also drawing for this new magazine, which has enlisted the services of the men who wrote or drew nearly all of the material which appeared in the celebrated journal of the A. E. F.

The Home Sector contains news from every old Yank sector from California to Coblenz. It contains news of interest to all former service men, humor in abundance, anecdotes, editorials, many other features, and places at the disposal of all former soldiers and sailors—

> SERVICE, a department which will try to clear up the misunderstanding and doubt existing in the minds of most former service men about War Risk Insurance, Liberty Loan bonds, back pay, travel pay, pensions, bonuses, legislation—state and national—and the dozens of other questions now perplexing discharged soldiers and sailors.

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A MAN *for the* AGES

(*Continued from page 52*)

done. You will be apt to think that there is too much liberty here in the West, and perhaps that is so; but the fact is, these men are not half so bad as they seem to be. Lincoln tells me that they are honest almost to a man, and sincerely devoted to the public good as they see it. I asked Abe Lincoln, who all his life has been associated with rough-tongued, drinking men, how he had managed to hold his own course and keep his talk and habits so clean.

"'Why, the fact is,' he said, 'I have associated with the people who lived around me only part of the time, but I have never stopped associating with myself, and with Washington and Clay and Webster and Shakespeare and Burns and Defoe and Scott and Blackstone and Parsons. On the whole, I've been in pretty good company.'

"He has not yet accomplished much in the legislature. I don't think that he will, until some big issue comes along. 'I'm not much of a hand at hunting squirrels,' he said to me the other day. 'Wait till I see a bear!' The people of Vandalia and Springfield have never seen him yet. They don't know him as I do. But they all respect him—just for his good fellowship, honesty and decency. I guess that every fellow with a foul mouth hates himself for it and envies the man who isn't like him. They begin to see his skill as a politician, which has shown itself in the passage of a bill removing the Capitol to Springfield. Abe Lincoln was the man who put it through. But he has not yet uncovered his best talents. Mark my word, some day Lincoln will be a big man.

"The death of his sweetheart has aged and sobered him. When we are together he often sits looking down with a sad face. For a while not a word out of him. Suddenly he will begin saying things, the effect of which will go with me to my grave, although I can not call back the words, and place them as he did. He is what I would call a great captain of words. Seems as if I heard the band playing while they march by me, as well-dressed and stepping as proud and regular as The Boston Guards. In some great battle between Right and Wrong you will hear from him. I hope it may be the battle between Slavery and Freedom, although at present he thinks they must avoid coming to a clinch. In my opinion it can not be done. I expect to live to see the fight and to take part in it!"

LATE in the session of 1836–1837 the prophetic truth of these words began to reveal itself. A bill was being put through the legislature denouncing the growth of abolition sentiment and its activity in organized societies, and upholding the right of property in slaves.

Suddenly Lincoln had come to a fork in the road. Popularity, the urge of many friends, the counsel of Wealth and Power, Public Opinion, the call of Good Policy, pointed in one direction, and the crowd went that way. It was a stampede. Lincoln stood alone at the corner. The crowd beckoned, but in vain. One man came back and joined him. It was Dan Stone, who was not a candidate for reelection. His political career was ended. There were three words on the sign-board pointing toward the perilous and rather lonely road that Lincoln proposed to follow. They were the words Justice and Human Rights. Lincoln and Dan Stone took that road in a protest, declaring that they "believed the institution of slavery was founded upon injustice and bad policy." Lincoln had followed his conscience instead of the crowd.

At twenty-eight years of age he had safely passed the great danger-point in his career. The declaration at Decatur, the speeches against Douglas, the miracle of turning 4,000,000 beasts into 4,000,000 men, the sublime utterance at Gettysburg, the wise parables, the second Inaugural, the innumerable acts of mercy, all of which lifted him into undying fame, were now possible. Henceforth he was to go forward with the growing approval of his own spirit and the favor of God.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Wherein Young Mr. Lincoln Betrays Ignorance of Two Highly Important Subjects, in Consequence of which He Begins to Suffer Serious Embarrassment.

THERE were two subjects of which Mr. Lincoln had little understanding. They were women and finance. Up to this time his tall, awkward, ill-clad figure had been a source of amusement to those unacquainted with his admirable spirit. Until they had rightly appraised the value of his friendship, women had been wont to regard him with a riant curiosity. He had been aware of this, and for years had avoided women, save those of old acquaintance. When he lived at the tavern in the village, often he had gone without a meal rather than expose himself to the eyes of strange women. The reason for this was well understood by those who knew him. The young man was an exceedingly sensitive human being. No doubt he had suffered more than any one knew from ill-concealed ridicule, but he had been able to bear it with composure in his callow youth. Later, nothing roused his anger like an attempt to ridicule him. No man who came in his way in after life was so quickly and completely floored as one George Forquer, who in a moment of folly had attempted to make light of him.

Two women he had regarded with great tenderness—his foster-mother, the second wife of Thomas Lincoln, and Ann Rutledge. Others had been to him mostly delightful but inscrutable beings. The company of women and of dollars had been equally unfamiliar to him. He had said more than once in his young manhood that he felt embarrassed in the presence of either, and knew not quite how to behave himself—an exaggeration in which there was no small amount of truth.

In 1836 the middle frontier had entered upon a singular phase of its development. Emigrants from the East and South had been pouring into it. The summer before, the lake and river steamers had been crowded with them, and their wagons had come in long processions out of the east. Chicago had begun its phenomenal growth. A frenzied speculation in town lots had been under way in that community since the autumn of '35. It was spreading through the state. Imaginary cities were laid out on the lonely prairies and all the corner lots sold to eager buyers and paid for with promises. Fortunes of imaginary wealth were created by sales of future greatness. Millions of conversational, promissory dollars, based upon the gold at the foot of the rainbow, were changing hands day by day. The legislature with an empty treasury behind it voted twelve millions for river improvements and imaginary railroads and canals, for which neither surveys nor estimates had been made, to serve the dream-built cities of the speculator. If Mr. Lincoln had had more experience in the getting and use of dollars, and more acquaintance with the shrinking timidity of large sums, he would have tried to dissipate these illusions of grandeur. But he went with the crowd, every member of which had a like inexperience.

In the midst of the session Samson Traylor arrived in Vandalia on his visit to Mr. Lincoln.

"I have sold my farm," said Samson to his old friend the evening of his arrival.

"Did you get a good price?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"All that my conscience would allow me to take," said Samson. "The man offered me three dollars an acre in cash or ten dollars in notes. We compromised on seven dollars all cash."

"It's a great mistake to sell now. The river is going to be deepened and improved for navigation."

"I've made up my mind that it can't be done unless you can invent a way to run a steamboat on moist ground," said Samson. "You might as well try to make a great man out of Colonel Lukins. It hasn't the watershed. To dig a deep channel for the Sangamon would be like sending Colonel Lukins to Harvard. We're going too fast. We have little to sell yet but land. The people are coming to us in great numbers, but most of them are poor. We must give them time to settle down and create something and increase the wealth of the state. Then we shall have a solid base to build upon; then we shall have the confidence of the capital we require for improvements. Now I fear that we are building on the sands."

"Don't you think that our bonds would sell in the East?"

"No; because we have only used our lungs in all these plans of ours. No one has carefully considered the cost. It's like trading horses unsight and unseen. For all we know, it may cost more than the entire wealth of the state to put through the improvements already planned. The Eastern capitalists will want to know about costs and security. Undoubtedly Illinois is sure to be a great state. But we're all looking at the day of greatness through a telescope. It seems to be very near. It isn't. It's at least ten years in the future."

Young Mr. Lincoln looked very grave for a moment. Then he laughed and said: "I don't know but we're all a lot of fools.

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I begin to suspect myself. The subject of finance is new to me. I don't know much about it, but I'm sure if I were to say what you have said in the House of Representatives, they would throw me out of doors."

"Just at present the House is a kind of insane asylum," said Samson. "You'll have to stick to the procession now. The road is so crowded that nobody can turn around. The folly of the state is so unanimous no one will be more to blame than another when the crash comes. You have meant well anyhow."

"You make me feel young and inexperienced."

"You are generally wise, Abe, but there's one thing you don't know—that's the use of capital. For two years Sarah and I have been studying the subject of finance in some books and papers that our friends have sent to us."

"I've seen too little of you in the last year or so," said the young statesman. "What are you going to do now that you have sold out?"

"I was thinking of going up to Tazewell County."

"WHY don't you go to the growing and prosperous town of Springfield?" Mr. Lincoln asked. "The Capitol will be there, and so will I. It is going to be a big city. Men who are to make history will live in Springfield. You must come and help. The state will need a man of your good sense. It would be a great comfort to me to have you and Sarah and Harry and the children near me. I shall need your friendship, your wisdom and your sympathy. I shall want to sit often by your fireside. You'll find a good school there for the children. If you'll think of it seriously, I'll try to get you into the public service."

"We need you plenty," Samson answered. "We kind o' think o' you as one o' the family. I'll talk it over with Sarah and see. Never mind the job. If I keep you behavin' yourself it will be job enough. Anyway I guess we can manage to get along. Sarah's uncle in Boston died last month and left her a little money. If we can get what we have well invested, all I shall need will be a few acres and a few tools and some friends to swap stories with."

"I've had a good talk with Stuart and have some good news for Harry and Bim," said young Mr. Lincoln. "Stuart thinks she can get a divorce under the law of 1827. I suppose they are still interested in each other."

"He's like most of the Yankees. Once he gets set it's hard to change him. The Kelsos have moved to Chicago, and I don't know how Bim stands. If Harry knows, he hasn't said a word to us about it."

"I'm interested in that little romance," said the legislator. "It's our duty to do what we can to secure the happiness of these young lovers. We mustn't neglect that in the pressure of other things. They and their friends are dear to me. Tell Harry to come over here. I want to talk with him."

This dialogue was about the last incident of importance in the visit of Samson Traylor.

Late in the historic session of that spring wherein the Whigs adopted the convention system of nominations and many plans were made for the expenditure of visionary millions, young Mr. Lincoln received a letter from his friend Mrs. Bennet Able of New Salem, which conveyed a shock to his nerves. Before he had gone to the session Mrs. Able had said to him lightly:

"Abe, I'll ask my sister Mary to come up here for a visit, if you'll agree to marry her.

"All right," the young man had answered playfully.

He remembered Mary. When he had left Kentucky years before, Mary—a slender, sweet-faced girl—had been one of those who bade him good-by.

The letter had said among other things:

"Mary has come and now we expect you to keep your word."

No knight of old had a keener sense of chivalry than the young statesman of Salem Hill. It was almost as Quixotic as the excesses at which Cervantes aimed his ridicule. An appalling fear took possession of him—a fear that Mrs. Able and the girl had taken him seriously. It was a thing of slight importance and nothing came of it save a year or more of worry for the young man which would seem, to the remote observer, quite unnecessary.

About this time Harry Needles arrived in Vandalia. The legislature had adjourned for a week-end. It was a warm, bright Saturday early in March. The two friends went out for a stroll in the woods.

"Still true to your old love?" Abe asked.

"True to the old love," said Harry. "I seem to be built that way. I shall never care for any other girl."

"Do you hear from Bim?"

"Once in a while I get a long, playful letter from her full of things that only Bim could write. I don't believe I have any show with her. Bim is good enough for any one, and there are better men than I am up there."

"Stuart says she can get a divorce. We know the facts pretty well. If you say so, we'll prepare the papers and you can take them up to Chicago and get them signed and attested. Stuart tells me that we can serve them by advertising."

"Good!" Harry exclaimed. "Get the papers ready as soon as you can, and send them up to me. When they come I'll mount that new pony of mine and start for Chicago. If she won't have me, let her take a better man."

"In my opinion, Bim will want you," said the legislator. "I'll be coming home in a few days, and will bring the papers with me. The session's about over. If the rich men refuse to back our plans there's going to be a crowd of busted statesmen in Illinois, and I'll be one of 'em."

"Shall you spend the summer in New Salem?"

"I don't know yet what I shall do," Lincoln replied.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Wherein Samson and Harry see Chicago in the Booming Days of '37, and sundry Dream Cities on the North Road.

MR. LINCOLN had brought the papers which Harry was to take to Bim, and made haste to deliver them. The boy was eager to be off on his mission. The fields were sown. The new buyer was coming to take possession in two weeks. Samson and Harry had finished their work in New Salem.

"Wait till to-morrow and maybe I'll go with ye," said Samson. "I'm anxious to see the country clear up to the lake and take a look at that little mushroom city of Chicago."

"And buy a few corner lots?" asked Abe with a smile.

"No; I'll wait till next year. They'll be cheaper then. I believe in Chicago. It's placed right—on the waterway to the north and east, with good country on three sides and transportation on the other. It can go into partnership with steam power right away and begin to do business. Your grain and pork can go straight from there to Albany, New York, Boston and Baltimore without being rehauled. When railroads come—if they ever do—steam power will be shoving grain and meat and passengers into Chicago from every point of the compass."

Abe Lincoln turned to Sarah and said: "This is a growing country. You ought to see the cities springing up there in the legislature. I was looking with great satisfaction at the crop when Samson came along one day and fell on it. He was like a frost in midsummer. Then came Jackson's specie circular. That was like a fall of snow."

"The seed was sown too early," Samson rejoined. "You and I may live to see all the dreams of Vandalia come true."

"And all the nightmares, too," said the young statesman.

"Yes, we're going to wake up and find a cold morning, not much to eat in the house and the wolf at the door, but we'll live through it."

Then the young statesman proposed: "If you're going with Harry I'll go along and see what they've done on the Illinois and Michigan Canal. Some contractors who worked on the Erie Canal will start from Chicago Monday to look the ground over, and bid on the construction of the southern end of it. I want to talk with them when they come along down the line."

"I guess a few days in the saddle would do you good," said Samson.

"I reckon it would. I've been cloyed on house air and oratory and future greatness. The prairie wind and your pessimism will straighten me up."

Harry rode to the village that afternoon to get "Colonel" and Mrs. Lukins to come out to the farm and stay with Sarah while he and Samson were away. Harry found the "Colonel" sitting comfortably in a chair by the door of his cabin, roaring with laughter.

"What are you roaring at?" Harry demanded.

The "Colonel" was dumb with joy for a moment. Then with an effort he straightened his face and managed to say: "Laughin' just 'cause I'm alive." The words were followed by a kind of spiritual explosion followed by a silent ague of merriment. It would seem that his brain had discovered in the human comedy some subtle and persuasive jest which had gone over the heads of the crowd. Yet Harry seemed to catch it, for he too began to laugh with the fortunate "Colonel."

"You see," said the latter as, with great difficulty, he restrained himself for half a moment, "this is my busy day."

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Again he roared and shook in a fit of ungovernable mirth. In the midst of it Mrs. Lukins arrived.

"Don't pay no 'tention to him," she said. "The 'Colonel' is wearin' himself out restin'. He's kep' his head bobbin' all day like a woodpecker's. Just laughs 'til he's sick every time he an' ol' John gits together. It's plum' ridic'lous."

The "Colonel" turned serious long enough to give him time to explain in a quivering, joyous tone: "Ol' John he sets beside me and says the gol' darndest funniest things!"

He could get no further. His last words were blown out in a gale of laughter. Mrs. Lukins had sat down with her knitting.

"Ol' John Barleycorn will leave to-night an' to-morrow the 'Colonel' will be the soberest critter in Illinois—kind o' lonesome-like an' blubberin' to himself," she explained. The faithful soul added in a whisper of great confidence: "He's a good man. There don't nobody know how deep an' kind a coralapus-like he is."

She now paused as if to count stitches. For a long time the word "coralapus" had been a prized possession of Mrs. Lukins. Like her feathered bonnet, it was used only on special occasions by way of putting her best foot forward. It was indeed a family ornament of the same general character as her husband's title. Just how she came by it nobody could tell, but of its general significance as it fell from her lips, there could be no doubt whatever in any but the most obtuse intellect. For her it had a large and noble although a rather indefinite meaning entirely favorable to the person or the object to whom or to which it was applied.

"His sykes are bein' shook up shameful," she remarked. "It's like a case o' the jerks in camp-meetin'."

In a half moment she added: "He's got some grand idees. If they was ever drawed out an' spread on the ground so that folks could see them I reckon they'd be surprised."

"I'm sorry to find him in this condition," said Harry. "We wanted you and him to come out and help Mrs. Traylor to look after the place while we are gone to Chicago."

"You needn't worry about ol' John," said she. "He'll git lonesome an' toddle off when the 'Colonel' goes to bed, an' won't come 'round ag'in 'til snow flies. That man will be just as steady as an ox all the summer an' fall—not a laugh out o' him—you see."

"Can you be there at six in the morning?"

"We'll be there—sure as sunrise—an' ready to go to work."

They were on hand at the hour appointed, the "Colonel" having acquired, meanwhile, his wonted look of solemnity.

Josiah, now a sturdy boy of thirteen, stood in the dooryard, holding the two saddle ponies from Nebraska which Samson had bought of a drover. Betsy, a handsome girl of fifteen years, stood beside him. Sambo, a sober old dog with gray hairs in his head, sat near looking at the horses. Sarah, whose face had begun to show the wear of years full of loneliness and hard work, was packing the saddle-bags, now nearly filled with extra socks, shirts, doughnuts and bread and butter. As the travelers were saying good-by Mrs. Lukins handed a package to Samson.

"I heard Philemon Morris readin' 'bout Chicago in the paper," said she. "I want you to take that money and buy me some land there—jest as much as ye kin. There's two hundred and fifty dollars in the foot o' that old sock, an' most of it shiny gold."

"I wouldn't risk my savings that way," Samson advised. "It's too much like gambling. You couldn't afford to lose your money."

"You do as I tell ye," the "Colonel's" wife insisted. "I alwus obey your orders. Now I want you to take one from me."

"All right," the man answered. "If I see anything that looks good to me I'll buy it if I can."

As the two men were riding toward the village Samson said: "Kind o' makes my heart ache to leave home even for a little while these days. We've had six long lonesome years on that farm. I sha'n't be sorry to part with it. Not one of our friends have been out to see us. Sarah was right: Movin' West is a good deal like dyin' and goin' to another world. It's a pity we didn't settle further north, but we were tired of travel when we got here. We didn't know which way to turn, and felt as if we'd gone far enough. When we settle down again it'll be where we can take some comfort and see lots o' folks every day."

"Have you decided where to go?" Harry asked.

"I think we shall go with Abe to Springfield."

"That's good. Next year I hope to be admitted to the bar and I'd like to settle in Springfield."

For nearly two years Abe Lincoln had been passing the law books that he had read to Harry, before they went back to John T. Stuart.

The gray horses, Colonel and Pete, stood by the fence in the pasture lot and whinnied as the men passed.

"They know us all right," said Samson. "I guess they feel slighted, but they've had their last journey. They're about worn out. We'll give 'em a vacation this summer. I wouldn't sell 'em. They're a part o' the family. You can lay yer hand on either one and say that no better hoss was ever wrapped in a surcingle."

THEY met Abe Lincoln at the tavern where he was waiting on a big horse which he had borrowed for the trip from James Rutledge. Without delay the three men set out on the north road in perfect weather. From the hill's edge they could look over the wooded plain running far to the east.

"It's a beautiful place to live up here, but on this side you need a ladder to get to it. The little village is going to die—too much altitude. It's a horse-killer. No team can draw anything but its breath going up that hill. It's all right for a generation of walkers, but the time has come when we must go faster than a walk and carry bigger burdens than a basket or a bundle. Every one will be moving—mostly to Petersburg."

As they rode on, the young statesman repeated a long passage from one of the sermons of Dr. William Ellery Channing on the "Instability of Human Affairs."

"I wish that I had your memory," Samson remarked.

"My memory is like a piece of metal," said the young legislator. "Learning is not easy for me. It's rather slow work—like engraving with a tool. But when a thing is once printed on my memory it seems to stay there. It doesn't rub out. When I run across a great idea, well expressed, I like to put it on the wall of my mind where I can live with it. In this way every man can have his own little art gallery and be in the company of great men."

THEY forded a creek in deep water where a bridge had been washed away. As they came out dripping on the further shore Lincoln remarked:

"The thing to do in fording a deep stream is to keep watch o' your horse's ears. As long as you can see 'em you're all right."

"Mr. Lincoln, I'm sorry—you got into a hole," said Samson.

"I don't mind that, but while we're traveling together please don't call me 'Mr.' Lincoln. I don't believe I've done anything to deserve such a lack of respect."

Samson answered: "If you're nice to us I don't know but we'll call you Abe again just for a few days. You can't expect us to go too far with a man who associates with judges and colonels and governors and such trash. If you keep it up you're bound to lose standing in our community."

"I know I've changed," said Abe. "I've grown older since Ann died—years older—but I don't want you fellows to throw me over. I'm on the same level that you are, and I intend to stay there. It's a fool notion that men go up some heavenly stairway to another plane when they begin to do things worth while. That's a kind of feudalistic, European twaddle. The wise man keeps his feet on the ground and lifts his mind as high as possible. The higher he lifts it, the more respect he will have for the common folk. Have either of you seen McNamar since he got back?"

"I saw him the day he drove into the village," Harry answered. "He was expecting to find Ann and make good his promise to marry her."

"Poor fool! It's a sad story all around," said Abe Lincoln. "He's not a bad fellow, I reckon, but he broke Ann's heart. Didn't realize what a tender thing it was. I can't forgive him."

In the middle of the afternoon they came in sight of the home of Henry Brimstead.

"Here's where we stop and feed and listen to Henry's secrets," said Samson.

The level fields were cut into squares outlined by wooden stakes.

Brimstead was mowing the grass in his dooryard. He dropped his scythe and came to welcome the travelers.

"Say, don't you know that you're standing in the center of a large and promising city?" he said to Samson. "You fellers ought to dress up a little when ye come to town."

"Boys, we've stumbled on to a dream city, paved with gold and arched with rainbows," said Samson.

"You are standing at the corner of Grand Avenue and Empire Street in the growing city of El Dorado, near the great water highway of Illinois."

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"Where's the growing?" Samson demanded.

Brimstead came closer and said in a confidential tone: "If you'll stand right where you are an' listen, you'll hear it growin'."

"It sounds a good deal like a turnip growin' in a garden," Samson remarked thoughtfully.

"Give it a fair chance," Brimstead went on. "Two cellars have been dug over there in the pasture. One is for the town hall and the other for the university which the Methodists are going to build. A railroad has been surveyed, and is expected this summer."

"THAT same railroad has been expected in a thousand places since '32," said Samson.

"I know it's the most expected thing in the United States and a long time overdue," Brimstead went on. "But it's bound to come."

"You can't call a railroad as you would a dog, by whistling," Abe assured him.

"But it's got beyond Buffalo on its way," said Brimstead.

"And you and I will be beyond hope before it gets here," Samson insisted.

"El Dorado can make out with a canal to Lake Michigan, carrying its manufactures and the product of the surrounding country straight to the big cities of the East," said Brimstead. "Every corner lot in my city has been sold and paid for, half cash and half notes."

"The brokers in Chicago got the cash and you got the notes?"

"You've said it. I've got a drawer full of notes."

"And you've quit farmin'?"

"Say, I'll tell ye the land has gone up so it wouldn't pay. Peasley an' I cal'ate that we're goin' to git rich this summer sellin' lots."

"Henry, you're back in Flea Valley," said Samson. "You've built on the sands again. You're dreamin'."

Henry came close to Samson and said in a confidential tone: "Say, mebbe the whole state is dreamin' an' yellin' in its sleep 'bout canals an' schools an' factories an' mills an' railroads. We're havin' a good time anyway."

"You're all goin' to roll out o' bed an' hit the floor with a bump," said Samson.

Brimstead declared in his usual tone of confidence:

"The worst part o' bein' a fool is lonesomeness. I was the only one in Flea Valley. Now I shall be in the company of a governor an' dozens o' well-known statesmen. You'll be the only lonesome man in Illinois."

"I sometimes fear that he will enjoy the loneliness of wisdom," said Honest Abe.

"In some parts of the state every farmer owns his own private city," Samson remarked. "I hope Henry Brimstead does as well raising cities as he did raising grain. He was a very successful farmer."

"I knew you'd make fun o' me, but when you come out again you'll see the towers and steeples," said Brimstead. "Put up your horses and come into the house and see the first lady in El Dorado."

The next instalment of "A Man for the Ages" will appear in the December issue.

At Night

Puffed Wheat—thin, toasted whole-wheat bubbles—in a bowl of milk.

Mornings

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.

Toasted Bubble Grains

Here are whole grains—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed.

Puffed Wheat in milk forms practically a complete food. All the needed elements, including minerals and vitamines, are there.

All are steam exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size. In fact, a hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every atom is fitted to digest.

There are scores of ways to serve them. One is to crisp and butter for children to eat dry. Use like nut meats in home candy making—scatter in your soups.

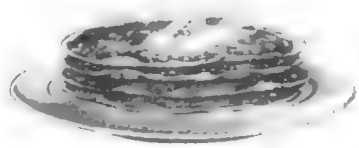
As breakfast dainties they hold premier place. And nothing makes the milk dish so attractive.

Don't make them occasional foods. The three kinds offer variety.

The more children eat the better. The less they eat the more they want of something not so good.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour



Nutty, Fluffy Pancakes

Made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour Mixture

Now we offer another delight in pancake flour containing ground Puffed Rice. It makes such pancakes as you've never tasted. Try it. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. Our experts worked for two years to secure this ideal blend.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers (3228)

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UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

A PATENT-MEDICINE salesman bent upon drawing a crowd was giving a sleight-of-hand performance. He drew forth a handkerchief, shook it out, threw it into the air, caught it, and took from it a quarter.

"There," he remarked, "although you saw for yourself that the handkerchief was empty, I take from it this coin. I can get another this way," he added, and apparently plucked one from the air.

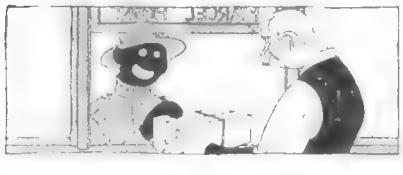
"Gosh!" an old farmer muttered, "that feller must not keer much fer money. Ef I could jest reach up an' do a thing like that, you bet I'd take a half a dollar every time!"

"VERY good," said the colonel at inspection. "Shirts, socks, flannels, all very good. Now, can you assure me that all the articles of your kit have buttons on them?"

"No, sir," said Private O'Connell, hesitating.

"How's that?" demanded the colonel.

"There ain't no buttons on the towels, sir."



A COLORED soldier at the parcel-post window of a Northern camp: "Ah wants to insure this 'ere package, 'cause Ah wants mah gal in Florida to get it sure."

"What does the package contain?" asked the clerk mechanically.

"Dat's a shoe-box full ob snow, boss, and Ah'm mighty anxious foh Ca'line to get it, kase she's never done seed no snow befo'."

EDITOR'S NOTE

Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

CHIN LUNG went to cook on a big sheep ranch. For days he was alone, the wagons and herders coming in but once a week for food supplies.

Chin Lung stood it just four weeks. Then one day the owner found the Chinaman dressed to leave. "Me go back him Slan Flancisco," he announced.

"But you're gettin' a hundred a month an' eats. What are yuh leavin' for?"

Just then a sheep bell tinkled outside and a ewe called to its lamb. "Too muchee ting-aling baa baa!" answered Chin Lung.

TWO Cornishmen starting from opposite places were to travel to different destinations past a common point. They wished to know who would arrive there first, but could not think how to decide this.

At last Jack had the solution. "There's a stump there, ain't there 'Enry?"

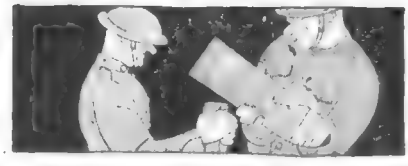
"There is," said 'Enry. "That's where we turn and go in hopposite directions."

"I 'ave it," announced Jack. "If you get to the stump first, you put a stun on it, an' if I get there first I'll knock it off."

ZEB SMITH was a drafted man. He saw heavy fighting in France and was wounded. On his return to the United States he was interviewed by one whose duty it was to interest himself in the men.

"Smith, what do you intend to do when you are released from the service?"

"Get me some dependents," was the instantaneous reply.



IT LAY in the path, an unexploded eighteen cm. shell. For days no one dared remove it. And then the C. O. ambled by. "Get this blamed thing away!" he shouted. "But no, Sergeant, see that a fence is put around it. A dud can work the very devil!"

Fifteen minutes before supper-time the sergeant directed a hungry corporal to take two men and stakes and wire, and in five minutes they were all at the scene of action.

"Now lads, five minutes for the job and five to get back," said the corporal. "Grab two stakes each and hold 'em up. Oh hell! We've nothing to use for a hammer. Well, here goes!" and heaving the heavy dud in his mighty hands, he tenderly drove each stake.

"Right oh!" He replaced the dud in its imprint, saw the wire carefully fastened, and slipped his men back to their supper on time.

"WHERE did you work last?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"On the Milwaukee *Sentinel*."

"Why did you leave?"

"The editor and I disagreed on a national political question."

"Where did you work next?"

"On the New Orleans *Item*."

"Why did you leave there?"

"The editor and I disagreed on a national political question."

Suddenly the judge interfered. "What was that this national political question?"

"Prohibition," was the instant reply.

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THE ETERNAL KNOUT

(*Continued from page 38*)

The men befriended me. I told them of the vast herring catches of our White Sea. I told them of our ways of cure—at which they had always marveled. I told them of our savory, cod-like *navaga*, of our great sturgeon, *beluga*, and of *ikra*, our caviar. I told them of Russia, of her sorrows, of her people and their plight; how I had been a worker in our societies to bring understanding to the people, and how in their untaught ignorance, it was hopeless as stemming a flood with a barley straw; that always I had been beaten, and now what good was I, a maimed man! Then I told them how the great dream of my life was realized—to be in America, to be free to drive one's life whither one would. Already I was planning the lead-things of my life's vision: to organize an "*artvel*," a banding together of the fishermen for better cures, better prices and equal rights, with myself as their *starosta*—their elder—to direct and keep accounts.

With my one arm I learned to work and weave nets once again, and soon came the spring—when I noted the threads of destiny drift together and knot and finally tangle in a way that it seemed only God must have wrought.

There comes a day in their spring season up there when ice seems, as usual, to hold the sea relentlessly imprisoned as far as eye can reach, and yet—mystery of God—in the morning the ice is not, neither along shore nor strewing the surface of the new-released rejoicing sea. This day came. The ice had vanished overnight. and lo, in the morning the waters of the bay grew white as milk—white and frothy as *kumys* from the milk of mares; the herrings in all their swarming hordes had come and were propagating after their kind in the shallows along the shore.

In the rush I was put to keep tally on Laskey's vessel. The seines were run, many of them. Then followed the shouting, the halloing, the gradual, terrible imprisonment of the fish, furious in their throes of spawning. Several times our boat stole their nets through the living, teeming sea, and dragged them out, filled with the seething, hissing, slickering myriads, until the little vessel of Laskey's sagged heavily on the surface like a wounded duck.

LASKEY had been grim and sullen all day. He was expecting ill-fortune. In the morning he had come upon a house-cat in the little cabin, a pitiful little creature which had stolen aboard to bring forth young. To him it was an ill omen. In a superstitious fury he had destroyed the little animal and threw her crushed offspring into the sea.

I was close to Laskey when the first shadow found him. A man slipped in the slimy living mass on deck, struck the hatch and laid open his skull. They lowered him hurriedly into a boat and made ready to take him for aid.

"Where to?" called out the boatman.

And Laskey said: "St. Mary's."

A man near sang out through the hissing and the turmoil: "There's no doctor in St. Mary's. He's been south all winter. Make for Northport. That soldier-doctor's there."

Swift I glanced at the big Islander. A barbed thought had found him and sunk deep in his consciousness. He stood there, stark and rigid, like a *muertve*—a corpse frozen in its grave that had been stood up among us for our fears to chill upon. His arms hung dead at his sides; his face stared out and afar into the onrushing dusk—puzzled like a little child's—then hardening into an iron mask with embers for eyes.

We went ashore hurriedly. I was helping with the seines when a man touched my arm. "Laskey wants you."

He stood apart, a great evil figure in his black oilskins all spangled over with a glistening armor of scales. Towering above me, his eyes flashed me over scornfully as one might inspect a cowering hunchback. His voice was tainted with contempt.

"Is it true that your doctor friend is in Northport?"

"Yes."

He grunted. "My women say we'll need a doctor soon and I suppose I must get one, but look you, it won't be him. I'll tend to that. You heard me tell him if ever he come to Cliffhaven again I'd kill him. I'll keep my word. You tell him this for me. Here's where luck'll pick its man."

POWERLESS waiting is a dreary parade-ground for the training of the soul; I could only watch.

As the days passed the big Islander made a strange move. He pulled out one of the worthiest little craft in the fleet, began overhauling it and making all about it in perfect condition. The men watched in private scorn. A one-man boat outside at that season would be merely crowing toward the lair of death. But none questioned him. Perhaps I alone knew his intent. While Northport was but ten miles up the coast, the nearest town that held a doctor was fifty miles *down* the shore.

The days dragged by. March had roared itself out among the islands and slid on into the treacheries of April. And April was to cast the die.

There came a week when for long hours Sarge Laskey stood alone on a little wharf and watched the sea and sky, striving with all his soul to fathom the elements. His face had grown into the lines of a gray granite image. Then came a day when early in the morning he came striding out of the little house with the manner of a warrior girding himself for battle. And the day was drear and leaden, and a growing wind was whipping in from the northeast. The man stood a moment facing it, his face set. Then he bent into it resolutely.

His mother came after him down to the shore. The little craft he had made ready was well-built and able—the engine faithful—but it seemed pitifully unequal to the great seas that already were sweeping by the mouth of the harbor outside.

His mother, a soft little old creature, hurried along and laid a hand on his arm. "Sarge, boy," she pleaded, "don't ye do it. Run up around the point and fetch the doctor from Northport. Your wife'll be takin' chances enough with any doctor. I know."

The man made no reply, but passed down into the boat and cast off.

The woman watched the boat labor out toward the entrance. It kept well in the lee until it reached the mouth of the harbor, then it turned direct *south*. He was bound *down* shore.

The woman shook her head and went slowly back to the house.

An hour later she came forth again, quickly, her face grieved but determined. She came direct to the shore. In one of the sheds a young man builded lobster traps.

"'Zekiel," she said. "You can run up around to Northport, can't you?"

The young man rose and stepped to the door. Icy rain like gray slanting needles was driving in from the northeast. "Yes, I guess so, if I git started right away. Looks like a whale of a no'theaster, though."

"Well, go for us, like a good son. Take this letter to Dr. Bryson. It's desperate. Tell him it's death if he doesn't come."

Later in the day, Young Master strode up from the shore before the hissing rain, opened the door and stood in the little kitchen.

Fate had brought him back—to Cliffhaven.

I stopped at the door. Two village women, with their shawls awry, swayed nervously in the little chairs that rocked. Young Master laid down his case and stripped off his wet garments.

Then he went into the little room, and night came on, a night rocked by such a storm as might have ripped itself away from the control even of its Creator.

A little after daylight the next morning, Young Master came forth from the house and leaned up against the door, bareheaded, facing the terrible, beating storm. His face was gray and his arms hung loose from a weary body.

Some one brought him his cap, and he staggered out and along the road, seeking rest.

And the second day later, Sarge Lasky beat back into the little cove. His deck-house had been battered away, and he was—alone.

In his home the child had come—and gone.

AT TIMES God seems to sleep. And the things I come to now seem evil, seem to be grim things of a strange realm—not man's—not God's. And even they came to pass in a place remote from our sane-ordered world—a lonely spot in the sea, a vague borderland.

The big Islander was gone—mysteriously, a day, two—three. Then he came back. It was very strange. His face was broken and bruised and swollen as if he had battled with some terrible adversary. But his eyes were evilly lit with a deep grim delight.

Something like a knell took up its tolling in my soul. Somewhere some hidden thing was calling to me in bitter distress and I could not answer.

And I was not alone in my strange unquiet. The Islander's little wife sought

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me in grave uneasiness. "Grigor," she said, "I am afraid—terribly afraid."

I, too, had become well-nigh sickened at my own fears. I lost no time. I took a fishing-boat and a boy and made for Northport. Young Master was gone—vanished. His pipe, his books, his clothes, all were there—all with the look as of a living presence, but his housekeeper and the town were become quite mad with fruitless speculation.

I came back. And I set myself to guard this big Islander's every movement. For I was going to kill him. On three different days he took his boat and sputtered off to sea, toward—the Wolves. I marveled. The Wolves were fishing-grounds for cod and haddock in the fall, but never in the early summer.

And then one day came Vashka. She slipped into the little town like a white wraith, straight to me, and for the first time I beheld a steady-gleaming, questioning spark deep in her fathomless eyes. Her presence stirred me. She was unweariedly restless and ill at ease. Soon she vanished.

Then—the day.

The little woman across the street came over to me just after noon, her face anguished. "Grigor, I am in terrible distress. Will you take a boat and go with me—off to the Wolves? Something seems—it is foolish, but something seems calling to me out there."

I helped her into the boat, started the engine, and we had begun to sweep outward, when a flying white streak lifted itself from the beach, soared out over the water and lit neatly with us. It was Vashka. A moment, and she did an unaccountable thing: she licked the little woman's hands, then to retire apart again.

The sky was veiled—inscrutable. The sea flat—gray—dead.

Ten miles out and the Wolves came up out of the deep like fantom islands stretched on mist. On the outermost was a crude hut—barest shelter for fishermen in the season. We grounded in a cove on the landward end. Vashka I ordered to remain, and we made round the shore until we came in sight of the hut. In a little sheltering cove below it we saw floating the boat of—the big Islander.

Perchance there may have been a time when you have felt yourself awed—frightened; when it seemed you were about to witness the working of God stripped of its veil. It was like that as we hurried along the shore under the dumb gray sky, hidden in which even the sun withheld his countenance. The woman with me began to weep frightenedly long before we reached the hut.

Stillness like death.

THEN—the big Islander stole out of the hut. And after him, bleating out upon the air came a tremulous babbling lament, like—I can not tell you; it was like no sound human; soulless, too, it was yet unlike that of an animal. At the sound the great Islander's face lit up into a fervor almost devotional. His eyes held leering fires, as one who had supped intimately with the devil, and he licked his lips. "You're welcome," he grinned. "Come, see!"

The little creature with me rushed forward, dropped to the earth within the hut, and I came up and looked in.

There on the filthy earth floor was Young Master—*my* Young Master. Hovering on the earth, his head and face showing caked and matted from old wounds, his body a palsied skeleton, a weird, mournful light in his sunken eyes as if from long staring out on loneliness and terror, the thing in the hut was more like a mutilated beast than a human creature fashioned after divine image.

For a space I stared stupidly like a startled bullock—the broken creature on the ground was claiming my bodily eyes, but the eyes of my soul were back in Russia, hovering lightning wary over terrible scenes: mad streaming hordes parched for blood; jumbled tumult pounding in pace with brute passions; screaming things done swift to death; hushed human huddles—distorted among rocks, sucked into swamps. And flashing through it all, with clear white-blazing soul bestowed upon few, I was seeing Young Master as he was then—an angel Michael. And now this spoiled thing.

I LEFT the woman hovering over him, and came out from the hut. A lurking devil of madness showed somewhere in the big Islander's eyes, along with triumph. "Old Nabbie Ross said a man would come among us who would be my 'conqueror' because of his mind." His face grinned like a wolf. "If this is him—look, I've taken his mind. And the end is not yet."

Within, Young Master whimpered and cried wearily. Outside, the big Islander laughed—long—loud.

I rushed away—I turned my face imploringly up to the blank, stupid gray sky. This great creature, in his festering ignorance, was hurling a world out of adjustment for what was sorrowfully trivial and little. Against it all—I—a little man, with but one arm.

Then something fell down within me. I, too, shed my spirit—I, too, became of the beasts. I too, thirsted for blood.

I flung myself at the great man craftily. I spat upon him, striking his face smartly with my fist as I passed. I danced maddeningly on the ground beyond him. His face blackened with surprised wrath—that I, a maimed thing, should stand against him. But I held a crazy plan in my head. I flouted him with every taunt in my power. He advanced on me and I sprang away again. I hurled stones at him. He stalked after me, confidently, like a tiger sure of his prey—following me up the shelving ledges. I could not escape. He knew it. But, oh, if I could get him between me and the deep water, I could rush him over, cling to him and—die with him!

In a silent breath I remember now, my ears heard a faint swishing from round the shore.

I played the big Islander warily. I put him fair between me and the water below.

Again the strange whispering slither of swift-scattered pebbles approaching from the other side of the island. It flirted my attention a swift instant from my adversary. The big Islander caught my abstraction. He rushed on me with a crushing blow and drove me stunned among the rocks. Hope flickered out—dead.

It was then that something white rose into the air above the ledge and settled lightly upon it. It was Vashka. She would only pass us by. Weakly, I strove to cry out to her, but something settled down on me and stayed me like a cloud.

And then as I lay half-dead, I beheld the reorganizing knout of God stretched forth toward this lonely, bereft spot in the world. I came then to witness the labors of destiny.

The graceful creature floating along could not see me. But she halted and gazed straight at the man. As God lives, some strange thing grew between them—some old hatred, before Young Master and before America—some ancient feud of common instinct. Vashka had never seen this man before, but I know now she must have sensed in him what was paltry, rabble Russian blood—the brooding, jealous, disorganizing madness of inbred insurgency—the same coarse elements that had slain her own master.

She was *borzoi*—wolf-hunter—again. Her eyes lost their indifferent smolder—they turned green like illumined emeralds, then flaming red like coals. The man wheeled warily, his exultation stripped from him like a dishonored robe; his body slackened in its joints, his face went sick with apprehensive fear, an instinctive heritage from—he knew not what.

Then it began—a terrible contest. I could not believe it. I shivered in a mad nausea of eagerness.

Like a gleaming *saska*, like a sword of vengeance, the dog drove through the air, ripping the man's arm with a slashing thrust as she passed.

My spirit screamed aloft! My blood boiled with joy!

She wheeled and drove at him again, shoulders high, the terrible slavering jaws straining toward his throat. But the man threw his body like lightning and she swept past.

I sensed now the savage lust in the terrible, beautiful body. Oh! I groveled in a madness of delight.

Again the creature flashed, and great rags of the man's clothing came away in her jaws. And again——

Ou Bogh! I caressed the dog—I cursed the man—I screamed prayers at the Creator—all in the same voice.

The disheveled rags of the man now revealed great patches of the white craven body beneath; and still they came away.

I ROCKED in my agony of exultation, and crazily I bartered: "O, thou God! Readjust things! Put us right, and my life is thine!"

I opened my eyes and feasted. The man was mere animal now. But he was driving terrible crashing fists into the dog's body. Desperately he closed on the flying menace, and together they went down. Then up—the white creature playing about the man like streams of white flame.

But what did she now?

I was tranced. Vashka could easily have opened his veins. But something else was her scheme. And then I saw. She was driving him, driving him down to the brink, down to the sea. A terrific onslaught, a desperate flight and warily the man turned and dropped. He swam to the beach. But the dog was there, with implacable waiting fangs. He turned and swam to another point and again she drove him furiously back.

He stood a moment, waist deep, the

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red blood welling from his arm afresh, his meager clothing slapping upon him in wet rags. Beast he had become, and by a beast was he being forced into the oblivion of the sea. "I'm beat," he muttered and, dropping, surged away, out into the unknown.

The sun burst forth. The dead, leaden, inscrutable world became a realm of life, of light, of victorious silver.

Oh yes, we tried to reach him. Once in the boat, the woman made me start out for the swimmer, but when we came to the spot he was gone. Vashka lay motionless, her appraising muzzle pointed ahead over the prow, her fathomless eyes fixed afar, classifying—classifying.

BUT a few days since, I came upon them, Young Master and the girl, well up among the rocks of the Cloister, together—at peace. Far off, soft and beautiful, the Wolves floated above the sea like on shimmering bands of mirage-like haze, that spun in the afternoon sun like a gauze of silver. A scintillating myriad of sea-gulls, the young birds of early fall, drifted over them like a glinting flurry of star-dust—like brightness, like hope—like new life to come.

And now, these are the things that came to me that day as a great light: that, no matter where in the world, power coupled with ignorance is evil; that all time is but a pilgrimage of progress, and that the laggard—man or country—must form into line, flogged of God. Man or *country*, I say—do you hear? And following these thoughts into my awed soul, came the words of Babushka, the little grandmother: "A country, like a man, is just as great as its enlightenment. Russia's deeds are the deeds of madmen, of children. She perishes for teachers—for helpers."

And so I am going back. On the boat that sails to-morrow—I am going back. America is my soul's dream, but Russia needs me—in my humble way I can help stay—the knout.

It Used to be His Room

By Elias Lieberman

THE things he squandered youth upon—
His racquet, bat and catcher's glove,
The mandolin that strummed his love—
Are waiting there . . . though he is gone.

The books he scanned with eager glance
Now rest unread. . . . The student left
That patient group to wait bereft.
He had another task . . . in France.

The poster maids, a brave array,
Are smiling still, as though they must;
The college pennants gather dust,
But flaunt his faith . . . of yesterday.

Two motto-cards still blaze the trail
He took: "Invictus"—creed of men—
And "If," that fired his spirit, when
He said "Good-by . . . I will not fail!"

But one new form surveys with pride
The old, familiar things—a sign
Of peace on earth and grace divine—
The cross he got before he died.

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In the case of children who nowadays eat such a large proportion of soft food, it is absolutely necessary to provide them with some substitute for the harder foods which nature intended should contribute to the strengthening and preservation of the teeth.

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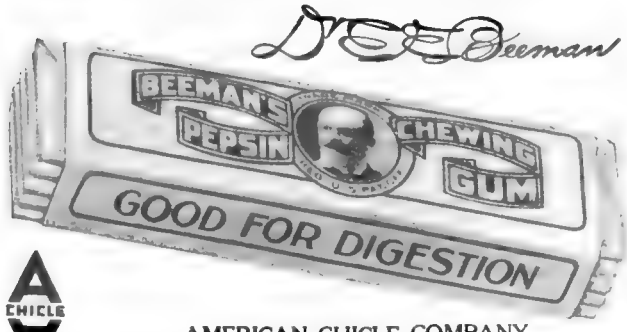
D. C. Beeman



CHICLE

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The Navy designing-room, where the little wooden models were given their experimental coats of deceptive paint. Lieutenant Warner at the left.

Fooling the Iron Fish

The Inside Story of Marine Camouflage

By Everett L. Warner

Formerly Lieutenant, Construction Corps, U. S. N. R. F.

MARINE camouflage would never have proved such an enigma to the public had it not been for an ingrained conviction that it was similar to the art of concealment as practised on land. The two have almost nothing in common Imitation plays an important part on land, but it never enjoyed anything but a minor rôle in the work upon the ships. Even to-day there are a large number of people who persist in thinking that the conspicuous patterns, which look to the unitiated like a cubist's dream, are intended to simulate clouds or waves when seen at a suitable distance, and so render the ship invisible.

The name "dazzle painting," as the ultimate type of marine camouflage was christened in England, in order to distinguish it from painting aimed to reduce visibility, only served to add to the existing confusion, and many persons conceived the idea that its purpose was to dazzle the eye and make vision difficult.

On the contrary, *the purpose of this type of painting was primarily to deceive the submarine commander as to the actual course that a vessel was steering* and so cause him either to miss his shot or to learn that he had taken up a wrong position from which to make it. This deception was secured either by concealing the important structural features of the ship so thoroughly that it was difficult to make any estimate of her course whatever or by a skilfully designed pattern to give the impression of an apparent course considerably at variance with the true course.

To attain either of these results it is obvious that the delicate colors employed in attempts at low visibility must be discarded in favor of strong contrast. This was a daring innovation in its application to ships, but the basic principle, which is to alter form rather than to conceal it, is not altogether unfamiliar. It has long been practised in the realm of feminine wearing apparel, and some of our most successful camoufleurs have been among the ladies. When a woman appears on the street dressed in vertical stripes, she is certainly not trying to be invisible, but it is a safe guess that she is trying to give the impression of a figure more slender than she actually possesses, and she is usually quite successful. In the later British "zebra" period this identical device was employed on ships—vertical lines to raise the apparent height of certain parts and horizontal lines elsewhere to give the opposite effect.

An examination of the file where suggestions forwarded to the Navy Department are kept sheds a good deal of light on the public attitude toward camouflage and clearly demonstrates that few people understood exactly what we were doing, or, if they did grasp the general purpose, they thought that the patterns were applied in a haphazard fashion without any underlying principle of design. A very large proportion of the communications were concerned with imitation of natural effects, and there was quite a school of inland camoufleurs who persisted in trying to show an analogy between birds or animals and an 8,800-ton steel ship, and they were not easily persuaded that the protective coloration suitable for a partridge squatting motionless in the brush could hardly be made applicable to a

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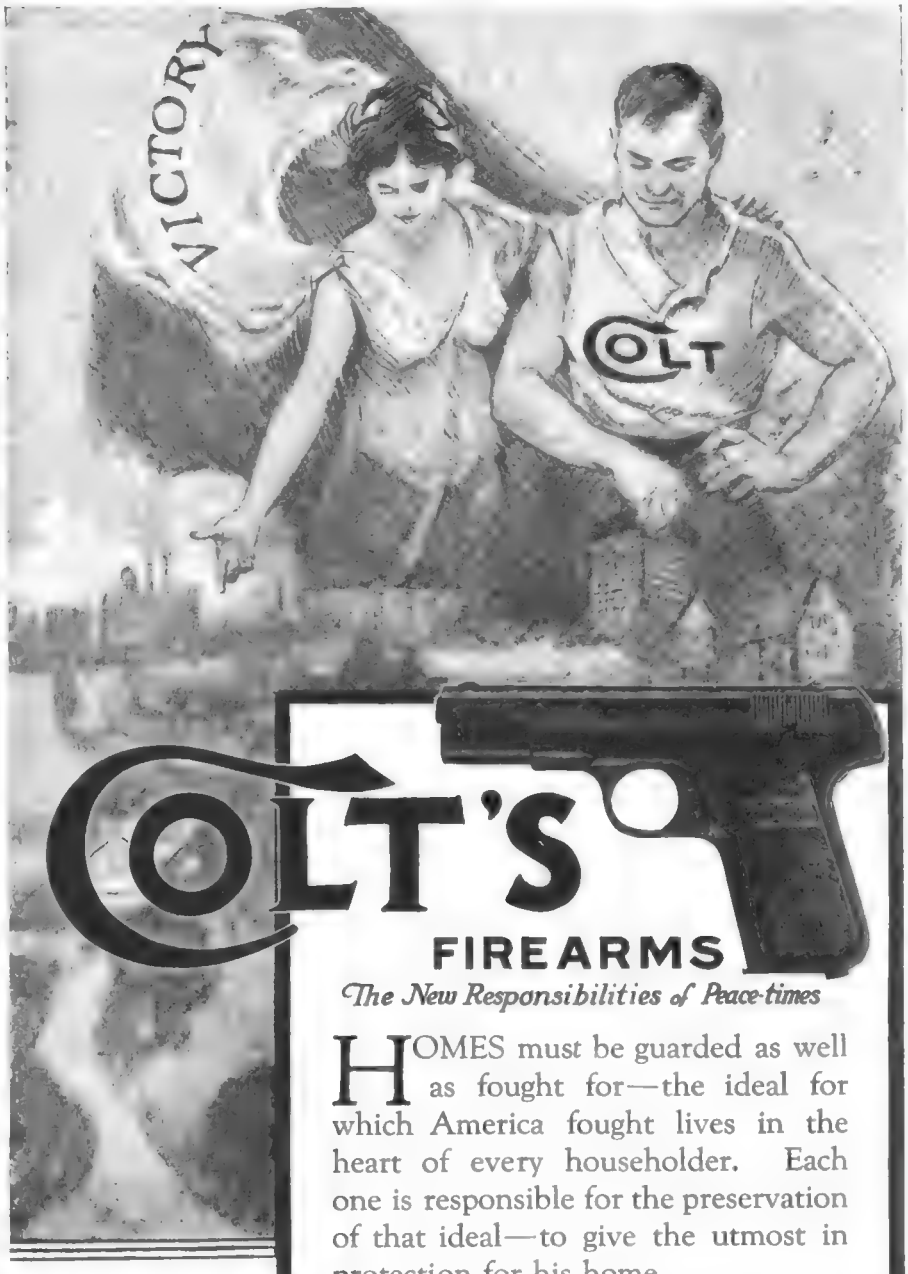
Secretary Daniels at the periscope of the testing theatre where the little model ships were studied as if from a villainous submarine, except that here the "sub" commander could point his victims where he pleased and change conditions of light and backgrounds of sky and water at will.

moving ship seen against an ever-changing sky.

A very prominent authority on land camouflage submitted to the Department two models, in one of which invisibility was assured by swathing the entire ship in a net, and in the other by a huge spread of canvas painted to imitate a cloud. The idea of the U. S. S. *Leviathan* floating away unseen on the horizon disguised as a billowy evening cloud is a very poetic thought—if you have never seen the *Leviathan*.

This pleasing concept of a cumulus three-stacker must take a second place beside the suggestion from another source, which was for nothing less than a veritable floating island. A rocky island with pine trees and a lighthouse moving majestically along the Atlantic steamer lanes was well calculated to startle the U-boat commander, and it needed only an ingenious arrangement for sending the vessel's smoke out through the lighthouse keeper's chimney in order to mystify the Hun completely and bring him to the surface to "shoot the sun" for his bearings.

More than one person, with a fine disregard for the tax-payer and a desire to win the war at any cost, recommended that ships be nickel plated, and the suggestion that vessels be entirely covered with mirrors came from quite a number of different sources. It was claimed that such a surface would reflect the surrounding sea and sky, and, altering with every changing effect of the day or night, create absolute invisibility. The advocate of this scheme had at least grasped one of the fundamental difficulties of low visibility painting—its lack of adaptability to



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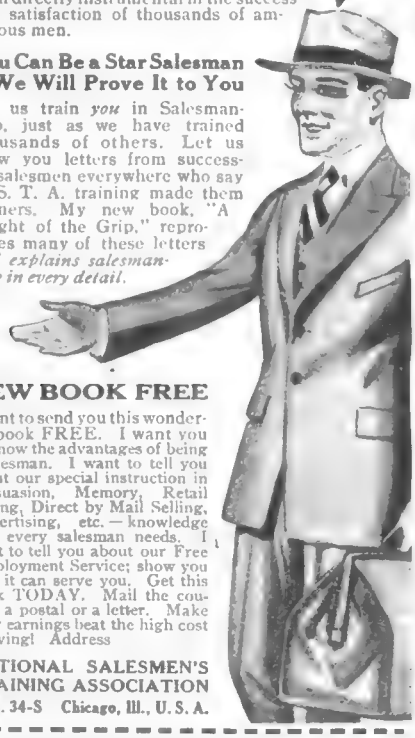

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changing effects, but they understood the problem better than they did the solution.

Passing over the practical difficulties of loading steel rails or pig iron into a ship completely covered with mirrors, there still remains the fatal objection that mirrors do not work in the way this plan required, and, instead of reflecting the sea and sky *behind* the vessel, they would have reflected an entirely different effect from the *opposite* quarter of the horizon, alternately flashing sea and sky in the wrong places as the vessel rolled. A shiny surface has indeed proved so objectionable in reflecting the sun that the Navy has been trying to find a durable substitute for the present glossy paint.

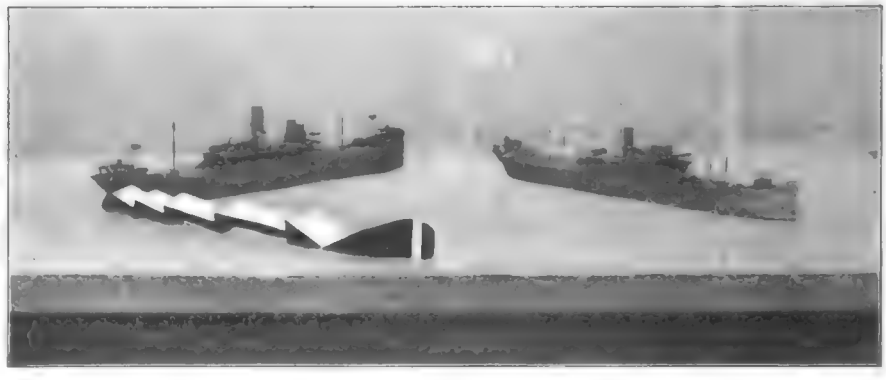
One inspector brought forward the proposition to equip a vessel on each side with "a camera with a searchlight attachment" arranged to "throw shadows on the outsides of the ship that will represent the ocean waves, while the outline of the entire ship is kept in darkness." To further mislead the Hun, pictures of imaginary ships were to be thrown on the waves at a distance.

Others recommended the painting of vessels to imitate whales or icebergs, and a particularly large number of suggestions were received involving some variation on the scheme of a destroyer painted on a steamer's side. The Navy had tried this out and discarded it long before these communications commenced to pour in, but the plan deserved special mention because it remained for a long time the public's conception of just what camouflage really ought to be. I saw it on the *Antigone* and I understand that it was also applied to the *Von Steuben*. The idea immediately captivated the denizens of the water-front who saw the vessels broadside and did not realize that three or four points off the bow the distortion of perspective destroyed all resemblance to a destroyer. It afforded the vessel no protection within the arc where it was most vitally necessary. Three destroyers apparently just leaving the steamer's side in pursuit of the submarine was a common variant of this scheme, but was never applied to any vessel.

The history of marine camouflage can be acquired almost painlessly by the student, because there is none to speak of. It is said that Cæsar during an expedition to the English coast disguised his vessels by painting them green and ordering the sailors to wear green clothing, and that Nelson at Trafalgar painted the port and starboard sides of some of his vessels different colors to increase the apparent number in his fleet. But except for a few isolated experiments, ship camouflage by means of paint never acquired any importance until the advent of unrestricted submarine warfare. By a pure coincidence camouflage as an important weapon of defense had its inception in the very same month that we entered the war.

Late in that month a British artist waited upon the Admiralty with a proposition that was destined to revolutionize existing theories in regard to the painting of ships. Up to that time the name of Norman Wilkinson had been a familiar one to that portion of the British public which appreciates an ably painted picture of the sea, but beyond the limits of his own land few had heard of the artist and few still had seen any examples of his

These two models, one with camouflage, the other without, seem to be going in the same direction, seen from the level of the submarine's periscope.



But they aren't—when you look down on them. The arrangement of little blocks cast the spell, and the pattern they form, if painted on a real ship, would likewise fool the periscope.

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work. Before many months had passed designs from his hand had been observed in every part of the globe where the British merchant flag is flown, and so far-reaching was his influence that ultimately the fundamental principles which he advocated were adopted by all of the great maritime powers among the Allies.

Lieutenant-Commander Wilkinson had spent a lifetime in the study of ships and the sea, and he quickly realized the futility of trying to find any color or combination of colors which would at once tend to decrease visibility at a distance and at more moderate ranges offer any sort of concealment or protection to a huge moving steel hulk pouring forth a certain quantity of smoke. He reasoned that since the ship would certainly be plainly visible for a considerable distance, possibly even located by her smoke when still below the horizon, there was nothing to lose by making her a little more visible. In his own words, since it is "impossible to hide a vessel, it does not matter how visible she is, providing her course remains a matter of question to the attacker."

The correctness of his conclusion as to the value of course distortion received a striking confirmation when at a later date the confidential manual issued by the German submarine school at Kiel for the instruction of its student officers came to light. Here we find the situation summarized in the following words: "The determination of the track angle, or (what amounts to the same thing) of the enemy's course, is the foundation of the whole art of firing submerged."

It was, however, in the microphone that Lieutenant-Commander Wilkinson found the most powerful argument against low visibility painting. The submarine was peculiarly well adapted to the use of this under-water listening device, since with the exception of submarine chasers, which were of too shallow draft to be easily torpedoed, it was the only craft that dared to remain motionless in the danger zone. Under such ideal listening conditions an approaching steamer might often be heard, and her approximate position determined, at distances greater than she could be seen.

DURING the time that the work in England was passing through the earlier stages of its development we were going through a period of this experiment in this country.

While the five camoufleurs sanctioned by the Shipping Board were endeavoring to solve the problem by applying various designs and patterns to our merchant ships, the Submarine Defense Association approached the subject from the theoretical side. A series of readings were made on flat profile models to determine the relative visibility of various colors and patterns, but up to the time that the Navy Department took charge of camouflage painting in this country the Association had had no opportunity to test its conclusions by observation on a ship under sea conditions.

Nearly all of the experimental work in this country had been aimed at the reduction of visibility, but the men of the Navy were gradually becoming convinced of the futility of further effort in that direction.

In January, 1918, the Navy Department decided to adopt the principles of the

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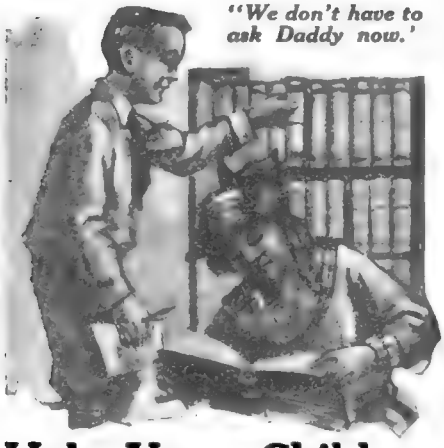

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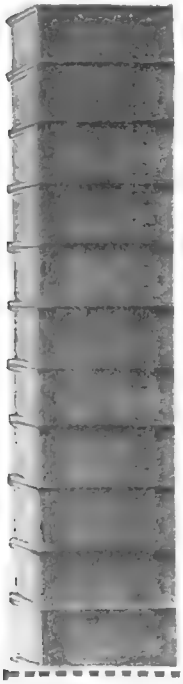

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Another instance of the way the navy artists studied the tricks of disguising the motion of ships by applying to them the patterns made by arranging varicolored blocks.

dazzle system, and organized a Camouflage Section in order to develop the system for use on our vessels. Lieutenant Van Buskirk was placed in general charge to handle executive matters under the direction of the higher officers of the Bureau of Construction and Repair. Lieutenant Lloyd Jones was put at the head of the Sub-Section of Research located in Rochester, and the writer was placed in charge of the Sub-Section of Design.

An arrangement was reached with the United States Shipping Board whereby all existing types of camouflage were to be discontinued. The Navy undertook to supply dazzle designs for all American vessels and the Shipping Board agreed to organize and maintain at the ports a force of camoufleurs whose duty it should be to supervise the application of these designs to the vessels.

The Navy worked so quietly and under such close censorship that few people were aware of the leading part that it was playing in the work. There exists even to-day a very wide-spread impression that the designs which the Shipping Board camoufleurs applied to the ships originated with them. This belief is entirely without foundation. All designs were supplied by the Navy, and while it is true that at several of the ports the camoufleurs built small testing theatres copied after ours and did a certain amount of experimental model painting, this was wholly for their own education or relaxation, and none of the dazzle designs so made was ever authorized for application to any ship.

The Office of Naval Intelligence undertook the task of supplying the Camouflage Section with photographs and sketches made in all the larger ports of the United States, and in this way we were kept in touch with developments in foreign design and with the way in which the Navy designs were being carried out on American ships. It was essential that the camoufleurs should exercise their own judgment in the application of a type design to a ship that was structurally different, and we soon discovered that in this work of adaptation the value of a pattern was often seriously impaired by a failure of the camoufleur to understand the principle of the design.

To correct this situation it was arranged

Paint rightly applied could make the bow of a ship look where it wasn't. A sea captain might think this boat would pass on his left (port side), but she'll do the opposite.

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that three of the Shipping Board camoufleurs should come to Washington every week for a brief intensive course of training in design. The camoufleurs were for the most part artists and architects of professional attainment, and we approved and issued several excellent designs which they produced while working in the Design Section in Washington.

The work began in the model-making room, where about half a dozen skilled men under Ensign Kenneth MacIntire were kept constantly busy in the production of miniature wooden models, which were accurately made to a fixed scale from blueprints of the vessels required. The reader may get a general idea of the size of these models from the dimensions of the President's ship, the U. S. S. *George Washington*. It was one of the largest of them, and measured about twenty-two and a half inches in length.

The model was next turned over to a designer, who studied its peculiarities and, after applying a tentative pattern, carried it into the testing theatre for further study. Here we had a rather elaborate equipment consisting of a periscope and a turntable placed at such a distance from it as to represent a distance of two thousand seven hundred yards, according to the scale we had established for our vessels. Different types of skies were painted on a strip of canvas which was so arranged on rollers that the designer, without leaving his post at the periscope, could vary the background and at the same time by means of the turntable place his vessel at any desired angle. Sometimes his first tentative design proved sufficiently deceptive to be made permanent with hardly any changes, but more often repeated changes were necessary before the design was approved and the painted model was handed over to Ensign Richardson, who had charge of the drafting-room and was responsible for transferring the patterns to previously prepared special or type plans.

REVERSED perspective was the most important aid to deception which we used at first, and perhaps in the larger sense it may be said to have governed all of our patterns. Briefly to explain it in its most elementary form, let us suppose a vessel's side to be painted with black squares, the largest toward the stern and the others diminishing in size toward the bow. The human eye is so accustomed to the normal operation of perspective that if this vessel is viewed from some point off the bow we unconsciously assume that the squares are of similar size, and that, following the natural law of perspective, the smallest one is the farthest away from us. This gives us the idea that the bow is farther away from us than the stern, and that the vessel is heading away, when in reality it is steering in our direction.

That is reversed perspective in its simplest form in the realm of plane geometry, but we soon made excursions into solid geometry, and our development of design in that direction constitutes, in my opinion, the American contribution to the dazzle system. We had found that certain patterns and movements of line produced certain effects, and in casting about to learn the reason we realized that it was because these patterns gave the impression of being painted upon the surface of

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It's easy to see the direction in which the gray model is headed, but the camouflaged one will keep you guessing, though it is on exactly the same course.

This shows how the painted design on the deceitfully moving ship was worked out. It imitates the look of the model cut in sections and twisted.

definite geometric solids placed in definite positions in regard to the eye.

I do not hope to explain this adequately in words, because, even brush in hand, it proved impossible to make it clear to the Shipping Board camoufleurs, three of whom came down every week to become more familiar with our designs, and I had to have wooden blocks in a variety of shapes made up for the purpose of demonstration.

For example, a block shaped like a gable-roofed house served to illustrate the widely used herringbone pattern. Black and white stripes were painted upon the roof, following the lines of the rafters, and were therefore normal structural lines on such a form. When our little house was laid on its side, the herringbone pattern, which looks like a row of service chevrons, did not appear until the block was turned away from the observer in one direction or the other. That is the reason why the herringbone pattern painted on a flat surface which is broadside to the observer tends to turn that surface away into entirely another plane. It is simply because the herringbone pattern is characteristic of a definite geometric form only when that form is turned away.

We went back and reexamined our earlier designs in which the course distortion had been obtained by the method of trial and error, and we found that all of the best ones could be explained in one of two ways—either by arbitrary geometric forms or by an analysis of the structural forms of the ship itself.

As an experiment, we built up some designs by laying out some groups of blocks, and found that when a plain gray ship model was placed at any angle behind one of those rows of blocks it invariably appeared to take the same direction as those of the blocks.

Naturally at this period the designs which we issued showed a greater tendency toward the liberal use of obviously geometric forms, and I daresay that it was precisely when our work was most firmly grounded on the book of Euclid that the uninitiated were the most positive that the ships were being painted haphazard by a group of crazy cubists.

The rather common belief that the Navy battle-ships were dazzle painted is without foundation. The destroyers and cruisers were painted in that manner because they were engaged in convoy duty, and camouflage for course distortion was designed primarily as a defense against submarine attack. The battle fleet, however, remained in war gray, though experiments were continued in the hope of diminishing the visibility of this paint.

One of the things that has made the study of reduced visibility such an attractive pursuit is that every one can be right. Every color will prove low visibility some day or against some background.

When Abbott Thayer urged white paint for the fleet, he was perfectly right. It is easily the best low visibility for cloudy weather, but it is exceedingly bad in most bright weather.

It is equally true that black under certain conditions would prove the best paint, though we have not yet been able to use it in the manner advocated by a Pennsylvania woman in what is perhaps the quaintest proposal for ship camouflage that ever came to the Navy Department. She suggested that the entire vessel, even the clothing and faces of the crew, should be painted black. Her idea was that this would form "a mirror background and the periscope spy would see only his own face in the glass. As a further proof of the correctness of her conclusion she wrote:

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"Try to peer out of a window into the blackness of night, and you will see yourself mirrored in the glass," and she concluded her letter by saying: "Since the war began I have been lying awake for hours trying to think out a plan. This came like a flash and I hope you can make use of it. I have always felt that I must do something to master the submarine, and even if this does not meet with your approval I am not going to quit."

I was never tempted to laugh at this naive plan which she had discovered by experiments with a "poor twenty-five-cent telescope," and which she offered to the Government with such an earnest, ardent desire to be of service. The labors of the highly trained scientific experts were no more necessary to the winning of the war than was the support of such loyal people, and when I have pictured to myself this mother peering out the window "into the blackness of night" awaiting the homecoming of her boys in khaki, it has always been with the earnest hope that she did not listen for their returning footsteps in vain.

Two Sonnets

By David Morton

BEYOND our window now, the winter rain,
Chanting dull musics through the lonely dark,
The ghostly fingers tapping at the pane,
A little hurt that none will heed or hark—
This were a time to read old tales again,
Of warrior feasts and smoky candlelight,
Of ladies loved and gone, of lordly men,
And clang of pounding hoofs along the night.

But we sit here, with never book to read,
No errant fancy straying from our fire,
With never sense of any want or need
Beyond these walls that bound our whole desire—
Content to listen to the sullen drone,
Sure that no tale is sweet as this, our own.

WE WHO have walked the Aprils of the earth,
And borne our lot of sudden storm and sun,
Attended miracles of bud and birth,
And quiet dusks when quiet days were done—
We who have sacked the summer of her bloom,
Her orchard boughs of blossoms showery white,
And gone together through her scented gloom,
When all her flowers were blotted in the night—

Shall we strain backward from the final gate
That gives on other seasons than we know,
On longer journeys than we went of late?
Shall we not pass, instead, as two who go,
Asking but that each have the other near,
Adventurers still, and lovers . . . there, as here?

Summer and its blossoms *all Winter in*

California

Here children laugh at play, and age lengthens its span.

Miles of flower-bordered, sunlit boulevards. Upland slopes, covered with the green and gold of orange groves.

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All under the spell of a summer sea.

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THAT DANGEROUS PERSON

(*Continued from page 59*)

interested now, the tone snappy. "Well, why don't you?"—impatiently.

"She has just moved into the hotel—and I thought you could do something about it."

"She has? Is that girl at the hotel?" Old Zeke was up and starting for the door. "I'll go right down there now."

Izora was much gratified that her father should take action so promptly. She lingered about Smith's store for half an hour to watch the trunk come trundling out of the hotel. But it did not. Instead her father came out and returned to the office. Fifteen minutes later "that person," dressed "fit to kill," came out of the hotel and also went to Bartlett's office.

"She need not try to beg off with him," Izora said to herself with righteous grimness. She knew old Zeke.

But when the girl came out she was not hanging her head in humiliation, nor did she slink back to the hotel for her trunk. Instead, she crossed to the court-house and entered the county clerk's office.

"She's looking for that poor Crane boy," Izora told herself, alertly watching out of the window.

Five, ten, twenty minutes passed. "The person" did not come out of the court-house. Izora remembered that she had forgotten to tell Mr. Crill that he was expected to make a speech at the Ice-Cream Social Friday night. She crossed to the court-house and entered the county clerk's office—no, she started to enter. In the door she paused, every muscle of her statuesque form frozen with indignation.

Peter Crill and "that person" were bending over a paper—their heads very close together. And when Izora cleared her throat Peter gave a guilty start—and looked up with face very, very red.

THAT afternoon Miss Sebright was out driving and picked up Martin Crane, who was still glooming along the road.

"I'm having a lot of fun," her lips were puckered and her eyes crinkled.

"Yes?" He looked straight ahead wofully. "So am I. I'm having as much fun as a tadpole that is being swallowed by a pike."

"I had a call this morning from the richest man in the county, your friend Ezekiel Bartlett; and I made a call on your other friend, Peter Crill."

These two bits of surprising information brought Martin's attention around from his troubles. He was curious. She broke out laughing again. "Oh, I haven't had so much fun in ages, but I'm not going to tell you yet. By the by, that tall girl that looks like a frozen marshmallow—is she Bartlett's daughter?"

"Yes. Did you meet her?"

"Almost," Miss Sebright was suppressing with difficulty another fit of laughter. "Is Mr. Crill her sweetheart?"

"I wouldn't put it that strong," grinned Martin. "But they intend to marry after they have thought it over a few more years."

She laughed and smiled and hummed to herself for a half mile as though harboring something very delicious. Then with swift sympathy she turned to him soberly, "But why so grumpy? What is fogging your spirits now, Blue Boy?"

"When I told you about my phosphate discovery, and how I was going to get rich," he began with abysmal self-scorn, "I did not tell you all. Didn't tell you that old Bartlett has a deed of trust on it for five hundred dollars, and that I am so everlastingly worthless and insignificant I can't raise that five hundred dollars. He's been letting me pay it fifty dollars a month out of my wages. He did not want the land at any price. But somehow he and Crill have got on to my discovery, and all at once they want the land. Before you can sell land under deed of trust, it must be advertised four weeks in some paper in the county. They advertised it in a little sheet away over in the corner of the county, and Crill fired me and advised me to leave, so they could bid the land in without my having a chance to pay it off. But they need not have gone to all the trouble," he added bitterly. "I've tried every way I know and can't raise five hundred dollars!"

"AND when they sell your land, won't you get anything out of it?"

"Not unless it sells for more than five hundred dollars. I would get all above that. But it won't, for nobody wants it, except me and Bartlett—and I couldn't pay two hundred dollars." He was too disgusted with himself to even be philosophical about it.

She bit her lips, and a pucker showed between her brows. "Why do you think they have discovered your phosphate?"

"Why else would they want it?" he retorted.

She started to smile but stopped.

"You poor boy." There was deep regret in her tone. "I'm so sorry, and I've been such a fool."

She did not explain why she had been a fool; he would not have believed it, anyway.

"How is this land to be sold?" she asked.

"The sheriff will auction it off from the south door of the court-house steps to the highest bidder at ten o'clock next Thursday."

They drove on a mile, saying but little. He, disgusted with himself for not being able to raise so paltry a sum as five hundred dollars; and she, angry at herself because her pranks had brought this real tragedy upon him.

"Let's turn back to town," she said with definite resolution in her face. "I have to write some letters."

That night Lola Sebright wrote a long letter, which up to the last paragraph was almost word for word like the fat letter she tore up that night she danced for Martin Crane. The letter was addressed to Emory L. Walton, the big railroad builder, and read in part:

You met me as a dancer—at Mrs. Gillman's party, you remember; you have known me as a dancer, and you love me as a dancer. You do not even know my real name.

You were a gentleman and perfectly honorable with me from the start. I never doubted your sincerity or your love—for the moment. But the thing that troubled me, and made me hesitate, was: Is that dancer the real me? The most important me? I decided that if by nature I was light and flighty and loved chiefly ease and amusement and rich surroundings—then you could have me. I'd marry you.

There are many sides to all of us, but there is one upon which we drop when off guard, when free from pose. And that is the natural self—the one that ultimately makes our happiness or misery.

Now, I thought perhaps I was not a real dancing girl, that a different person I used to be was the real me. That is why, my friend, I ran away to think it over, and came out here, where I was born.

Yes, I was born in a red brick house four miles from this forsaken little town—thirty miles from any of your pet railroads. My name is Rose Radcliff, and I was a happy little girl out here in the country with my father. Mother died before I knew her.

Seventeen years ago father invested one hundred thousand dollars, all he had, in county bonds. We moved to New York. The county would not pay the bonds, they never even paid one dollar of interest. When I came out of school father was bankrupt.

As the only thing I could do very well was dance, I started to do it for a living. That is why and how we met.

Now that I am back where I was a little girl, I discover there really is something in me besides a dancing girl's whims. The country is lovely, and moves me to music and tears. But the people—they are horrid! They seem to hate everything that is pretty and lovely.

I've fought it out and have decided——

The original letter which she tore up that night with Crane ended—

So I have fought it out and decided to marry you.

But to-night she finished—

I have decided that I can not marry you. I hate to disappoint you. But I'm not a dancer at heart—I mean I'm not the girl I was when dancing and being courted by you. I'm sure you'll have no difficulty in finding another dancing girl who will be eager to accept your most generous offers.

Now, I'm going to accept one thing you insisted upon—your continued friendship—and one other thing. I am going to ask, as you urged me to do, a favor. I still have those one hundred thousand dollars in bonds. I learn that some day the county will have to pay them. They talk now of compromising on, say, forty per cent.

I want you to lend me ten thousand dollars at once, and hold those bonds as security. Please wire me the money here, so it will arrive no later than Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. L. S.

VII

WHEN her father returned home that evening, Miss Izora Bartlett could not have appeared more thoroughly congealed had she been packed in ammonia.

"When is the hotel to move 'that person' out?" Her lips shut as on a knife-blade.

"Move what person out?" Old Zeke seemed in an unusually pleased mood.

"That girl that stayed at Hawkins's, that I spoke to you about this morning."

"Lola Sebright?" Bartlett's small eyes opened to the limit, his mouth opened much more. "Order Miss Sebright out! Are you crazy?" He was almost screeching.

"I most certainly am not. She is not a fit person to be in a respectable community, and she must leave at once."

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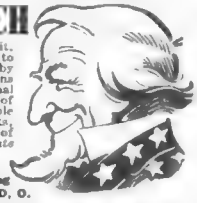

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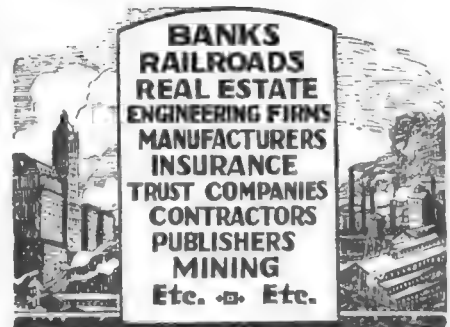

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"Izora," old Zeke was on his feet now, his face congesting, "Izora, look here, young woman, if you do or say anything to cause that girl to leave this town, I'd whip you if you were as big as a barn."

For once Izora's prim, ladylike dignity was smashed. She went into the kitchen shaking like a telegraph-pole in an earthquake.

So that was the way the land lay! Her father was an old fool after all, and that miserable hussy could wind him around her finger!

TUESDAY night Zeke Bartlett and Peter Crill sat in the old man's back office, their heads close together over a map spread out in the light of a coal-oil lamp.

"Judge Hawkins was right." Crill worked his lips ruminatively as he traced a line with a pencil. "It will of necessity run up that valley—that will save them a million dollars in tunnels. And the town will be right there by the creek at the mouth of the valley," he thrust a bent forefinger at the map triumphantly. "I own the land along the creek, and with this eighty of Crane's we'll have the whole town site."

Zeke continued to leer gloatingly at the map. "I got a mortgage on that hundred and sixty up the valley," his bent finger pointed again, "and Jim Buck, that owns the next eighty, is hard up. We can squeeze him out for a few hundred. We'll get four miles of that narrow valley—and lay low.

"When they are ready to build the road, we'll give 'em to understand we are easy until they get where they got to go on, then we'll just naturally take the hide and hair off of 'em—we'll skin 'em clean to the bone."

"There is one thing I don't like about it," Crill leaned back and spoke in vast solemness. "I believe that girl knows we are going to sell Crane's eighty Thursday. I thought so the day she came to my office and had me show her the land on the map."

"Do you think Crane knows?"

"No." Crill shook his head. "He would not have discovered it himself. Martin is a very good man when he has an intelligent boss, but he has no ambition, and would never discover anything on his own account. She will not tell him, for, naturally, like us, she will want few bidders."

Zeke chuckled. "She won't find us so slow—none of them will. We'll get that eighty anyway." He rubbed his hands.

Peter felt confident they would. He had faith to the ultimate in his prospective father-in-law's ability to close mortgages profitably.

"But," he shook his head, "that eighty is going to cost us something."

"Why so?" Old Zeke always reared up at the mention of cost.

"That girl got ten thousand dollars by wire this afternoon——"

For two days Zeke Bartlett and Peter Crill hoped against hope that Miss Sebright had got that ten thousand to spend on stockings and parasols, but at half-past nine Thursday morning all hope vanished.

Crill and old Zeke were watching from the county clerk's office, and the girl not only appeared in front of the steps from which the land was to be sold, but carried in her hand a copy of the *Hickory Grove*

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Guardian in which the sale was advertised.

And worst of all, far the worst, she proceeded to stop county officers and other passers and ask them questions about it, in her naive, half-flirtatious way.

"What's she tellin' 'em?" growled old Zeke. "Everybody in town will know it."

Peter Crill worked the lips over his front teeth and looked solemnly calculating.

"You better find out," he suggested. Peter was already on painful probation for his one interview with that young lady, and he did not want to run any more risks—especially as he had seen Izora enter Smith's store across the street.

Old Zeke went out and shambled down the steps——

"Oh, Mr. Bartlett," the girl sang out joyfully at sight of him, "you are just the man I wanted!" Izora's righteously sharpened ears caught that from the door of Smith's across the street. "I wanted to ask you about this." She met him half way up the steps, and made him sit down. Her pretty brows were puckered like a little girl puzzling over a bias in a doll's dress as she spread the paper on his knee.

"I've been wanting, oh ever so long," she went on brightly, "to get a little piece of wild land somewhere in the country to build a tiny summer house—a sort of place to camp and rusticate—it would be so romantic. And I saw this land for sale, and I wondered if it wouldn't be just the place. Can you tell me anything about it?"

At ten minutes to ten old Zeke went back into the office, and with half-shut eyes, shook his head in deep warning to Crill.

"She's smart as the devil ever made 'em," said the old man. "But she can't fool us, can she, Peter?"

Crill shook his head, but rather unconvincingly, for he still remembered the penance she had brought upon him.

The sheriff began to call the sale promptly at ten o'clock. Peter Crill was to bid the land in for old Zeke. Somehow, perhaps from Miss Sebright's questions, possibly merely because of her presence, the entire town seemed to have gathered at the south court-house steps within twenty minutes.

Peter Crill opened the bid at three hundred dollars. Still with the air of one playing a game she did not know very well, Miss Sebright raised it to four hundred. The banker raised it to five. Hicks, of the livery, thought this must be something worth while, and raised it to six. Others took a hand and boosted it to fourteen hundred. During this bidding the girl stood twirling her radiant parasol with a sort of puzzled, hurt look, as though they were taking advantage of her innocence and were teasing her.

THE bidders had all dropped out now but Peter Crill, who rested on $1,475. The sheriff opened his mouth to knock the land off to Crill, when the girl impulsively threw up her hand and shook it like a child at school anxious to answer a question.

"Seventeen hundred," she cried.

Crill worked his lips grimly——

"Two thousand."

"Three thousand," said the girl and nodded archly at Peter as though to say, "Now I have you!"

The crowd gasped, and began to sense something really important. This was a battle between old Zeke—for they knew Crill was Zeke's agent—and this mysterious girl from the city.

Their bids mounted and mounted. One moment the girl looked hurt, as though Peter's bids were rudeness. Then she got mad and clapped her hands and raised the bid two thousand at one jump.

"Nine thousand," said Crill, grimly raising her five hundred.

"Ten thousand," she stamped and walked up and threw down a certified check in front of the sheriff as though that settled it.

Crill was white around the mouth, the muscles of his throat were taut. This was awful. But he smiled with a sort of grim triumph.

"Ten thousand five hundred."

The girl looked at him a moment, glanced around at the gaping crowd, lifted her brows, shrugged her shoulders, and turned with a twirl of her parasol.

"Oh well, take the old land. I can buy some other."

She walked straight through the crowd, passing at the fringe the frigid statue of Izora Bartlett, and went to the hotel.

VIII

IT IS not being defeated that humiliates a man so much as what defeats him. That is why we always brag of the fighting power of our enemy. If we win, so much more the glory; if we lose, it saves our face. But one can't magnify a paltry five-hundred-dollar mortgage to any great extent. Martin had tried desperately to raise that amount, but failed. Money was scarce and wild land plentiful—and he had no job.

To be knocked out by that, to have all his iridescent rainbow hopes faded into blue sky merely for the lack of five hundred dollars, filled Martin Crane with such a vast disgust that life seemed one sordid mess of petty failure.

"It is like," he said, digging viciously the bark of a tree with his knife-blade, "being killed with a cucumber, or scared into jumping off a bluff by a rabbit."

Into his sullen blues there broke a sound of running feet, and a voice that called like a flute, "Oh, Martin! Oh, Mr. Crane!"

He thought he would hide, and run away without seeing her. He had planned to leave that way to-night. But he hesitated too long. She spied him and came skipping and laughing toward him like a mischievous girl. She danced a ring around the tree three times, giving him a little pinch at each turn.

"Oh, but it was funny." She stopped and stood beside him and looked out of the corner of her eyes roguishly. "There is some money for you at the court-house. Why did you run away? It would have kept off the blues for ten years to have seen Peter Crill bite."

Then she told him the whole story in broken bits, for she had to stop to laugh—of Hi Hawkins's conviction that she was a spy for the railroad; and how she had developed that suspicion, until old Zeke and Crill had bid in Crane's land for ten thousand five hundred.

"Ten thousand dollars!" echoed Martin dazedly. "Ten thousand dollars mine?—and old Zeke's money at that!" He gave way to laughter then—yet there was something more than laughter that almost choked him.

"But look here—" he stopped and caught her by both shoulders and looked straight into her happy, evasive eyes.

"Suppose they had stopped bidding and left you to take the land! Why did you take that risk for me?"

"Oh, at first I intended to buy it for your phosphorus mine. Then I had a funny thought—we'd let them bid it in, and later, when they discover there is no railroad—that they have fooled themselves, you can rebuy it for a thousand dollars—and still have nine thousand to develop your mine."

His hands slipped from her shoulders and came together beyond.

ZEKE BARTLETT and Peter Crill and Miss Izora sat on the front porch a little after dark. Old Zeke was fairly sore—to extract ten thousand dollars from him almost produced ulceration; but he was grimly triumphant. Peter Crill felt life had some of the flavor of sawdust. To be snubbed and punished and kept on the chilly outskirts of polite adjectives, when he really had not had an adventure, was not according to Emersonian compensation.

And Izora was feeling the bitter resentment of the girl who does her duty and gets what is left. She was pretty sure she could save Peter from sinful machinations, but she was still suspicious of her reprobate old father.

Jim Hicks called "hello" at the gate in the jocular tone of a man who has something to tell, and came up and sat on the steps of the porch.

"Well, sir, if that don't beat all," he began.

"What beats all?" Zeke was rather jumpy yet after that financial operation.

"Do you know who that girl was?"

"What girl?" Crill grew a little rigid.

"The one with the stock—the parasol." Hicks felt it dangerous to make certain references in the presence of Miss Izora.

"Who was that person?" The statuesque young lady sent the question with level deadliness.

"She is old Jim Radcliff's daughter—used to live out where Hawkins lives. Radcliff, you remember, Zeke, bought one hundred thousand dollars' worth of them county bonds. She has 'em, and she got a writ served on the county judges this afternoon—so they got to compromise or go to jail. That's what she was here for, I reckon."

"What she was here for?"

"What she was here for?"

Zeke and Crill echoed, leaning forward as though snatching at elusive life-lines. "What about the railroad?"

"Railroad?" Hicks asked, puzzled. "Oh, there wasn't nothing about a railroad, except a New York railroad man wanted to marry her—but she threw him over. She told about it down at Parson Druke's a little while ago."

"The Reverend Druke's?" Izora leaned forward this time.

"Yep," said Hicks. "Her and Martin Crane were married at eight o'clock. That's how we found out about her name. I was the witness."

As the fat livery-man passed out of the gate and down the street, three sounds were audible—a katydid in the grass, the rubbing together of Peter Crill's teeth, and the breathing of Zeke Bartlett.

"Well, Pa," Izora broke the silence with daughterly consolation, "I told you that girl was a dangerous person."

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What Will They Do With It?

By Joan Moody

THE vote, of course! For which three generations of American women have, metaphorically, bled and died.

Will they use it to—

"Elect a higher type of man to office" and "enact legislation in the special interests of women and children?"

Presumably, yes.

But what about parties?

Will they throw in their lots with the Republican party because the Republicans have, under some compulsion, rather a better record in regard to votes for women than the Democrats?

Or will they, attracted by the more idealistic phraseology of the Democratic party, hasten thither?

Will they venture *en masse* into the untrodden paths of Socialism?

The pre-voting discretion of suffragists these past years has been a fearful and wonderful thing to observe.

Wild elephants could never have dragged from Mary Garrett Hay, in the old days, a statement of what she was going to do with her vote when she got it.

Up at that vigorous and impressive temple of feminine thought, the Women's City Club, of which she is president, Miss Hay twinkled a reminiscent twinkle at the memory of her past prudence.

"I never told, did I?" she beamed. "None of us did. How silly it would have been.

"But, of course, I was a Republican then as much as now that I am enrolled in the party. My father was a Republican. That's the way I was raised. It's a good old party, with a glorious past and a great future, and I hope many a woman will see her way into it."

Incidentally, it looks as if the party of her choice is "wised up" to the value of its new member. For she was one of the two first women to sit in the Republican National Committee, meeting last year in Chicago, and a few months later was made chairman of the Resolutions Committee in the national convention.

In the opinion of many a new voter, the Republican Party got something when it got Miss Hay. She has been mentioned for every kind of office, from Commissioner of Corrections to the Presidency.

But as to the latter honor, Miss Hay says: "Who wants a woman for President? And anyhow, the men have more time for a job like that!"

Paul Thompson.

Mrs. Whitehouse is a Democrat—maybe.

We had picked Mrs. Norman Whitehouse for a sure-nuff Democrat. Has she not been the woman honored above all others by this administration—entrusted during hostilities with a secret diplomatic mission to Switzerland?

But come to find out, we oughtn't 've.

Mrs. Whitehouse thinks it is distinctly nobody's business how she is going to use her vote the rest of her life, now that, after all this bother, she has it.

"Does anybody dash around trying to find out how men are going to vote?" she asks.

Which brings us to Elinor Byrnes, Socialist, who made a very creditable young fight, coincidently with using her first vote last fall, for a seat in Congress.

Tammany was quite aggrieved when it discovered Miss Byrnes's hat in the ring, and hurried around to call.

"Why didn't you tell us you wanted a job?" said the Staten Island political dictators where Miss Byrnes makes her home. "We would have fixed you up."

"Because I happened to have principles," said Miss Byrnes.

"But we have the votes!" said the solicitous gentlemen.

"I voted the Socialist ticket," says Miss Byrnes, "because I am convinced that the present system is about to fall under the weight of its own inefficiency. Our choice seems to lie between a peaceful transition to socialism—the guild, not the state variety, now—and a violent class war. And I would like to see the change come without any more destruction of life and property."

From all of which data may be discovered what women are going to do with their brand-new votes.

Just about what they please.

E. F. Foley.

Mary Garrett Hay, Republican through and through

Elinor Byrnes: "A Socialist for life."

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HIS WIFE'S PLACE

(*Continued from page 20*)

As he was leaving the office for lunch, a messenger handed him a note from Mary. It was brief, curt. "Will you come to the apartment this evening?" it said. That was all, no explanation, no hint of a softening on her part.

At first he determined not to go. It would be painful and futile. Why not write her a note telling her that any steps she took would be satisfactory to him and that, as for any small property they had saved together, it was hers without question. He did not want it nor any share in it. But as the day continued he altered his decision. He would go to the apartment and see Mary for the last time.

So at eight o'clock he rang the bell—a stranger calling at what had been his own home. The latch clicked, he opened the outer door and ascended the stairs. Mary stood in the door looking very young and free of care; not at all cast down nor worried. He did not look at her more than he could help, but even the briefest glance was sufficient to assure him that his mental picture of her was not a likeness that did her credit. She looked almost beautiful to-night. He set his jaw and followed her into the living-room.

"Carter," she said, "will you be so good as to listen to what I am going to say? Please do not interrupt, and please do not lose your temper."

This was as unpromising as he could have imagined. He bowed.

"I have thought over all that has happened," she said, "and I know I have been right. I know it would have been silly for us to have thrown away my salary just for a whim. I know that nobody would have thought the worse of you because I worked for a few years. Now, Carter, it seems a pity that we should break up—unless you have stopped caring for me." She paused a moment, but he did not respond to her lead. "Do you care for me—still?" she asked directly. "Please tell the truth."

"I do," he said, "as much as I ever did, but——"

"Please. But you will go away just the same—unless I do as you—commanded?"

"Yes."

"If I were to give in—would you want things to be as they used to be?"

"Yes."

"Carter," she said seriously, "do you want to be put in a position where you can made double what both of us are making to-day? A position which would make it absurd for me to continue to work?"

"It goes without saying," he answered sullenly.

"If you will be reasonable," she said, "I think it can be done. But before it can be done you and I must work on a partnership basis for a year, perhaps two years. Will you let me tell you, and try to think about it without losing your temper?"

"I'll try," he said.

"You know I don't want to work. You know that. I want to be in my home. I want to be busy with the things that are more important to a woman than the earning of money—with making a home, and with children. The sales agency for our car has been taken away from Wetherell in Grand Rapids." She paused. "Wetherell's profits last year, in war times, were upward of fifteen thousand."

"Yes?"

"As soon as I heard, I went to our president. I took that liberty, Carter, because it looked like an opportunity, and because I had direct access to him. He said you could have it."

"*What?*"

"He said you could have it—if you could swing it. It will take twelve thousand cash."

Carter groaned. "Might as well be twelve millions," he said hopelessly.

"We have saved some," she said. "There is only about ten thousand to raise. Isn't that what banks are for?"

"Yes—but——"

"I believe you can borrow it—if you will go into partnership with me for a while. It will not be pleasant for either of us. You will have to be in Grand Rapids, and I can only see you once in a while. I can run down there for Sundays, anyhow. The twelve thousand will only start you in the business. You will have to live, and there will be expenses to meet. Until you start doing business there will be no income. That's where I'll come in. Don't you see? Don't you see the wonderful chance, if only you will look at it in the right way? We have pooled our lives, Carter. Why not, for just a little while, pool our earnings so that—oh, so that we can have a real family?"

Carter was scowling. Apparently he could get nowhere without a lift from his wife. He was inefficient without her. He was ashamed, outraged. He did not speak, tried to reason with himself coolly—and because he loved Mary, because the fear of losing her was with him sharply, when he spoke it was to say: "I will go to the bank to-morrow. If they will lend me the money—but to live on your earnings—" He got up. "I'm going now, Mary. It is better to leave things as they are until— Good night—and I hope——"

"You'll at least kiss me good night, Carter?"

He kissed her. When he left her, it was with a sense of awful fear lest he should lose her. He realized to the last vibration what Mary meant to him.

In the morning he went to the bank at which he had always kept his small account and was admitted to the president.

"I want to borrow ten thousand dollars," he said almost defiantly.

"Ten thousand, eh? What for?"

Carter explained his opportunity. "The only security I have," said he ruefully, "is a moderately decent reputation for paying my bills."

"It goes a long way, young man. Indeed, I may say that is a primary requisite. The moral hazard, you know. What are you earning?"

"Twenty-two hundred and fifty."

"Um. No other source of income?"

"None."

"And that would be cut off if you went into this new venture, of course."

"Yes." Carter got to his feet, preparatory to leaving the office.

"Sit down, sit down, young man. Do you realize that it is the business of a decent bank to promote industries? We have to be cautious. We have to protect the money of our depositors, but we can only succeed and make money as we help other folks to succeed and make money. Now I would not be justified in loaning you ten thousand dollars as matters stand. Can you get an endorser?"

"Not for any such amount."

The president shook his head. "If—are you sure you have no other source of income. Your wife, for instance? Has she no property?" His eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

Carter stiffened. "My wife, at present, is at work," he said grimly. "It is no fault of mine. When I was in the army, she worked to pass the time—and I came home to find her earning double what I can earn."

"Indeed! A wife to be proud of." He paused. "Does your wife contemplate continuing to work?"

"I do not contemplate it. She insists. I want to realize on this opportunity so she will have no excuse to insist— I want to give her things she is entitled to. I——"

"Aren't you proud of your wife, young man?"

Carter colored. "I—I should be, I suppose. But she has made me ashamed."

"Do you know," said the president, "that a wife like yours is the greatest asset a man can have? I thank God my wife was like her. We married on nothing. I was a grocer's clerk. She was a dressmaker. We made a partnership of it for the first few years; both of our backs were to the wheel. We saved enough so, at twenty-five, I could start a tiny grocery in a country town. She helped. Every cent she made we saved—and when the store was started she kept the books, and on Saturdays worked behind the counter. Those were different days—in those days marriage was a real partnership, and both parties gave to it all they had. It seems to be different now."

Carter stared at the president. He had seen his wife, a handsome, wonderfully gowned woman apparently a *grande dame*. She was a leader in society, a woman universally admired for her character and for her ability and for her culture. It did not seem possible.

"She made me," said the president. "It wasn't her savings alone, but the force she put behind me. She compelled me to succeed. It looks to me as if your wife were the same sort."

"Times have changed," Carter said weakly. "I am twitted about it."

"By imbeciles," said the president sharply. "Now, then, young man, I have a business proposition to make you. I will lend you ten thousand dollars on your note, endorsed by your wife, provided she holds her position until your new business proves to be a success and until you have reduced the note by five thousand dollars. It is the best I can do. You have your chance. Frankly, I know something about your wife. I am a director in the company she works for. I am loaning this money on two grounds—your excellent reputation for industry and honesty, and your wife's influence. If you will let her, young man she will make you. There is my proposition. It is for you to say.

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Take it, and in a few years you should be independent. Leave it, and stick to your job at twenty-two hundred. Perhaps it irks a little. It irked me a little to have my wife making dresses. But who cares for that to-day? The trouble with you youngsters is that to-day is so darn important to you. It amounts to nothing. The day that counts is ten years off. Well?"

"May I—may I take the morning to think it over?"

"The offer holds good until twelve o'clock," said the president with another twinkle. "While you are thinking, remember that a family consists primarily of two persons, husband and wife. Remember that is the *duty*—the plain, unvarnished duty—of each to contribute all he has to the whole. You can not think as individuals, but as a unit. One for all and all for one, as Dumas has it. You are thinking all for one and nothing for the whole. When you are a successful business man, with thousands where your pernickety friends have nickels, there will be no gibes. The fellows who gibe are the permanent twenty-two-hundred-dollar men. Bear that in mind. I'll expect you at twelve."

Carter went out. As he left the bank, a limousine stopped before the door and the president's wife alighted. Carter stopped and stared at her. She had labored at dressmaking; had worked behind the counter of a grocery—for her husband's success. No, he was wrong, for the success of the family, of the family unit! He felt himself flushing. He felt, also, a very real admiration for this woman. He could admire in another woman what he struggled to stifle in his wife. He realized this with sudden shock.

He walked half a block, paused, hesitated. The *family!* It was a wonderful conception, this of the family! It was gracious, thoroughbred, honest, sound. He could sense all that. The *family!*

Carter turned and strode back to the bank and asked to be admitted again to the president.

"Well?" said that gentleman with another twinkle.

"When may I bring my wife in to endorse that note?" Carter said with a diffident grin.

"Seen the light, eh?"

"I have just seen your wife, sir," said Carter gravely. "Will you be so good as to thank her for me? I just saw her—and she proved it to me—the mere sight of her."

"Young man," said the president, and his eyes were bright with pleasure, "that is the finest compliment she has ever received. She will give herself the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Payan. And I congratulate you. I will wait this noon for you and your wife."

Carter called Mary on the phone. "Meet me at the bank at twelve," he said.

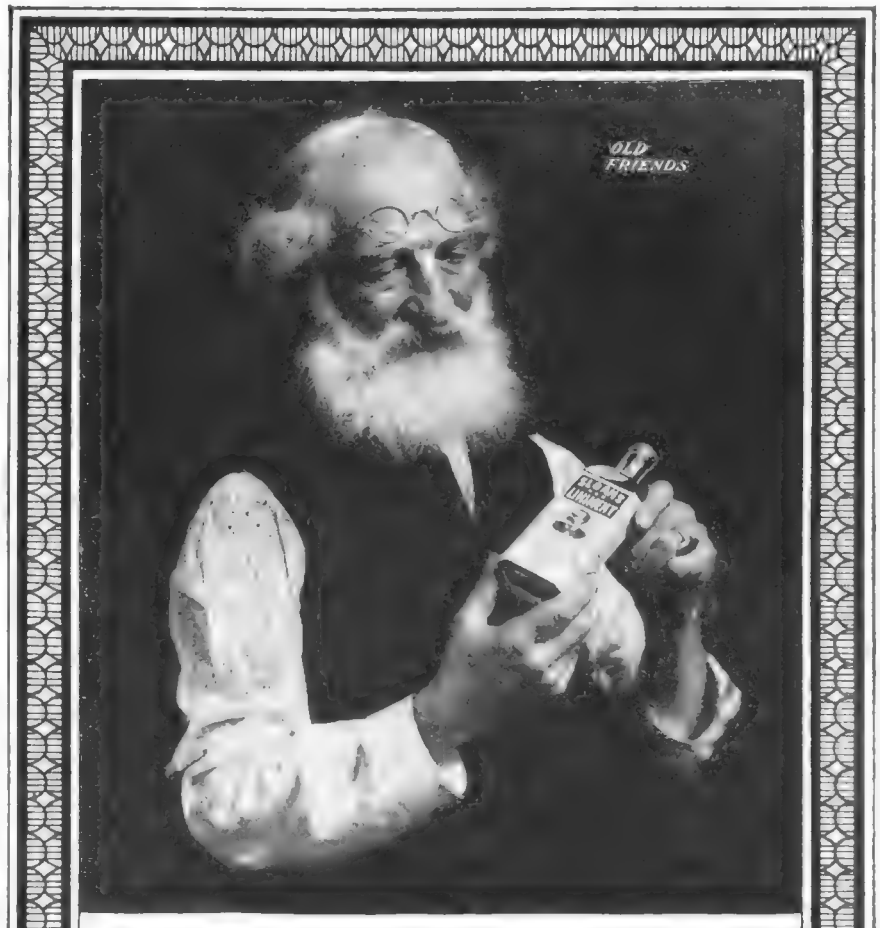
"Oh, Carter—really, dear?"

"Really."

"I'm proud of you—proud of you."

"Mary," he said, "I've learned to appreciate you. But I'm not proud of you. You mustn't be proud of me. What we've got to do is to be proud of *us*. I've woke up. There isn't such a thing as you or I. There's just the *family*."

"I *love* the family," said Mary, careless of who might be listening at her end of the line.



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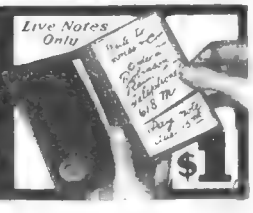

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Four Ways to Eighty

By John Armbruster

"Stick to your job," says Simeon King (to the left), "rolling stones wear themselves all out."

"Keep in harmony with the highest vibrations," says James Whittlesey.

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HERE we have four perfectly good recipes for thoroughly enjoying your eighties.

First off, there is Mr. King, Simeon W. His motto is simple: "Get a good job and keep it." At the age of twenty-one Mr. King was appointed United States commissioner of deeds by President Lincoln. And the boy has continued on the job these fifty-five years. The fees which used to considerably eke out his salary have abated, for the land and title business of earlier years is done, and Mr. Lincoln's appointee is to-day, at seventy-six, a poor man. But he doesn't hold, he says, with all this modern shifting around in business. He likes to know where he is at.

Charles Cliff favors the plan of living hard in one's youth and taking life a bit easier later on. He is the last of the "Pony Express" riders, and monotony and he were strangers in the old days when the postage rate from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco was five dollars a letter.

"The distance was 1,950 miles," says Postman Cliff, "and the record schedule was 232 hours. "Each rider (there were sixty of us), rode twenty-four hours, covering seventy-five miles, and delivered his bag at a relay station to a fresh rider. Yes, sir, unless the man with the fresh horse had been shot by Indians. I have often had to make two stages instead of one, and have slept on horseback many a time. We got good pay for those days, four hundred dollars a year and our keep at the best hotels. It was a disappointment indeed when the telegraph put us out of business."

James W. Whittlesey, of St. Louis, is just ninety and ascribes his long and healthy life to never having eaten meat, smoked, drunk or gotten married. He served through the Civil War and had words with his local board with regard to why they were keeping him out of this one. He has taught school, practised medicine and preached religion, and is the oldest signal service man.

Which brings us to Isaac Simms, of Atlanta, he of the eleven service stars. Uncle Isaac has twenty-four children, twenty-two of them boys. At eighty-seven he works every day in a broom factory and he thinks there has been no good motto invented since "Why worry?"

Robert H. Mullan.

"See the world when you are young," urges Charles Cliff.

and "DO NOT WORRY," says Isaac Simms.

Irene Hathaway.

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LINDA CONDON

(*Continued from page 68*)

blackly printed sensational headline that immediately established her fear sank vivid and entire into her brain; an anonymous inflamed mob in Hesperia had pulled down Pleydon's statue and destroyed it. Their act was described as a tribute to the liberality of the present Downige family in the light of its objection to the monument.

Linda had a sensation of crashing with a sickening violence from a pedestal to the ground. Actually, it seemed, the catastrophe had happened to her. She heard, with a sense of inutility, Arnaud denouncing the outrage; he had a pencil in his hand for the composition of a telegram to Dodge. He paid—perhaps naturally—no attention to her, suffering dully from her fall. She heard, in review, the lawless approaching voice of the mob, the naked ugly violence froze her with terror; she felt the gross hurried hands winding ropes about her; the rending brutality of force——

She sat and automatically took a small carved glass of orange-juice from a bed of ice. Arnaud was speaking. "I'm afraid this will cut through Pleydon's security, it was such a wanton destruction of his unique power. You see, he worked over the cast, lovingly, with little files and countless finite improvements. The mold, I think, was broken. What a piece of luck the thing's at Cottarsport." He paused, obviously expecting her to comment; but suddenly phrases failed her.

She should be considering Dodge; her sympathy even for him was submerged in her own extraordinary injury. However, she recovered from her first gasping shock, and made an utterly commonplace remark. Never had her sense of isolation been stronger. "I must admit," her husband continued, "that I looked for some small display of concern. I give you my word there are moments when I think Pleydon himself cut you out of stone. He isn't great enough for that, though; in the way of perfection you successfully gild the lily. A thing held to be impossible."

Linda told him with amazing inanity that his opinion of her was unreliable; and, contented, he lightly pursued his admiration of what he called her boreal charm. At intervals she responded and proceeded with breakfast. She had entered a region of dispassionate consideration, her characteristic detachment, she thought, regained. She mentally, calmly, reconstructed the events and wills that had led to the destruction of the statue; they, at least, were evident to her. She reaffirmed silently her conviction that it had resulted from the stupidity, the vanity, of a woman. The limitations of men, fully as narrow, operated in other directions.

Then, with an incredulous surprise, she was aware that the clear space of her reason was filling with anger. Never before had such a flood of emotion possessed her; and she surrendered herself to the novelty of its obliterating tide. It deepened immeasurably, sweeping her far from the security of old positions of indifference, critical self-possession. Linda became enraged at a world that had concentrated all its vulgarity in one unspeakable act.

The final instalment of "Linda Condon" will appear in the December number.

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Every prospect pleases Miss Emdee. She even prefers them to music pupils.

From Music to Motors

By Margaret Jacques

WHEN Florence Emdee broke into automobile circles in Lafayette, Indiana, it created not a ripple of disturbance. In that town of thirty thousand there were three leaders in the small-car market. People swore by them. Agents for other cars had time on their hands. Another make of car, another agent—and that a girl! No; no. No excitement.

Florence—she's only twenty-four, so we'll call her that—had learned to take care of her own car, both from reading books on automobiles, mechanics and engineering, and experimenting with her own engine. The traveling mechanic for the company, after watching her repair her car at one of the garages, recommended her as saleswoman to the new agent. Since the agent was busy with garage work, it was arranged that Florence should have the entire responsibility of selling, and a commission on each car sold.

On June 10, 1918, Florence was devoting two days a week to the automobile business and the rest of the time to her thirty music pupils. Here's the story of her first sale, which took place just eleven days after she started work. Taking a new car, tuned to perfection, she drove to a farmer's home several miles out in the country, arriving at breakfast-time. Learning that a trip of sixty miles must be made twice a week, that the father was too busy to make it, and his twelve-year-old daughter unable to drive the old machine, Florence taught the daughter to drive the new car. When the father came in at noon, he was very pleased, but thought he ought to have more for his old car than he was allowed. He was won around by the explanation of how old cars depreciate in value, and that evening, after he had found out for himself how easily and well the new car drove, the deal was closed and Florence returned with the old car and a check for the balance.

In November she crossed the last music pupil off her list. The automobile game took all her time. Beginning with July, her sales averaged one machine a week. Along with her ability as saleswoman and mechanic, she has brown hair and frank brown eyes that look like stars. Also a happy, obliging disposition. Her commissions range from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars per month.

"Getting prospects is half the game," says Florence. Wherever she goes she asks for prospects. If she sees a man on the street looking over her car, she introduces herself as saleswoman and starts talking. So alert is she that her list of prospects has grown to two hundred and fifty.

"It is my idea when taking a prospect out," said Miss Emdee, "to give him so much to think about that when he goes out in some other car he'll be sure not to buy. Then I endeavor to show him that he does need a car, why he needs it, and why he needs my car. Gaining a prospective buyer's confidence, being truthful in statements about my own and other cars, and refusing to knock competitors, are most essential. A good demonstration is obviously most important. As I demonstrate I get in my selling talk, which includes economy, durability, convenience, appearance, reasonable price, and comfort, of which points I consider durability of most importance." To those people who know nothing of machinery, she chats, saying very little about the car, and giving them such an enjoyable half hour or more that they simply can not forget her automobile. Often men try to stump her with an intricate question about machinery, and when they fail, which usually happens, both she and the car go up one hundred per cent. in their estimation. It's taking a long chance, but she always lets a prospect drive if he desires. Seven times in one day she has dusted her car—a small thing and yet an important one in making a sale. Usually she endeavors to make a quick sale, realizing as she does the danger of allowing time for deliberation and the wiles of rival salesmen.

A trip to Indianapolis for a car is nothing to Miss Emdee. She has even gone to the Detroit factory for one.

Florence knows not only her own car, but cars in general. When a new agency comes to town, at the first opportunity she examines the engine carefully, tries the seats, and makes mental notes of its various points, good and bad. And now, after less than a year's experience, she is one of the biggest competitors in the automobile game.

And above is the picture to prove it!

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Jaundice's Last Race

By Hugh S. Fullerton

THERE remains some of the Christ-spirit in the worst of us, perhaps, but the most optimistic of missionaries would hardly have assayed the soul of Jaundice McGuire with the hope of discovering even a trace of that quality. Jaundice was a product, or by-product, of the race-track. He had run away from his home in St. Louis at the age of eleven to escape beatings administered by a drinking father and a sodden mother, and had found refuge in a freight-car loaded with horses which were being shipped to a race-meeting in New Orleans. Two hostlers were drinking from a bottle when not sleeping on a pile of hay. They welcomed the boy, gave him a drink, fed him and allowed him to burrow into the hay for warmth. Perhaps it was kindness, perhaps they saw in him a means of escaping the work of feeding and watering horses during the long journey.

Jaundice was happy. He loved horses. Perhaps that was the remaining trace of good after the rest had been bred or beaten out of him. He had loved the horses which drew the coal wagon his father drove when sober, and the sight of the trim thoroughbreds filled him with awed admiration. Arrived in New Orleans, he followed the horses to the race-track, found refuge in the stables and was adopted into the army of those who follow the races. A year later he had acquired a master's degree in profanity and obscenity and developed a rat-like viciousness in fighting when cornered. He was undersized and undernourished, with the remnants of a fighting spirit from generations of Irish sustaining him. Stable-boys learned to fear the savageness of his methods and left him alone. Occasionally a trainer or stable boss beat him with a whip and cursed him.

Instinctively horses loved him. In one year he was an exercise boy. At fourteen, with all the wickedness and viciousness of the race-track and stable concentrated in him, he could ride and was awarded a jockey's license and a suit of gay-colored silks.

He rode winners. Winning, with Jaundice, was unselfish. He rode not for personal glory or for money, but for the honor of the horse on which he was mounted. When he was beaten he gulped dry sobs and went away with his mount to console it.

For four years he rode races on the flat, at tracks all over America. During these four years he made as much money as the average man makes in a lifetime and at the end of it had nothing. To him money meant only expensive meals, clothes remarkable for colors and patterns, wine, women of a sort, and large yellow diamonds. At eighteen he was an old man. His face was yellow and drawn; he had ceased to be "Kid" McGuire and become "Jaundice." He was gaining weight and beginning to pay the penalty of the carouses which followed each temporary period of prosperity. For a year he fought to hold his standing. His mounts became fewer and fewer. When the owners ceased to employ him to ride on the flat, he became a steeplechase jockey.

Riding steeplechasers in races means

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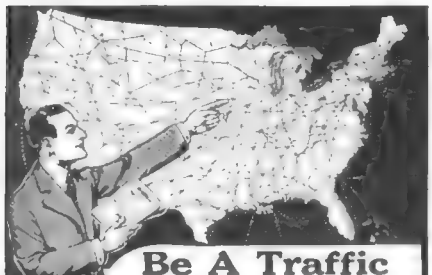

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in the majority of cases moral and physical suicide. Jaundice had no fear of physical consequence nor any conception of morality. With two drinks of whisky poured into his outraged body, he would have tried to make his mount jump the Grand Cañon had the course led in that direction. Falls and broken bones failed to break his nerve, but his subconscious honesty was shattered. On the flat he never had ridden a crooked race. He was restrained by no consciousness of right or wrong. He tried always to win because he loved the horses he rode. Over the jumps he had no such scruples. The steeplechase horses were "has-beens" like himself and entitled to no consideration. He commenced to ride queer-looking races. He was nineteen when he fell off the favorite in a steeplechase race to permit an outsider to win and the stewards ruled him off the tracks for one year.

What Jaundice did in that year of banishment he alone knew in detail. Barred from the only home and the only associates he had ever known, the great loneliness came upon him. He was broke. He stole and was sent to prison. When the suspension was lifted he went back to the tracks. He had grown heavier and his eyes and his mind were blurred by drink. He lived with the horses, attaching himself to the stable for which he had been a star jockey, and lived in the stalls and the cars. His love of the animals themselves had waned. Drudgery and vicious living had warped even that instinct. When he dared he became a tout, whispering information to petty gamblers at the edge of the betting-ring. When he left the tracks at night it was to betray stable information to bartenders in return for drinks.

When he was twenty-two there remained two loves by which it was proved that all good can not be smelted out of a human being. One was for Putter Around, the gallant bay stake horse of the stable whose dam he had ridden to victory many times. The other was for Lord James.

ON RACE-TRACKS there is something in a name. Jaundice received his because his complexion had become a dirty yellow. Lord James was so called because the one spark of decency remaining in him caused him to conceal his family name. It was reputed that he was the son of an English nobleman and that he could have a title and estate if he returned to England. Rags of an old pride and remnants of decent breeding restrained Lord James from mentioning the family name as his own or from returning home to disgrace them. He had come to America, a younger son, with a stable of race-horses and high hopes. Robbed, fleeced, he had "quit." Jaundice can not be spoken of as having degenerated. His original height permitted but a slight fall. But Lord James had sunk to even lower levels. He was a cadger, a tout, and a sneak-thief at such times when no risk was involved.

No one around the tracks hated either Lord James or Jaundice. They pitied Jaundice, but the touts themselves despised Lord James. He had lost all his courage, if he ever possessed any, and drink had sapped his health and his brain. Of the trio, only Putter Around bore his name honestly. His names were those of his sire and his granddam, and he was of royal blood and three years old.

When Lord James and Jaundice had become friends no one knew. Probably it was during Jaundice's career as a winning jockey, while he scattered money recklessly after every winning race. Upon such boys Lord James had preyed for years. These two had nothing in common. Race, religion, birth, breeding and education made them different, but they met in the thick scum of vice and became inseparable. For Lord James, Jaundice stole and betrayed stable secrets, pulled race-horses, bought drinks and furnished food and lodging. It is not recorded that Lord James ever did anything for Jaundice.

THESE two sank lower and lower together. When the majority of the race-tracks of the country were closed, they disappeared from the world of sport, starved, and served prison terms together. When racing reopened, they reappeared. Jaundice had developed a cough. His wasted body revealed the ravages of tuberculosis. Lord James was wearing, with a pitiful effort to maintain an air of decency, a suit purchased with his last remittance money two years before.

The horses were racing at Jamaica and the weather was raw and rainy. They experienced difficulty in gaining an entry to the track and were compelled to remain outside, shivering and wet, until the day's sport ended. Then a negro stable-boy allowed them to sleep with him in a stall, and Jaundice procured food from the camp-fires where no one ever is refused.

Lord James did not get up the next morning. He had crawled into the hay with wet clothing and in the morning he had a fever. Jaundice brought him food, but he did not eat. All day he remained huddled in the hay, covered with horse blankets, his face turned to the board wall. He was thinking and his mind was Gethsemane.

During the night Lord James touched Jaundice with his hand and waked him. Very quietly and with a return of long-forgotten dignity, he entrusted to Jaundice an envelope upon which was written an address in England, charging him to mail it and to allow no one to see it. He asked Jaundice to see the boys and ask them to bury him decently. Then he gripped Jaundice's hand and died gamely, sustained by the traditions of his race and class. Jaundice alone wept. It was the first time in many years he had wept and he was ashamed of his tears.

Around the race-track no man connected with the game dies and lacks a decent funeral, but there was scant sympathy for Lord James. The hat was passed, bookmakers, jockeys, trainers, owners, grafters, even the pickpockets, contributed, but their contributions were small. The whole amounted to eighty dollars. Jaundice was not satisfied. Had he been satisfied there would have been no story to tell.

On the day following the horses moved to Belmont Park to open the racing season on that track, and Putter Around was entered to start in a high-weight handicap. Putter Around belonged to a wealthy man whose colors Jaundice had often carried to victory. This owner had not

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entered the horse in the handicap with any expectation of winning. The colt needed work, and he wanted to see how well the three-year-old could carry weight racing against all aged horses.

Jaundice had not slept. His clothing still was damp and he was coughing. For the time his abiding love for Putter Around was put in the background while he went from man to man begging money to give Lord James what he considered a proper and fitting funeral. The undertaker wanted one hundred and fifty dollars. Jaundice was determined to raise the sum before the afternoon's sport ended.

Shortly before the bugle sounded, calling the horses from the paddock for the first race, a fractious colt lashed out with his feet and kicked the jockey who had been employed to ride Putter Around in the fourth. Jaundice heard of the accident within a few minutes. It was he who hurried to the club-house and informed the owner.

"Thanks, Jaundice," the owner said carelessly, "I wanted the colt to have the workout. Now, I suppose I'll have to scratch him. I don't want to put a strange boy up."

"Mister Joe," said Jaundice, inspired with a sudden idea, "let me ride that Putter Around horse. I'm down to weight, Mister Joe. I only weigh a hundred and twenty-eight now. Let me ride him, Mr. Joe, and I'll win."

His voice was pleading, his eyes and manner appealing and he coughed harder. The owner was surprised and laughed slightly. "I'm afraid it can not be fixed, Jaundice," he said lightly. "How do you stand with the stewards?"

"I'm clean with them now, Mister Joe. They ain't got nothin' on me. They never could prove I pulled Whippoorwill. I'm down to weight, Mister Joe, and that Putter Around horse likes me."

His eagerness and the truth of the final statement decided the matter.

"I'll see the stewards and explain," said the owner. "He's only in for the workout, and perhaps they'll stand for it. Sure you're strong enough to handle the colt?"

The owner had observed the cough and Jaundice checked it with an effort.

"Yes, Mister Joe, I'm all right. Just caught a cold. Get this mount for me, Mister Joe; I've got to plant Lord James decent."

"That old bum dead at last?"

"Yes, sir; I've got to get a hundred and fifty to plant him, and the boys ain't kicking in fast. Let me ride this Putter Around hoss and I'll plant Lord James swell, like his family would want him."

The owner passed over a twenty-dollar bank-note. What he told the track officials no one knows, but when the fourth race was called, Jaundice, carefully hiding his cough, rode forth for the first time in four years wearing the colors of his old stable.

The bookmakers were laying thirty to one against Putter Around and a wit in the ring said it was ten to one the colt, twenty to one the boy. What was not known was that Jaundice had taken the money that had been contributed to bury Lord James and wagered it three ways: straight, place, and show on Putter Around. A new

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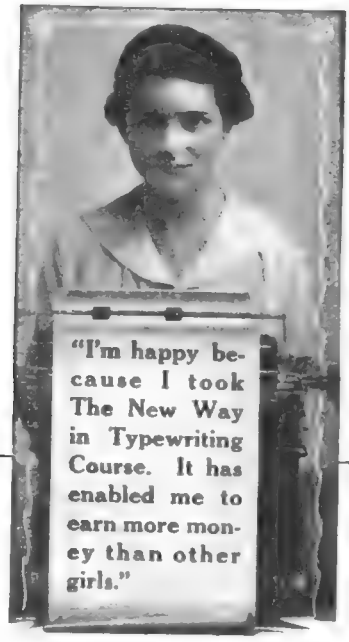

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generation of jockeys faced the start, a generation that knew nothing of the skill of the boy who had ridden champions. The new boys, with the contempt that youth holds for the "has been," jeered at Jaundice, and hurled insulting epithets at him as they wheeled and maneuvered for the advantage of the break. Jaundice did not retort with oaths and villifications as he would have done in other days. He was afraid he would start to cough.

The barrier flashed. Jaundice had been holding Putter Around steady during the milling of the others. Out of the corner of the eye he had caught the betraying arm movement of the starter an instant before the barrier flashed upward, had shot Putter Around at the starting line just the instant it flickered past his nose, had beaten the start a length and a half while the others were taking the first jump and sent him roaring down the long straightaway for four and a half furlongs. Riding him out desperately at the end he held the lead by half a length over the favorite.

As the horses paraded back past the stands he held his lips tightly pressed together. He staggered a little as he weighed out and in the paddock his lips were reddened. The strain of the ride had opened the old wounds in his lungs.

An hour later he ordered the undertaker to give Lord James the best funeral he could for one thousand two hundred dollars and paid over the money. There remained for his share of the victory just twenty-seven dollars.

THE news spread around the track that evening that Jaundice was to give Lord James a "swell funeral." Curiosity was aroused. Touts, stable-boys, bookmakers' helpers, a few jockeys attended. It happened that Jaundice came to me to consult as to the minister, and I had secured the services of a wonderful little rector who is much interested in all human beings.

The funeral was the strangest one I ever attended. The little minister was doing his best to comfort the mourners, but plainly was at a disadvantage because Jaundice was the only mourner. Jaundice, through some instinctive sense of respect for the dead, was standing very awkwardly and tears were rolling down his cheeks. He was weeping for the second time in his life. Finally the little rector read from the service: "He is not dead, but sleeping."

Jaundice started, then stared, reached instinctively for his pocket and sobbed in a whisper: "Ten dollars will win you twenty-seven if you think old Lord James is only sleeping."

His reversion to instinct raised a laugh. For the first time the assemblage was getting its money's worth. The little rector was very much shocked. He could not understand that Jaundice meant no disrespect. He argued that no man could live in the United States and be so completely ignorant of religion. I said that Jaundice thought Jesus Christ was a cuss word and that his only knowledge that he possessed an immortal soul was from hearing it God damned by trainers and others.

A week later I heard that Jaundice was in a Brooklyn hospital and in bad shape. I went to see him to get for a newspaper the story of a jockey who, while sick to death, rode in a race to win money enough

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to bury a friend. He was propped up in bed coughing. The doctor had told me he had but a little time to live. He was glad to see me and inquired how I liked Jord James's funeral.

"Great class to that, Jaundice; best I ever attended."

"No one can't say that I piked," he responded, beaming at the praise. "I planted Lord James swell and his folks can't ever say I didn't."

"You're looking better," I lied. "Be back on the track pretty soon?"

"Lord James won't beat me more than a neck," he said without emotion. "Something busted inside me during that race. Have you heard how Putter Around is comin' along? He sure ought to win that stake this week."

Presently he spoke of the little rector. "What do you think of that guy?" he asked, rather contemptuous of the ignorance of the minister. "He thought Lord James was only sleeping but he wouldn't back his opinion with coin."

I strove to explain without much success.

"That little guy is all right," said Jaundice. "Did you hear what he said about Lord James havin' a chanst on that track he was talking about? Say, Lord James has about as much chanst as I have."

"Every one has a chance," I said feebly.

"Me?" he asked in surprise.

"Sure; the Book says every one has who repents."

"I ain't got nothin' to repent of exceptin' pullin' three or four of them bum chasers. The stewards couldn't get nothin' on me at that."

"The Judges up there know it all."

"Know everything? Then, say, what chanst has a guy got?"

AS A religious prospect the case was too hard, so I telephoned the little rector and gave it over to him. He called upon Jaundice several times, and the following week I went to the hospital again. Jaundice was weak but smiling.

"Say," he whispered hoarsely, "I got a chanst. That little man says that them Judges up there knows I was carryin' too much weight to run true and that you can't blame any one for losin' when he is handicapped out of it. I told him about pulling them chasers and lyin' and stealin' and he said that didn't make no difference, that the Judges don't set a guy down forever if he is sorry he done wrong." He remained thinking for a time.

"He didn't have to tell me to be sorry," he whispered. "Honest, I always was sorry when I pulled one of them bum chasers when he was trying. It wasn't square to the horse. This is the softest bet I ever had," he whispered. "I'm going to play it. Them's good odds—a chanst to win all them things he told me about and only be sorry. It's like writing your own ticket."

I found the little rector very thoughtful and amazed at this new manner of man he had discovered, and when he buried Jaundice the next week he got right down among us and talked about handicaps and weights, and keeping on trying all the time. He talked just as if he had been in the paddock half his life, and the last thing he said was: "If I were a book, I'd lay odds that Jaundice cashes that last bet."

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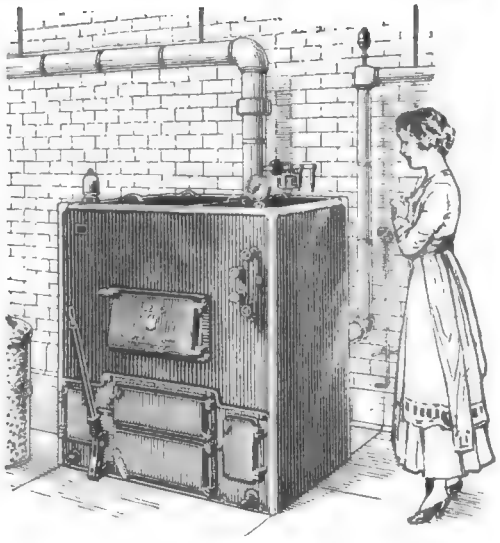

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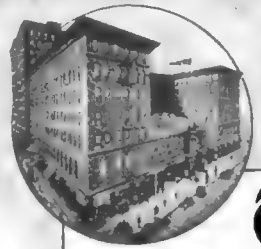

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Song of Two Wanderers

By Marguerite Wilkinson

DEAR, when I went with you
To where the town ends,
Simple things that Christ loved,
They were our friends.

Tree-shade and grass-blade
And meadows in flower,
Sun-sparkle, dew-glisten,
Star-glow and shower,
Cool-flowing song at night
Where the river bends
And the shingle croons a tune—
These were our friends!

Under us the brown earth,
Ancient and strong,
The best bed for wanderers
All the night long!
Over us the blue sky,
Ancient and dear,
The best roof to shelter all
Glad wanderers here!
And racing between them there
Falls and ascends
The chantey of the clean winds—
These were our friends!

By day on the broad road
Or on the narrow trail,
Angel wings shadowed us,
Glimmering pale
Through the red heat of noon;
In the twilight of dawn
Fairies broke fast with us,
Prophets led us on!
Heroes were kind to us
Day after happy day,
Many white Madonnas
We met on our way—
Farmer and longshoreman,
Fisherman and wife,
Children and laborers
Brave enough for life—
Simple folk that Christ loved,
They were our friends—

Dear, we must go again
To where the town ends!

All-Souls'

By Margaret Widdemer

THIS is All Saints' Eve to-night,
When the dead go to and fro—
Ah, so many dead this year
Who have far to go!

Burning lights and lifted latch—
Will they know their way, and turn?
(Where they lie no door is near,
No home candles burn.)

Footfall on the quiet floor,
Swift young presences and dear—
Ah, the sea's no barrier now,
There's no far or near!

War and grief are done for them,
Done the need to leave and roam—
It is All Saints' Eve to-night,
And the dead come home.

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A Word to All Foreign-Born

By an American Citizen of Foreign Birth

ROUGHLY speaking, nations may be said to live by two things: memories and hopes. In reality these are symbolized by graves, where lies the past, and cradles rocking the future.

Veneration for the graves of our forefathers is natural to all of us. Lack of it would stamp us inhuman. But exaggerated feeling of this kind leads to the position of China to-day.

The grave is an anchored certainty. The cradle is full of uncertainty, but it moves. And as far as our instincts and sentiments are concerned, the cradle is older than the grave. Life below man cares naught for the latter, but devotion to the cradle is almost as old as nature itself.

Let us give the grave its due by all means, but let us put the cradle above it. Let us study the past and take lessons from it, but only in order that we may make the future more glorious.

Let us revere those that lie buried far off and what was theirs, but let us live in and for our offspring and what is to be theirs.

Let us give tender thought to the land whence we came, but let us give our labors, our wealth, our energy, our blood, and the undivided love of our hearts to the land of our children.

Thus, and thus only, can we make sure that they, and their children in turn, may live and love and die in peace.

Eyes

By Oscar C. Williams

SOMETIMES I hold a glass before my face
And, gazing into my own life-filled eyes,
I think of the passion that behind them lies,
The centuries of pride and creed and race,
The myriads of memories under sway—
The dawns and sunsets jostling there, the sea
Foam-fringed, bent flowers listening for a bee,
Even the lips of love I kissed only to-day.

All this and more . . . but suddenly I know
My brain, that holds these memories all in pawn,
Is rummaging in darkness once again,
And I must see my eyes as other men
Have always seen, and still will see them, so—
As windows, strange and closed, with curtains drawn.

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It is then that your hair's natural beauty and waviness is brought out to its best advantage. This daintily perfumed hair cleanser has been the favorite for many years because it immediately dissolves and removes all dandruff, dirt and excess oil and leaves the hair so fluffy it seems much heavier than it is. The very first shampoo removes most of the dandruff, and after each succeeding shampoo you find the flakes smaller and fewer until they disappear.

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The SPOILED BOY

(Continued from page 27)

a touchdown for Shelburne, from which a minute or two later a goal was cleanly kicked.

"And only a simple hide-the-ball play!" How well Rex Cullom knew they would not have pulled him out of *his* position on that play. He had fallen down, yes. But was ever a man punished for it as he was being punished?

The half ended a few minutes later and Rex, seated in a dark corner, his head upon his hands, heard as though in a dream the voice of the coach.

"What have I told you, always, always? No man out of his position until he knows, not thinks he knows, where the ball is; every man responsible for his own territory. Wheeler, by Heaven, where were you?" the voice paused. "I want those seven points back, do you hear! You give them to me, you owe them. Haledon wants more than seven points, understand." The voice ceased. The coach and the assistants move slowly from player to player pointing out acts of omission, giving hints for future use. No one spoke to Cullom, no one came near him, except, just as the fifteen minutes' respite were waning, Jerry Dane, Mary's father; he stood before the boy, let his hand rest upon his head for a moment and then walked away.

Again the teams were facing each other upon the field, Shelburne jaunty, confident, Haledon uncowed, fierce, determined. The nervousness of the first half had gone, they were behind, no player further entertained the dread fear of some dreadful personal error—that bane of the highly trained football man. Everything now was objective. Shelburne kicked off and Thomas, Haledon's best runner, caught the ball on his goal line, weaving back for ten yards.

Swiftly Haledon lined up and Thomas, taking the ball, was off for Shelburne's left end. Events formed themselves kaleidoscopically. Yates, the Shelburne tackle, was handsomely boxed, and Pembroke, the end, was taken clean out by the interference. And then, while a torrent of sound tore through the air, Thomas, elusive as a ghost, drifted in and out amid tacklers to midfield, where he was heavily felled.

Then, following hard upon this dash, occurred one of those breaks that so often occur in football. Haledon, failing thrice to gain, punted upon the fourth down and the ball sailed into the arms of the Shelburne quarter, standing upon his five-yard mark. But the hard-driven ball was spiralling swiftly and it came into the player's chest like a bullet, glancing off his body, out of his outstretched arms and over the goal-line where Welch, one of Haledon's fleet-footed ends, fell upon it for a touchdown for his team.

In the midst of pandemonium, the stadium rocking hysterically, the Haledon

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substitutes, coaches, trainers and rubbers, leaping and hugging and waving blankets and towels, Rex Cullom, his arms about the old negro rubber, suddenly paused as he saw Brainerd's eyes fixed upon him. He stiffened and waited, hardly breathing. But the coach turned away. Cullom sank back to his seat as Armstrong sent the ball cleanly between the goal-posts, tying the score.

And now the game resolved itself into a desperate struggle, in which neither team could gain advantage. Shelburne's hide-the-ball plays—her chief asset—were nosed out by the frenzied Haledonians in their inception, while Haledon's lance-like thrusts, off tackles and forward passes, which Shelburne had used sparingly, all came to naught.

The sun was sinking over the top of the walls and the field was invested with a mysterious half-light in which everything seemed unreal, even the crowded seats and the cheers and the songs that came therefrom. Early in the second quarter McMahon, Shelburne's star punter, had been carried from the field with a badly sprained ankle and the man who had replaced him was getting no more distance than was Wheeler. The end was drawing near.

Rex Cullom threw off his blanket and, rising to his feet, began pacing up and down in a short orbit. Flesh and blood could not longer stand the strain which he had imposed upon himself. His face was working, tears were running down his cheeks. As the Haledon backs went into line he went with them mentally, suffering every shock that they sustained, living their failures and their little triumphs.

Then, with the ball in Haledon's possession on Shelburne's forty-yard line—the nearest the ball had been to either goal in the possession of an opponent in this, the last quarter—Wheeler dropped back for a field goal. It was the third down; a delayed pass play and an end run had both failed. Carefully he bent down and swept away imaginary impediments in the turf. The captain ran from player to player, slapping each upon the back, urging all to hold their men. Then suddenly the ball came straight and true into Wheeler's arms. But now—! A great yell went up as instead of kicking he darted to one side and threw the ball forward to Thomas, who had made his way out to one side. It was a clean catch and before the man was tackled he had reached Shelburne's thirteen-yard mark.

Now Haledon! Wheeler came up with a limp. He had been knocked down heavily after the throw and his knee was wrenched. Rex Cullom saw it. In the midst of the uproar and confusion, he saw it. Brainerd, the coach, noted it, too; he and Cullom of all men on the field. Suddenly, with a cry, the boy sprang to the coach's side.

"Coach, put me in, for the love of God! I can take that ball over. I can! All sea-

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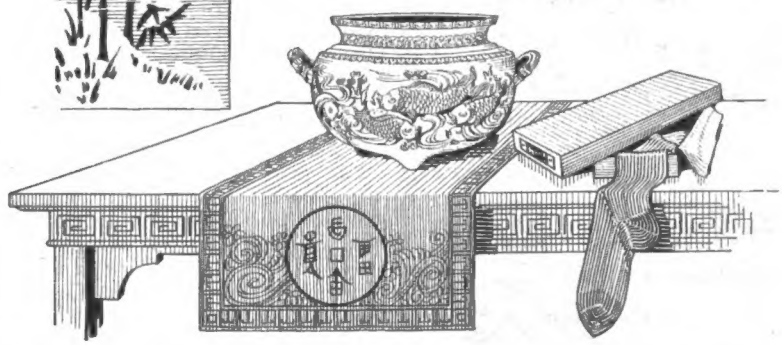

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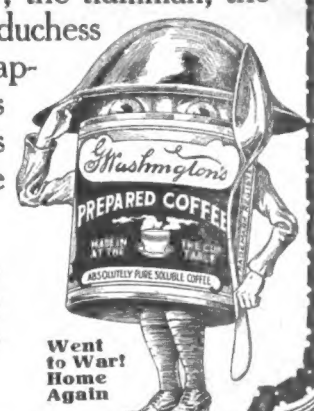

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son Haledon's never jammed a ball through the line without me. I can do it! I've got it! I can take it over. Let me go in. Oh, God! Let me go in."

"Shut up. Sit down!"

"Brainerd, listen. You want that game. Haledon wants it! I want it—not for myself, no. Do you suppose I could have done what I did if I cared about myself? No. There's a girl up there in the stand who—" he paused. "She'll break her heart if we don't win—. I want to do it for her—for Haledon. Yes, Haledon. That's all I care. Do you believe me? I can put that ball over. I'll kill them, every man who gets in my way; I'll kill any man who keeps Haledon from winning—I mean—" He flexed his muscles and stood erect. "I——"

"Go in." Brainerd hit him a ringing slap upon the back. "Get into the game and *take that ball over*. Tell Wheeler you're relieving him. Don't forget to *speak to the referee first*. Go on."

High up in a towering seat a girl stared down upon the field, her lips working, hearing not the resounding Haledon cheer with Cullom's name at the end, nor the clatter of the telegraph instruments back of her, announcing the change in the line-up. She heard nothing, saw nothing, but a young stalwart sweeping onto the field with the dynamic fury of one insane.

"Going in for Wheeler," Rex tapped the referee's shoulder and took his place in the backfield. The players were crouched low. There was to be no more deception now. There came the bark of a signal. With a sigh Rex felt the ball jammed into his arms. The next instant against his brawny shoulders there was the feel of the line. It engulfed him. In the grinding welter he was conscious only of his feet moving up and down like pistons.

"Good work, Rex, old man—a clean three and a half yards."

Again the quarter's voice, calling for Thomas, outside of tackle. But Rex interrupted:

"Change signal, give me the ball."

"Right. Sweetland, let Cullom have it." Captain Armstrong's voice was like a trumpet.

Like a bullet Cullom went into the line between right guard and tackle. He felt his head crash against a body, heard a groan, but he felt nothing, nothing but a thrill of deadly joy.

"Fourth down, a yard to go!" The referee's voice came as from afar.

"A yard! Give me the ball." This he repeated monotonously. They gave him the ball. He went into center, grinding, writhing, twisting. He lay there, his eyes closed, hugging the ball, while the mass that weighted him down piled off.

"First down!" he could see the referee swing his arm to the linesmen, could hear a vague roar, like a waterfall.

First down! And three yards away the

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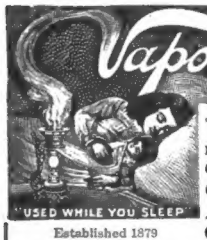

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Shelburne goal-line. Gaunt and clear above him loomed the Shelburne goal-posts. Three yards!

"Give me the ball!"

"Hold, Shelburne! Fight if you're men! The Haledon man doesn't live that can push us back!"

All about was a babel of sounds and in Rex's own head there was a strange buzzing and before his eyes flashing lights.

"Give me the ball!"

Into his arms it came. As in a flashing film picture he saw his destined spot fill with a congestion of figures. But to the left just at the side of Armstrong's great body, he saw yawning a yard of precious light, a yard! To it he swerved and then reaching the line gathered himself like a tiger and sprang.

There came some terrible blows, a crashing impact and then a semi-darkness. Some one was trying to take the ball from him. He growled and snuggled closer to the earth.

"It's all right," the voice was patient. "I'm the referee; you've made your touchdown."

"Touchdown! I!" Suddenly Rex struggled to his feet. He brushed aside the players who were slapping his back and reaching for his hands. He stepped away from them, half stumbled into the clear.

And then he turned, a smile playing about his lips, and faced the Haledon stands.

Sundown Flower

By Edith M. Thomas

I HAVE never repined—not I,
For some pleasure lost in youth,
Since, as the years went by,
Its beauty grew more than truth!

It was long and long ago,
And I was a little child;
It was late, and the sun was low,
And the wind was gay and wild—

A flower I spied on my run,
Blowing home on the wind,
And that flower was the only one
I ever had seen of its kind!

But 'twas late, and the sun was low,
And the wind was wild and gay;
Though I craved that blossom so,
I could not stop or stay!

And the flower was dancing, too,
Red as a waving flame,
On the gay, wild wind it blew,
As the light gust went and came——
I am glad that I never knew
In all these years its name;

For the truth I never have known,
(Though I called it the Sundown Flower)
If its flame was all its own—
Or half from the splendid hour!

I have ever been in luck
Where others reap only grief;
For the flower I did not pluck
Blooms with immortal leaf.

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"There's a fire at Mary's School!"

No use to 'phone! Try to keep calm until we can find out whether Mary has escaped.

This is happening in some city, on an average, each day or two during the school-year. Read about the cause and the remedy below.

Suppose it was your girl?

NOT long ago there was a fire in a business college in the heart of the business district of a Pennsylvania city. Five hundred girls escaped; but—

Three were injured—

Seven were overcome by smoke—

Five hundred mothers are now afraid to trust their daughters in such a building.

Are you allowing that sweet young daughter of yours, or the son who will soon be able to help Dad in his business, to spend their long school hours in a building that looks all right, but is no more than a deadly fire trap?

All over the country, in large cities and little villages, thousands upon thousands of boys and girls go to school in just such dangerous buildings.

Now, since children are compelled by law to go to school, common humanity demands that their lives be safeguarded against fire.

Fire drills?—Yes. Fire escapes? Of course! *But* if the flames spread so quickly as to cut off windows and stairways, all the fire drills and fire escapes in the world will not bring back one of the pitiful little victims of official negligence. Fire never does the expected thing. The only thing to do is to stop the first tiny flicker of flame.

With Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers if a fire starts in a basement, or anywhere else, it will be kept right where it starts and be extinguished quickly. ***When the fire starts the water starts.***

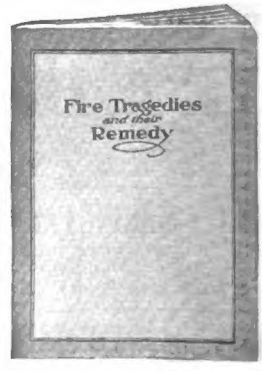
Men have protected some five billion dollars of their business property from fire by the use of automatic sprinklers.

Meanwhile our wonderful humanitarian institutions and our fine schools continue to burn, criminally jeopardizing thousands of lives.

With a one-cent post card you might save lives. Who knows? Should you hesitate to send for a free booklet that tells just what to do?

Read *"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"*

If you feel too indifferent to send for this free booklet telling what to do, what right have you to blame others when a horrible calamity occurs in your town? Think of your schools and write today, now, for this intensely interesting booklet. Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, 299 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.



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When the fire starts the water starts

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